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THE LAST REBEL.

CHAPTER I.

AT ODDS WITH THE COMPASS.

EAST or west, north or south? With all the experience of a man's years and the knowledge of many wise books of travel, I could not tell. I had taken no note of the sun when I left, and, neglected then, it would not serve me now as a guide. To me at that moment all points of the compass were the same.

The provoking sun which I could not use as a sign-post seemed bent upon showing how brilliant he really could be. The last shred of white and harmless cloud had been driven from the heavens, which were a deep unbroken blue, with the golden lining showing through like a faint, yellow haze. The glowing light clothed the earth, and intensified the red and yellow and brown tints of the leaves, painted by the master artist, autumn. In such a glorious flush the woods and the mountains were a dazzle and tangle of color. But through all the glow and blaze of the sun came the crisp and tonic coolness which marks the waning autumn and makes it best and most beautiful as it goes. It was good to be alone with forest and mountain. To breathe and to see were enough.

I cared nothing at the moment for the lost camp and my comrades of the hunt. Yet I was in no Arcady. Take down the map of Kentucky, and you will see in the east a vast region, roughened over with the dark scrawls meaning mountains, through which no railroad comes, and few roads of any kind either. Add to it other large and similar portions of the map contiguous in Virginia, West Virginia, and Tennessee, and you have enough country to make a brave kingdom,—a kingdom, too, over which no man yet has been able to make himself ruler, not even any governor of the four States, and they have had some fine and fit governors. In this kingdom of mountain and wilderness I was lost, and was not mourning it, for the time.

A light wind stirred the currents of air and began that faint, curious moaning through the drying leaves which I call the swan-song of autumn. The brilliant foliage quivered before the light touch of the breeze, and the reds and the yellows and the browns and the lingering bits of green shifted and changed like shaken pieces of colored silk.

But one must do more than merely breathe and see, or even listen to the wind playing on the autumn leaves. This kingdom might be mine by right of sole tenancy, but after a little I preferred—greatly preferred—to find some partner of my throne who would feed me and house me and show me my way back to camp. Not knowing any other mode by which to choose, I chose the direction which indicated the easiest foot-path, though that might lead me farthest astray. I put my rifle upon my shoulder and walked through the yellowing grass and the short red bushes, over hills and down gullies, which were a trial to muscles and the forgiving spirit. But I came to nothing which looked familiar, not a tree, not a bush, not a hill, not a rock.

I began to tire of the monotony of the wilderness, which was lately so beautiful; ever the same reds and yellows and browns and bits of lingering green; ever the same burnt grass and purpling bushes and rocky hills; but never a human being except myself, and I am not company for two. When one grows lonesome beauty departs. I abused the wilderness in its unchanged garb, and longed for the camp and the ugly black cook frying strips of bacon over the coals. Hunger will not be denied its complaints, though in my case they availed nothing.

I wandered about until the spirit and the flesh rebelled sorely and called upon me for the relief which I had not to give. Both ankles were in a state of open mutiny; and I sat down upon the crest of a high hill to soothe them into temporary quiet. I observed then a very marked change in the skies, real, and not due to the state of my mind. The sun, as if satisfied with a half-day's splendor, was withdrawing. Some clouds, dark purple streaks showing in them, hid the blue and made the skies sombre. All the bright color with which the wilderness had prinked and primped itself in the sunshine faded and became dull in this twilight afternoon.

It needed no weather-wise prophet to guess quickly the meaning of these changes. In the mountains a whiff of snow sometimes comes very early,—now and then so early that it whitens the skirt of lingering autumn. The clouds and the misty air with the chilly damp in it betokened such an arrival. Once more I longed for our snug little valley, with the camp, half tent, half cabin, and the sight of the fat black cook frying strips of bacon over the glowing coals.

I had no fear of a heavy snow. The season was too early, I thought, for anything more than a mere spatter of white. But snow, whether in large or in small quantities, is wet and cold, and it was sufficient to be lost, without these new troubles.

From the hill I thought I could see a valley far to the northeast, with the blue and silver waters of a brook or small river shining here

and there through the foliage. I decided to make all haste toward it, for in these mountains human life seeks the valleys, and if I found food and shelter at all it would most likely be there.

I took small account of the rough way, and almost ran over the stones and through the scrub. I was in some alarm, for which there was ample cause. The clouds thickened, and clothed the higher peaks. Yet I was cheered by my belief that in truth I had seen a valley of some extent; the patches of blue and silver water showed more plainly through the distant foliage, which looked greener than the withering leaves on the mountain, indicating a sheltered and warmer zone. Rising hope brought back some of my strength, and when I reached the summit of a new hill in the long rows of hills that thrust themselves before me as if to bar my way, I was ready to shout for gladness at the sight of smoke.

The smoke rose from the valley, merely a faint spiral of blue, slowly ascending, and melting so imperceptibly into the clouds that I could not tell where it ended. Yet there was never a more welcome sight to me than that little smoky wisp which told so plainly of man's presence.

I pushed on with new zeal, stumbled against a stone, and rose with an ankle that made bitter complaints. It was not a sprain, but it was unpleasantly near one, and I doubted my ability to walk with the cripple over so wicked a way to the valley. I abused the cruelty of fate, which was but my own carelessness and haste, and then tried to think out the matter. My first impulse was to throw aside my gun and escape its weight; that led to my second, which was to fire it in the hope of attracting attention.

I had plenty of cartridges. I discharged a bullet into the air. The echo was carried from hill-top to hill-top, until at last I heard it faintly speeding away through the distant mountains. If any one were near, such a report could not escape his ears; but the only answer was the snow, which began to fall as if my shot had been the signal for its coming. The soft flakes descended gently, but they would soon put a sheet of white over all the ridges. Some melted on my face, and the damp chilled me. It was not a time to spare my crippled ankle. I limped on, firing my rifle a second, third, and fourth time. I could still see the spiral of smoke, a true beacon to me, though it was all but hid by the increasing clouds.

I fired the fifth time, and while the echo was yet travelling among the peaks I heard a faint and very distant halloo. I had no doubt that it was an answer to my shot, and, to be sure, I emptied a sixth cartridge into the air. Back came the far cry. Like the shot, it too was taken up by the echo: ridge repeated it to ridge, faint and far away, until I could not tell from what point of the compass the true sound had come.

I was perplexed, but hopeful. I believed that help of some kind was near. I sat down on a rock and expended much ammunition. The snow was still coming down in the same gentle undecided way, but I was compelled to stop between shots and brush the damp, white patches off my clothing.

Presently the answering halloo sounded very near me, and I ceased to fire, replying with a shout.

Two large dogs scampered through the bushes, and, approaching me, began to bark as if they had brought game to bay. A strong voice ordered them to be quiet, and then the owner of dogs and voice came into view.

I had expected the usual mountaineer, sallow, angular, and shabby, but I saw at once that this man was different. The clean-featured, keen, intelligent face could not belong to one of the ignorant dwellers in cabins. He was tall, thin, and past sixty, well dressed in a gray uniform, upon which the brass buttons shone with peculiar brightness. I had seen such uniforms before, but they were relics, and men do not often wear them nowadays.

He approached me, walking in the upright fashion of a military man, and showed much strength and activity for one so far advanced in years.

"I must apologize for my dogs, sir," he said. "They see strangers but seldom, and when they do see one they must lift up their voices and announce it to all the world."

"The sight of your dogs, and still more that of their master, is very welcome to me," I replied.

He bowed with ancient grace and thanked me for my courtesy.

"I must ask your help," I said. "I've lost my way, and I've bruised my ankle so badly on a stone that I fear I cannot walk many more miles."

"It is not far to my place," he replied, "and I will be glad to offer you such hospitality as it can afford."

I looked at him with the greatest curiosity, a curiosity, too, that increased with all he said. He had no weapon, nothing to indicate that he was a hunter; and the uniform of a fashion that went out of style forever, I thought, more than thirty years ago, with its gleaming brass buttons and freshness of texture, drew more than one inquiring glance from me, despite my effort not to appear curious to a stranger upon whom I had become dependent. But if he noticed my curiosity it did not appear in his manner.

The dogs, secure in the judgment of their master, sniffed about me in friendly fashion. The man pointed toward the corkscrew of smoke which the clouds and the film of snow had not yet hidden.

"My home is there," he said. "Come, let us start. This is no place for a man in your condition to linger. If your ankle gives way I can help you."

But rest had improved my ankle, and I found that I could walk in a tolerable manner. He took my gun from me, put it over his own shoulder, and whistled to the dogs. They were leaping about like two panthers in play, but at his whistle they ceased the sport and marched sedately, neck and neck, toward the rising smoke, leading the way for us.

The old man chose the way as if he knew it, avoiding the rougher slopes and winding about in a sort of path which made the walking much easier for me. As if good luck brought good luck, the snow

ceased, and the sun, returning, drove all the clouds out of the heavens. The lustrous sunshine again gilded all the colors of mountains and forest and brought out the fine and delicate tints of the reds and yellows and browns. The white skim of snow over the earth dissolved in tears, and the warm sun that made them drank them up.

The valley lying fresh and yet green below us broadened. The coil of smoke grew into a column.

"Did you say your camp lay there?" I asked, pointing toward the valley. We had been silent hitherto.

"I did not say my camp, sir; I said my home," he replied, with some haughtiness. "Twenty yards farther, and you can see through the trees a corner of the roof of Fort Defiance."

I did not understand him. I saw no reason for his high tone, and much was strange in what he said. Yet he had the manner and bearing of a gentleman, and he had been a timely friend to me. I had no right to ask him curious questions.

He did not seem inclined to further talk, and I too was silent. But I found employment for my eyes. We were descending the first slopes of the valley, and it lay before us a welcome oasis in the weary wilderness of mountains.

It must have been several miles in length and a good mile or more across. Down the centre of it flowed a creek of clear, cool water, almost big enough to call itself a river, and the thickness of the tree-trunks and the long grass browned by the autumn breath showed the fertility of the soil. Through the trees, which still retained much of their foliage, the corners of house-roofs appeared. There are many such secluded and warm little valleys in the Alleghanies, and I saw no occasion for surprise. In truth, what I saw was most welcome: it indicated the comfort of which I stood in need.

"I haven't asked you your name," said my host, suddenly.

"Arthur West," I replied.

"I would infer from your accent that you are a Northerner, a Yankee," he said, looking at me closely and in a way I did not quite understand.

"You are right on the first point, but not on the second," I replied. "I am a Northerner, but not a Yankee. I am not from New England, but from New York City."

"It's all the same," he replied, frowning. "You're a Yankee, and I knew it from the first. We call the people of all the Northern States Yankees."

"Have it so," I replied, with a laugh. "But abroad they call us all Yankees, whether from the Northern or the Southern States."

"Luckily I never go abroad," he replied, frowning still more deeply. "You have not asked me my own name," he continued.

"No, but I confess I would like to hear it," I replied. "I wish to know whose hospitality I am about to enjoy, a hospitality for which I can never thank you too much, for if I had not met you I might have starved or frozen to death in this wilderness."

"I am Colonel John Greene Hetherill, C.S.A.," he replied.

"C.S.A.?" I said, looking at his gray uniform.

"Yes, 'C. S. A.,'" he replied. His tone was emphatic and haughty. "Confederate States of America. What have you to say against it?"

"Nothing," I replied. "I leave that to the historians."

"Who are mostly liars," he said.

He looked at me with an expression of undoubted hostility.

"I would have liked it much better had you been a Southerner and not a Yankee," he said. "How can I trust you?"

"I hope I am a gentleman," I replied. "At any rate, I am lame and in straits, and under no circumstances would I violate your hospitality."

His expression softened. He even looked at me with pity.

"Well, it's the word of a Yankee," he said, "but still—it may be the truth. Remember that on your word of honor you are to tell nothing about Fort Defiance, its approaches or its plans."

"Certainly," I said, though secretly wondering.

He seemed to be relieved of his doubts, and, descending the last slope, we walked at a brisk pace down the valley.

I was surprised at the evidences of care and cultivation, though the fat, black soil of the valley would justify all the labor that might be put upon it. The fences were good, the fields well trimmed, and we soon entered a smooth road. Everything seemed to have the neatness and precision of the proprietor, the man with whom I was walking. I looked at him again, and was struck with the evidences of long military habit; not alone his uniform, but even more decidedly his manner and bearing.

We passed some outhouses built in a better manner than I had seen elsewhere in the mountain valleys, and approached a large square building which I knew at first sight to be Fort Defiance, since it could be nothing else. It was of two stories, made of heavy logs, unhewn on the outside, the upper story projecting over the lower, after the fashion of the block-houses of the frontier time. I supposed it to be some such building, standing here after the lapse of a hundred years in all its ancient solidity and devoted now to more peaceful uses.

The valley was no less pleasant to eye than to mind. When one is sore and hungry, mountains lose their picturesqueness and grandeur: a crust and a bed are infinitely more beautiful, and this valley promised both and better. The house stood upon a hill which rose to some height and was shaped like a truncated cone. The little river flowed around three sides of the hill in a swift, deep current. The fourth side I could not see, but the three washed at the base by the river were so steep a man could climb them only with great difficulty. It was a position of much natural strength, and in the old times, when rifles were the heaviest weapons used in these regions, it must have been impregnable except to surprise.

The road we were following curved around and approached the house from the south side, the side which at first had been hidden from me, and then I saw it was the only ordinary way by which one could enter Fort Defiance. But even here art had been brought to the aid of nature. A wide, deep ditch leading from the river had been carried around the south side, and the mound was completely encircled by

water. We crossed the ditch on a drawbridge let down by an old man in Confederate gray like his master, though his was stained and more ancient.

Had the architecture of the fort been different, had it been stone instead of logs, I could easily have imagined myself back in some mediæval castle of Europe, and not here in the mountains of Kentucky.

The fort looked very peaceful. Smoke rose from three or four chimneys, and, drifting, finally united, floating off into the clouds. This was the lazy coil which I had seen, and which perhaps had saved my life.

We climbed some stone steps, and when I reached the top I found a little old-fashioned brass field-piece confronting me. But there was no rust on its muzzle, which looked at me with the semblance of a threat.

"One would think from your preparations, colonel, that we were in a state of war," I said, jestingly.

"Have you any weapons on you?" he asked, frowning again, and not answering my jest.

"No," I replied; "I had nothing but the rifle, and you have that."

"I will keep it for the present," he said, curtly.

We paused before a heavy door of oak. While the colonel knocked, I looked up at the overhanging edges of the second floor and saw that they were pierced for sharpshooters. But before I had time to look long, the door was opened by a man in a suit of Confederate gray, like his fellow at the drawbridge. He saluted the colonel in military fashion as the others had done, and we entered a wide hall which seemed to run the entire width of the house. Many of the old houses in Kentucky are built in this fashion. The hall was decorated, I might almost say armed, with weapons,—rifles, pistols, bayonets, swords, many of them of the most modern type. Tanned skins of bear, deer, and wolf were on the floor. Had it not been for the late style of the weapons, I could have maintained the fiction that it was a castle of the Middle Ages and this the baronial hall.

He led me up a flight of steps, and opened the door of a small room on the second floor. The room contained nothing but a small table, a camp-bed, a three-legged stool, and two or three other articles of furniture equally plain. There was but a single window, and it was cross-barred heavily with iron. It looked more like a cell than a chamber. Nor did it belie its looks.

"This will be your prison for the present," said the colonel. "Lie down on the bed there and rest, and Crothers will be up in ten minutes with food for you."

"Prison?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, prison," he repeated, "but that is all. I do not intend to deal harshly with you otherwise. You are a Yankee, and I must see that you do not meddle."

He cut short my protests by leaving the room, slamming the door, and locking it. The door was so thick I could not hear his retreating footsteps. As the colonel had said, I was a prisoner, but I did not feel much alarm. I had confidence in his promise that I would come to no harm. I looked between the bars of the window, which opened upon

a small space like a court. One side of the court was open and ran sheer up to the edge of the cliff, which dropped away thirty or forty feet to the river below. The torrent foamed around the mound with a tumult like a mill-race. Beyond were open fields, ending abruptly at the foot of steep and rough mountains.

CHAPTER II.

ON TRIAL.

My eyes followed the long sweep of the mountains, their shaggy outline cutting the clear blue of the skies; then they came back to the court, and for the moment I thought that they had deceived me, for either I saw the flutter of a woman's dress or imagination was my master. A woman in this rough fortress was the last thing for me to expect. But I reflected that it was not so strange, after all. A serving-woman, probably, the wife of one of the colonel's retainers. It was in keeping with the character of the place, which in my fancy I had turned into a baronial keep.

I saw the flutter of the dress again, and then its wearer came into better view. She was looking at the river, and stood with her back toward the house. That was no common serving-woman, the wife of no laborer. The figure was too slender, too erect; there was too much distinction and grace in the pose, and the dress itself was of good cut and material. That was all that I could see, save a mass of coiled, dark brown hair.

I was full of curiosity, nor do I think I was prying because of it. Put yourself in my place and see. In a few moments she turned and looked directly up at my window, though she could not have known that I was gazing out at her. It was the face of a girl of twenty, fair and strong, yet sad. Even at the distance between us, I could see enough resemblance to guess that she was Colonel Hetherill's daughter. A likely enough supposition, anyway, for what girl of such appearance could be here unless his daughter?

She looked up at my window only a moment or two, and then, walking with a light and graceful step, disappeared through some door opening into the court. I hold that I am not without a fair share of imagination; and easily I builded a fine romance for myself. Here was I, an innocent prisoner in the cruel baron's castle, and this was his fair daughter, who would fall in love with me and rescue me. By Jove! she was handsome enough for me to fall in love with her. The only trouble about my romance was that in the morning after a good night's rest I would be sent with a guide to our hunting-camp, and that would be the end of it.

Happily, when I reached this conclusion, the door was opened, and Crothers came in with food, for which I was devoutly grateful. Crothers—I had heard the colonel call him so—was the man who had opened the door for us, a hatchet-faced, battered old fellow, who walked with a limp and who yet looked strong and active.

Evidently the colonel had no mind to starve me, for Crothers bore enough for two upon his tray. A smoking pot of coffee, steaks of venison and beef, warm biscuits, and butter, made a sight as welcome to my eyes as a Raphael to an artist's, and created odors that were divine. My spirits rose to the summer-heat mark.

"I see that the colonel has a proper regard for my health and well-being, Crothers," I said, jovially.

"The colonel hates all Yankees, and so do the rest of us," he said, in surly fashion; "but he doesn't want to starve any of you to death, though I guess you starved enough of us to death in Camp Chase."

"Camp Chase? what the deuce was that?" I asked.

"One of your war prisons," he replied. "Try that coffee; you'll find it good, and you'll find the venison and the beef to be good too."

I had no doubt that I would. I put the question immediately to proof, which, I may add, was satisfactory. Encouraged by his friendly comment upon the food, in which he seemed to take a certain pride, perhaps having cooked it himself, I spoke to him in friendly fashion, expecting a reply of like tenor. But he seemed to have repented of his sudden courtesy, and made no reply. He had placed the tray upon the table, and without further word or action left the room. I heard him locking my door with as much care as if he had been Colonel Hetherill himself.

I began now to feel that I was in truth and reality a prisoner, a fact which I contemplated before only in a humorous or make-believe way. Nevertheless it did not interfere with my appetite. I realized that prisoners may become as hungry as free men, and, as I could truthfully say I knew not where the next meal would come from, I made satisfactory disposition of this.

Refreshed and strengthened, I put the emptied tray on the floor, and drew my stool to the window, where I took a seat, hoping that the lady of the castle, for so in my fancy I had named her, would appear again. But the lady did not condescend, nor did any other human being. Perhaps they did not know that I was waiting. Instead, I saw the coming of the night.

Since that night I have felt pity for every prisoner in his cell who watches the approach of darkness. There is so much friendliness, so much good cheer and encouragement about the sun that even the felon must look to him, through bars though it be, as a friend. Even I, who was conscious of no crime and had just eaten a good warm supper, the best of all tonics, felt my spirits decline with the day.

My window looked to the southwest, right into the eye of the setting sun. It was a very big sun and a very red sun, turning all the mountains into red, its blazing scarlet dyes rubbing out the more modest yellows and browns, and even touching the withered grass with flame. The red lances of light fell across the river, and the water foaming around the mound seemed to break in bubbles of fire.

Lower sank the sun. One edge of the flaming globe disappeared behind the mountains, and a line of dusk began to creep up under the rim of the red horizon. It looked like a battle between night and day,

with day losing despite all the power of its ally, the sun. Broader grew the band of dusk, and narrower became the red segment of the sun. Only the crest of the mountains, long and sharp like a sword-blade, was in the light now. There every shrub, every rock, stood out magnified by the last but most brilliant light of the sinking orb. Beneath this luminous ribbon, trees, rocks, earth, all were gone. The mountain crests seemed to swim in the air.

I had seen many sunsets in the mountains, but never before in such a peculiar situation, and I own that I felt awed. The sun became but a red fragment; the red leaves and the fiery bubbles on the river were gone. I could hear the rush of the water, but I could not see the torrent. I looked up again: the sun, yielding to the night, had disappeared, leaving but a faint gleam to mark where he had retreated behind the mountains, to come up again in another place, victorious in his turn, the next morning. Save for this remembering gleam, the mountains and the valley were in complete darkness.

It was dark in my room, too, and it was only through accustoming my eyes to the coming of the night that I was able to see the outlines of the scanty furniture. My spirits were heavy. I knew nothing of the nature of the man into whose hands I had fallen, and in these secluded mountains there was nobody to help me. You can credit, if you will, much of this feeling to the darkness, which often is a wet blanket upon the feelings not alone of children, but of grown and experienced men as well.

It was then with a sensation of relief that I heard some one fumbling at the door. Any company would be better than none. The door opened, and the colonel entered, followed by the man who had brought my supper and a third whom I had not seen before. This new man was of better dress and presence than Crothers, and the colonel introduced him briefly.

"Dr. Ambrose, my military surgeon, sir, and a very good one too, I can assure you."

Crothers put a lighted candle on the table. Dr. Ambrose examined my swollen ankle. He bound around it a cloth soaked in liniment, and said it would be well in the morning.

"Now, sir," said the colonel, speaking in a brisk, curt manner, "having done our duty by you as a disabled prisoner, we will proceed with your examination. Doctor, it is necessary that this should be taken in writing. You will kindly act as clerk while I question the prisoner."

I opened my mouth to protest and to demand explanation, but the colonel cut me short with a "Be silent, sir, until the time comes for you to speak;" and, rather than be exposed to another such insult, I remained silent. Moreover, the scene amused me somewhat. I was wondering what this strange old man would do next.

Dr. Ambrose drew up my stool—I had taken a seat on the bed—and produced a roll of paper, pen, and small ink-well. His was the deliberation of a military mind provided with time and bent upon doing things well. The colonel stood before me, straight and stern.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Arthur West," I replied. "This is the second answer to the same question."

"Your home?"

"City of New York, State of New York."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-seven."

At every question and answer I heard the scratching of the doctor's industrious pen across the pad of paper. Now, be it understood, I knew no law compelling me to answer these questions, but I thought it better to do so, and then I might see to what end the matter would come. I smiled a little: the colonel saw it at once.

"No levity, sir!" he cried, fiercely. "You do not seem to be aware of your position?"

Perhaps I was not; but I said nothing.

"What were you doing within our lines in civilian's dress?" he asked.

"Whose lines?" I replied. "I do not know what you mean."

"The lines of Fort Defiance, the last stronghold of the Confederacy; which stronghold I have the honor to command," he replied, his ancient blue eyes lighting up with the fires of zeal.

I laughed.

"The Confederacy!" I said, in derision. "Why, the last stronghold of the Confederacy surrendered more than thirty years ago."

"You lie, sir!" thundered the colonel, "and for the proof that you lie, look around you! The stars and bars still fly above this fort, and I and my men have never surrendered to the Yankees, nor ever will. For many hours now you have been on the soil of the Confederacy, and I, for the lack of higher authorities, am in supreme command, both civil and military.—Is not all that I say true, doctor? Is it not so, Crothers?"

Crothers and the doctor bowed in a manner indicating deep belief. I saw that I was to receive neither help nor sympathy from them.

"What is your occupation?" asked the colonel.

"I do not see that it is any business of yours," I said; "but, as I am not ashamed of my profession, and you may have saved my life on the mountains, I've no objection to telling you. I'm an artist."

At this modest announcement the colonel's face, to my surprise, became more threatening. Never did I see a man's expression more thoroughly betoken suspicion.

"An artist!" he exclaimed. "You paint, you draw things?"

"Some of the critics say I don't, but my friends say I do," I replied.

He grumbled to himself and looked at me with angry, distrustful eyes.

"What were you doing on these mountains?" he asked. "Why were you approaching Fort Defiance?"

"I told you I was on a hunting-trip and lost myself," I said. "I hadn't the slightest idea I was approaching Fort Defiance. I never heard of the place before."

He pulled his fierce, gray moustache in doubt, looking at me as if

mine were the most unwelcome face that ever met his gaze. Presently he beckoned the doctor to the door, and they whispered together there for a few moments. Then he returned to me.

"You have in reality a bad ankle, the doctor says, and he is inclined to give you the benefit of the doubt," he said, "and so am I. At any rate, we will not treat you badly, though we may be forced to keep you as a guest for a little while."

I thanked him for his gracious consideration.

"We are compelled to keep you locked in to-night," he continued, "but we may be able to do better for you in the morning."

"Very well," I said, with some impatience. "Keep me locked in if you choose, but at any rate let me sleep."

I thought his rough treatment of me offset the favor I had owed him. Moreover, I was very tired and sleepy, and the obligation of politeness seemed to rest upon me no longer.

The doctor folded his notes and handed them to the colonel, who placed them carefully in an inside pocket. Then they bowed stiffly and went out, locking the door as usual.

I looked out through my window. The moon was rising above the mountains. In the valley the foliage was tipped with silver. The bubbles on the river, fire-color at set of sun, had turned to silver now. Nothing seemed to stir; all was peace.

Wondering what would be the end of my strange adventure, I lay down on the bed, and in five minutes forgot wonder and all other things in a deep sleep.

I might have slept all the next day too, but I was awakened by a good shaking at the hands of Crothers, and found the room full of light. Crothers was standing beside me. He was a sour-faced fellow, but he seemed to be less hostile that morning, and I asked him cheerfully if he was going to bring me my breakfast. He said no, but told me I was invited to the colonel's own table.

"It's Miss Grace who did it," he said. "She didn't think the colonel was treating you just right."

"Miss Grace is the colonel's daughter, is she not?" I asked.

"Yes."

I was sure that the girl I had seen in the court the evening before was Grace Hetherill. This invitation looked promising. The colonel would surely come to his senses now and act like a man who knew it was the year of our Lord 1896, and not 1864. As there was to be a lady present, I asked for a bath and comb and brush, as I wished to make myself very spruce. All these I obtained, finding that the fort was not without its comforts. Then, Crothers still my escort and guide, I went to the breakfast-table.

I was not prepared for the scene of comfort, even luxury, that met me in the dining-room. Yet I was not astonished. The presence of a cultivated young woman in the year 1896 is responsible for much. It was a large apartment, decorated with horns and antlers and some fine old silver-bound drinking-cups of a past age. But I had little time for inspection. The table was set, and the company was waiting.

I seemed to pass suddenly from the position of prisoner to guest,

and the transformation, in seeming at least, was complete. The colonel, with all the dignity of Kentucky good blood and the military life, saluted and introduced me to his daughter.

"My daughter, Miss Hetherill, Mr. West of New York, one of the other side."

I made my best bow. She was worthy of it. It was the girl I had seen in the court. No fainting maiden, no Mariana in the moated grange, was this, but a tall, red-cheeked girl with brown eyes, lustrous dark brown hair, and modern attire. Here was one who had seen life beyond the walls of Fort Defiance or its valley. Any fool would have known it at the first glance. In the presence of this splendid woman, who received me with so much tact and grace, I began to feel as if the father owed me no apology.

The breakfast-table was worthy of the hostess, who poured the coffee for us. I glanced again at the room. On the wall, gazing at me with calm eyes, was a fine portrait of General Lee. Near it was one of Stonewall Jackson. Farther on was Jefferson Davis, and as I looked at the four walls of the room I saw that the whole Confederacy was present. Wreathed over the door somewhat after the fashion of a looped-up curtain was the Confederate flag.

I wished to ask many questions of this strange household, but courtesy forbade it, when I saw that every time I led the conversation in the direction of curiosity it was skilfully turned aside. Instead, we talked of the great world outside, and made very good progress, barring a certain unfamiliarity on the part of the colonel, who spoke as if all these things were vague and unreal to him.

There was a wide window at the end of the room, and I could see that it was a glorious morning without. The torrent, thirty feet down, dashed and sparkled in front of the window, the gay sunlight falling on it and showing rocks and pebbles in its clear depths. All the brilliant colors of late autumn, which I had admired so much the day before, reappeared, more dazzling after a brief eclipse. I knew that the air outside was tonic like good wine, but there was enough just then to keep me content in that breakfast-room, the heart of the lost Confederacy. The lost Confederacy! How could I say that, with its president and ministers and generals looking down from the walls at me as if all the world were theirs, while the stars and bars, under which I had just passed, hung in loops over the door!

As his daughter and I talked more, the colonel talked less. Seen in the light of the morning, his face looked rather worn, and once when he threw his yet thick white hair back with his hand I noticed the scar of a deep wound across his head. I began to feel sympathy for him without knowing exactly why. He rose presently and excused himself, saying it was time to give his men some directions for the day. Miss Hetherill and I dawdled a little over the coffee-cups, and I took the opportunity to thank her for her intercession with her father in my favor. She did not make light of my thanks or of her act, and her manner appeared to indicate a belief on her part that I had been in real danger; which, however, I had not been able to persuade myself was so, nor could I yet.

She asked me if I would look through the house,—I noticed she did not call it fort,—and I consented with gladness, saying I would be pleased to go anywhere with so fair a guide, which she accepted with the carelessness of one who had heard the like before.

She took me into a room she called the great parlor, and a noble room it was, too, though here, as elsewhere, the atmosphere was distinctly military. It was full thirty feet square, with a vaulted ceiling of polished oak. Furs were on the floor and arms on the wall, repeating rifles, revolvers, bayonets, swords in much variety.

"It is my father's chief delight to polish these and to see that they are in perfect order," she said.

"Miss Hetherill," I said, speaking suddenly from impulse, "why does your father cherish this delusion? Why does he not go and live among his kind?"

I regretted instantly that I had spoken so, for she turned upon me with a sudden flash of anger.

"Delusion, sir?" she exclaimed. "You forget yourself. It is the most real thing in the world to him. Be careful how you make use of such expressions here. I advise you also not to forget that you are still my father's prisoner."

She spoke with so much earnestness that I was impressed, more from fear that I had wounded her feelings than from fear for myself. I felt confident yet that it was the year 1896, and that all the world was at peace, barring the little wars of England, which don't count. She took me no further than the great parlor—or the armory, if its fit name be applied. My unfortunate question seemed to make some change in her intentions, and she suggested that we walk outside on the terrace.

It was a delight as keen as any I had ever felt to step out after imprisonment into the brilliant sunshine of the free and open world. Miss Hetherill threw a light cloak over her shoulders, for there was a sharp coolness in the air, and together we strolled over the terrace. I admired the solidity and strength of Fort Defiance, though a good-sized modern cannon could have knocked it to pieces with ease, if any one were ever able to get a cannon over the maze of mountains that separated this valley from the remainder of the world. It was impregnable to attack by small arms, if well guarded. The drawbridge was still up, and I spoke of it.

"It is up most of the time," she said, frankly, "but to-day it will be up more than usual. That is on your account. You are to be kept well guarded."

"The current of the river is too swift," I said; "but I think I could swim the moat."

"If you succeeded," she said, "you would probably starve to death in the mountains."

"Then I shall remain here," I said. "I'm glad that I have so good an excuse for remaining."

I sought to be gallant, but she only frowned, and I did not attempt it again. She left me presently, going into the house, while I continued my stroll in the crisp, invigorating air. I could take but a

limited walk at best, merely the circuit of the hill-top, embracing perhaps a couple of acres around the house. Within that space I could wander at will, and no watch seemed to be set upon me.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNLUCKY SKETCH.

THE hill projected farther toward the southwest than in any other direction, and in my wanderings I came to that point. Looking back, I obtained a sweeping view of Fort Defiance, with its sloping roofs and sombre-hued walls. At one angle the vines had grown up and clung against the wall. It was such a place as I would like to tell about when I returned to my friends, and, what was better, I could show it to them in its real and exact proportions. I had a pencil and some good white cardboard in an inside pocket.

I found a good seat on a stone, made ready with board and pencil, and began to study the fort. It was a fine subject for an artist, and as I sketched the rough outlines my enthusiasm grew. I had a brilliant light, which brought out every curve and angle of the queer building. Gradually, in my absorption as the picture spread over the cardboard, I forgot everything else. I was just putting in the little brass cannon that commanded the approach of the fort, when pencil and picture were snatched violently from my hands. I sprang up, full of wrath.

The old colonel stood before me, his face red, and his eyes flashing with indignation.

"You villain of a spy! You damned Yankee!" he cried.

"What do you mean? Are you crazy?" I asked. I did not take kindly to such names, even from the mouth of an old man.

He was in a great rage, for his next words choked him. But he got them out at last.

"You an innocent hunter!" he cried. "And you were lost in the mountains! That's a pretty tale! I suspected you from the first, you infernal Yankee spy, and now I have the proof."

I was really afraid the old man would fall down in a fit, and I began to feel more sorrow than anger.

"If you'll explain I'm ready to listen," I said, resuming my seat on the big stone, "and when you're through explaining I'll thank you to give me back my pencil and sketch."

He seemed to feel the necessity of self-control, though I could see his anger was not diminishing.

"You claimed to be a hunter lost in the mountains," he repeated, "when, in fact, you are a Yankee spy sent here upon your miserable business into the last stronghold of the Confederacy."

I laughed loud and long. I know I ought not to have done so, but I could not help it. The blood rose higher in his cheeks, and his lips trembled, but he had himself under firm control at last.

"I'm a spy upon you, am I?" I asked. "Where's the proof?"

"Here it is," he said, holding up my pencil and sketch of the fort,

—a poor enough sketch, too. "At the intercession of my daughter, I have been treating you this morning as a prisoner of war, ready for exchange or parole, and your first use of this hospitality is to draw for the Yankee government sketches and maps of my fortifications."

"I did not intend to take that sketch to Washington," I protested, mildly.

"It is quite certain that you will never do so," he said, putting sketch and pencil in his pocket. "I have other uses for these. Come with me."

"Suppose I decline," I said. I was growing a little obstinate. Moreover, I was tired of being hacked about.

He blew a little thing like a policeman's whistle: three or four men in Confederate uniform came out of the fort or the little outhouses.

"We will see whether you will come," said the colonel, as the men approached. I have an objection to bruises and undignified struggles; so I concluded to go.

"If you will kindly lead," I said, "I'll follow." I am happy to say that I retained my calmness and presence of mind.

"Come on behind him, Crothers, and you too, Turner," said the colonel. "We will take no more chances with him."

The two men closed up behind me, the colonel marched on before, and I was the convict in the middle. Thus we stalked back into Fort Defiance. Before I entered the door I saw Grace Hetherill looking from an upper window: her face expressed an alarm which I did not feel. I smiled at her in virtue of our brief comradeship of the morning, but she did not smile back: we had stalked out of view the next moment.

The colonel led the way to the little room or cell which I had occupied during the previous night, and showed me in, with scant—very scant—courtesy.

"It will be necessary to search you," he said. "We know not what further sketches or maps of Fort Defiance you may have concealed about you."

I think on the whole I am a tolerant man, but at this proposed indignity my stomach revolted.

"I will not submit to a search," I said. "You have no right to do such a thing."

"It is in perfect accordance with the laws of war," replied the colonel, very calmly. "Spies are always searched. I do not see upon what ground you base your protest."

He looked very determined, and I recalled the fact that I was opposed to bruises and undignified struggles. Moreover, I remembered the consoling fact that I had a refuge in injured innocence. When Crothers went through my pockets I made no resistance. He found nothing more dangerous than a penknife, a handkerchief, and some keys made to fit doors very far from Fort Defiance.

"Are you satisfied?" I asked the colonel, when his man had finished.

"For the present," he replied, shortly. "I will have more to say to you before long."

He and his men went out. They seemed to be very careful about fastening the door, for they spent a deal of time fumbling with the lock.

I drew my stool up to the window and took my seat there, beginning my second imprisonment in the same room; my second state, so the colonel seemed to intend, was to be much worse than the first. The complex character of this old warrior interested me and aroused my curiosity; his fierce and somewhat stilted invective amused me, now that he had gone from my presence, and I was in a state of wonder, too, as to what the end of the adventure would be. A rare adventure it was, without doubt, and I vowed to myself that it should not suffer in the telling when I returned to my friends in the city.

Thus amused and surmising, all my vexation at the colonel's high-handed treatment and verbal abuse of me departed. Instead, I wondered how any man, at the end of thirty years, could cling so firmly and at such a sacrifice to a lost and now vain cause. A feeling of hunger put a stop to this guessing and wondering. The air of the morning had been crisp and fresh, and I had worked hard over my unfortunate picture. I needed refreshment, and, since I owed the colonel no politeness, I kicked the door violently, in the hope that I would attract some one of his Confederate veterans, to whom I could give my order.

Though I made a deal of noise, nobody responded, and I quit kicking. I was tempted to smash the window, but rages are exhaustive and ineffective, and I decided not to do so. At last I concluded to be a martyr. It is one of the most consoling of all things to feel that you are a martyr, and my peace of mind was restored. I decided that I would not take the thing seriously, and that when I left Fort Defiance I would not upbraid the colonel for his abuse of the laws of hospitality, so sacred in the mountains.

I resumed my seat by the window, and saw Grace Hetherill in the court. She was looking up at my window, and when she saw my face there she waved a handkerchief two or three times and then disappeared quickly behind the wall. Now, let it be understood that I had no idea Grace Hetherill was trying to flirt with me, but I was sure she had made a signal of some kind. Perhaps she intended to encourage me, but I fancied I scarcely needed that; not in the year of our Lord and deep peace 1896.

I heard them fumbling at the door again. The colonel and two of his men appeared.

"You will come with us, if you please," said the colonel, with the stiff, military courtesy which he had never abated since his explosion about the picture.

"I trust it is to dinner, colonel," I said, with some gayety, which I really felt. "This mountain air of yours breeds hunger."

He made neither denial nor assent, but led the way down-stairs. The two men followed close behind me, as if bent upon preserving the fiction that I was a convict or criminal of some kind. Somewhat to my surprise, the colonel led the way into the large room which Grace Hetherill had called the great parlor. A new arrangement of its fur-

niture had been made. A long table with chairs around it had been placed in the centre of the room, and drooping over it from the ceiling was a large Confederate flag. Five or six men, including Dr. Ambrose, all dressed in Confederate gray, were present.

The colonel saw my astonished and questioning look, and said,—

"I told you, Mr. West, that everything was to be done in accordance with military law. The Confederacy would not disgrace itself by acting otherwise. You are to have a fair trial."

All the men had risen to their feet and saluted the colonel. I was invited to take a chair at the foot of the table; all the others took their seats also. Dr. Ambrose again acted as secretary, the colonel presiding, and the court-martial began.

I saw nothing better than to fall in with the spirit of the thing. Let me repeat for the second time that I dislike bruises and undignified struggles, and I had no choice. Accordingly, I pulled a very grave and long face, and sat in silence, awaiting the questions that the military tribunal might propound to me.

"I think," said the colonel, "it would be just to give the prisoner a full and explicit statement of the charge against him."

"I think so, too," I said. "It would at least be interesting, if not important."

The colonel frowned at my flippancy.

"You, sir," he said, addressing me, "who call yourself Arthur West, of New York City, with what truth we know not, are accused of entering the military lines of the Confederacy in civilian's attire for the purpose of spying upon our fortifications, armaments, and other military supplies, and of delivering such information as you might obtain to the enemy. Is not that true, sir?"

"The war is over, colonel," I said. "The Confederacy perished more than thirty years ago."

"You speak falsely, sir," he said, with some fierceness. "The war is not over, and the Confederacy has not perished. See its flag over your head. I hold my commission from President Jefferson Davis himself, and certainly I have not laid down my arms."

I smiled a little, whistled a bar or two, and gazed at the ceiling. The colonel looked deeply annoyed at my carelessness.

"Be careful, Mr. West," he said. "You are not helping your case by your conduct."

"Colonel," I said, "come to see me in New York, and I'll show you the town."

"Enough of such levity," he cried. "Will you or will you not plead to the charge?"

"Colonel," I said, "it is the 18th of November, 1896, and a very fine afternoon."

"I have warned you once already that you are prejudicing your own case," he cried.

"I deny the jurisdiction of the tribunal," I said.

"Your denial goes for nothing," he said. "Do not enter it upon the record, doctor. Will you say what brought you into these mountains?"

"As I have told you several times," I said, "I belong to a hunting-

party, and was lost. I did not know I was near Fort Defiance, nor had I ever heard of such a place."

"Let that be entered upon the record, doctor," said the colonel.

"I have it all," said the doctor.

"Crothers," said the colonel, "put upon the table the sketch which I found the prisoner making this morning."

Crothers obeyed.

"What do you call that?" said the colonel to me.

"I would call that," I replied, "a pretty bad picture of Fort Defiance."

My tone was light, and, as usual, my levity seemed to displease the colonel very much. He warned me for the third time that I was injuring my chances, but I was not impressed.

"That sketch," said he, "shows the situation and fortifications of Fort Defiance. You were found drawing it surreptitiously. I ask you again, what have you to say about it?"

"Nothing, colonel," I replied, "except that when we dine together in New York we'll discuss its artistic merits or lack of them."

The colonel ran his hand impatiently through his hair, and again uncovered the scar of the deep wound on his head. I wondered in what battle he had received it, and had a mind to ask him whenever opportunity made the question pertinent.

"Make proper entries on the record," he said to the doctor, "that the prisoner will give only irrelevant answers to our questions."

"It has been done," said the doctor.

The door of the room was opened at that moment, and Miss Hetherill appeared. Her father rose hastily, and his manner showed that he was disconcerted.

"You must retire at once, Grace," he said. "I forbade your presence here."

"Father," she said, "you must stop these proceedings. You must not harm Mr. West."

I rose and bowed in my best manner.

"I thank you for your intercession, Miss Hetherill," I said, "but I can protect myself."

She turned her whole attention to her father, neglecting me. I resumed my seat and looked out of the window, that I might appear to take no notice in case a family jar occurred. It is an immense satisfaction to have a pretty girl interfere in one's behalf, and I was content merely to look out at the river and the mountains and the yellowing leaves.

The colonel took his daughter by the arm and told her again she must withdraw. She protested, but in tones too low for me to hear the exact words. The colonel was becoming much excited. The matter was ended speedily by the withdrawal of Miss Hetherill, in which I think she was wise, for the gentlemen conducting my court-martial seemed to have made up their minds to go on with the business. This was shown the more clearly to me because when she went out the colonel locked the door. I did not see him do it, as I kept my eyes on out-of-doors, but I heard the key turning in the lock.

"Attention, sir!" said the colonel.

I was observing then some beautiful splashes of red and yellow on the mountain foliage, which appealed to my love of color, and I did not turn my head.

"Do you hear me, sir?" said the colonel, provoked, as I meant him to be. "Will you plead to this very grave charge against you?"

"Colonel," I said, "it is a splendid afternoon for a walk, and we might get a fine view from the crest of the ridge yonder. Shall we take a stroll up there together?"

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "we have given the prisoner every opportunity to speak, and he will not take advantage of it. There is nothing further for the court to do but to render its verdict."

All the men except the colonel and the doctor withdrew to the far end of the room. They talked together a few moments, and then returned to us, Crothers at their head.

"What is your verdict, Mr. Crothers?" asked the colonel.

"Death," replied Crothers.

"So say you all?" asked the colonel.

"So say we all," they said.

"May the Lord have mercy on his soul," added the colonel, in the tone of a judge.

"You seem to be agreed, gentlemen," I said, looking around from the window.

"Undoubtedly," said the colonel. "Mr. Secretary, see that the sentence of the court is entered upon the record."

"It has been done," replied the doctor.

"Then, if you have amused yourselves sufficiently, gentlemen," I said, "I would like to go back to my room, as I am tired. I'd thank you also to send me something to eat, as I am hungry, too."

"That much courtesy is due you," said the colonel.

Rising, he led the way, and two of the men closed in behind me, according to the prescribed rule. Thus we marched back to my room, where I was locked in and left to wait for food, spending such time as I chose meanwhile in reflections upon the fate of a man condemned to death, an advantage that I had never enjoyed in the first person before. I can say with the utmost respect for the truth that my chief sensation was still one of curiosity. I was not accustomed to such adventures, and, as I knew of no precedents, I could make no predictions.

All such thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of Crothers with my supper; and I perceived that a man under sentence of death may become as hungry as one with freedom and many years to enjoy. While Crothers spread the banquet, another soldier walked up and down in the hall, and just before Crothers shut the door I caught the steel blue of his rifle-barrel. Evidently they were keeping a good guard over me, which seemed to me a waste of thought and strength. But they had kept in mind the principle that it costs nothing to be courteous to a dying man, and had sent me a most excellent repast, from which the prospect of dying took no sauce.

"Mr. Crothers," said I, as I poured a cup of hot coffee and sniffed the aroma of a piece of fresh and well-cooked venison, all mine, "how long have you served Colonel Hetherill?"

"I enlisted in his regiment in '61," replied Crothers, "and he's still my commanding officer. That makes thirty-five years by my reckoning."

"How much longer do you expect to serve him?" I asked.

"Until the war is over," he replied, briefly.

Evidently here was a man of the colonel's own mind and temper.

The very good dinner put me in an excellent humor.

"Mr. Crothers," I asked, "am I to be shot or hanged?"

"You'll have to ask the colonel," he replied, "though I think it's commoner to hang spies than to shoot 'em."

He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Mr. Crothers," I began again, "do you think I am alarmed?"

"I'd be in your place," he replied.

After this I could not get him to continue any form of debate. He merely sat in obstinate silence while I finished the supper. To mark my disapproval of his manners, I turned my back upon him and resumed my old occupation of gazing out of the window. My sentence of death had made no change in the prospect. The lights and colors on mountain and forest were as vivid as ever. Where the edges of the dying leaves had turned red, the forest glowed as with fire; then came patches of soft brown, and beyond were streaks of yellow gold. It was a beautiful world, unhurt by its wildness.

Crothers took up the tray of empty dishes, and bade me a polite good-night, which I returned without bad feeling. I was rather glad he had gone, since a man who will not talk to me when I want to talk to him annoys me.

While the sun was setting and the night coming on to take its place, I tried to decide how I would avenge myself upon Colonel Hetherill for his treatment of me. To me it seemed a somewhat complicated question, as he had certainly saved my life, though the saving of it gave him no right to the taking of it, and if I injured him I would be sure to injure his daughter, who undoubtedly had shown consideration for me. I gave it up, leaving the problem to its own solution, and continued to sit by the window, looking out at nothing. Thus importantly occupied, I heard the usual fumbling at the door which betokened a visitor. I was guessing whether it would be the colonel or Crothers, when I saw it was neither, but Grace Hetherill. She stopped to close the door very carefully, and when she turned to me she showed excitement. I had risen and was preparing to make the compliments custom demands from a young man to a young woman, when she exclaimed, in nervous tones,—

"Mr. West, you must escape from this house to-night!"

"Escape, Miss Hetherill?" I said. "Where would I go? It is comfortable here, although my movements are somewhat restricted. But out there in those wild mountains I would starve to death."

I spoke lightly, but my manner seemed to increase her apprehensions. She came closer and put her hand upon my arm.

"Mr. West," she said, "you do not yet understand your situation and its dangers."

"I see no occasion for alarm, Miss Hetherill," I said. "Your father has gratified his whim, and I shall not complain of the trouble he has caused me. It might be made a rough sort of jest for him if I carried the news to Washington; but I see no reason why I should do so."

I felt her hand grip my arm in her excitement.

"This is no play, no jest!" she cried. "Do you think that my father looks upon this fort, the weapons in it and the flag over it, as a mere whim? They are the most real of all things to him."

I was impressed by her earnestness and strong feeling. I was about to say that if her father looked upon such things as realities I was sorry for him, but I remembered that I should not speak so bluntly to her father's daughter.

"I tell you they are realities!" she exclaimed. "It is a reality that you are held a prisoner here, a condemned spy; and it is a reality that you are to be shot as such at nine o'clock in the morning."

"What? Is this the truth?" I exclaimed.

"Crothers and another man are digging your grave now," she said.

"How do you know?" I asked, still partly incredulous.

"I have seen them at work," she replied.

I was more impressed than ever. I leave it to all if it is not a trifle hard upon a man's nerves to receive the news that other men are digging his grave for him. Moreover, her manner left no doubts. I was seized with a sudden shudder of the nerves and chill of the blood. I saw that this fanatical old colonel would carry out his farce to the end, and that end was my execution.

"Do you believe me now?" she asked.

"Yes; but what am I to do?" I said, in despair.

"You must leave Fort Defiance to-night," she said.

"Am I to go up through the roof or down through the floor?" I asked.

"Do not jest with your danger," she replied, both reproof and reproach in her voice.

"But when you speak of escape, I see no way to obey you, Miss Hetherill," I said.

"Do you suppose that I am without influence in my father's house?" she said, with some haughtiness. "I have prepared the way, and will lead. You have nothing to do but follow me."

She opened the door again, and I saw that no guard was in the hall. It was not a time to waste energy upon one's baggage or mode of taking leave, and without ado I followed her.

"Step as lightly as you can," she said.

I was willing enough to obey her. She had made me see the truth about her father, and while I was opposed to death under any circumstances I wished least of all to face it very early on a cold morning, and perhaps have my body tumbled into a ditch afterward. This, too, in the year of peace 1896. Accordingly, I shod my feet with felt.

We passed from the upper hall to the lower in safety, and reached the front door. Then I saw that in fact she had prepared the way for me. No guard was there, nor did she even need to unlock any bolts. She pushed the door open, and in rushed a flood of the cool night air. I knew then that the wind of heaven was the wind of freedom.

The outside of Fort Defiance seemed to be, like the inside, without guards. The river plashed and gurgled in the dusk, and the dry leaves rustled as the wind blew them upon one another, but that was all. The fort seemed to be asleep. The muzzle of the little brass cannon that swept the drawbridge was hidden in the darkness, and the cannon was without threat.

Miss Hetherill left me at the door a few moments, and when she returned she thrust into my hands a military knapsack which seemed to be well filled.

"It contains food," she said: "you will need it."

I hung the knapsack over my shoulder and followed her, for she was already leading the way to the drawbridge, which was down and unguarded. A few steps took us across. I looked back at Fort Defiance, a solid dark mass, no light anywhere showing that it was tenanted.

"Miss Hetherill," I said, and I was speaking sincerely, "you have done much for me, and I am very grateful, but do not go any farther. I can find my way now, and I will say good-by to you here."

"No," she said; "I will take you out of the valley and put you on your road."

Her tone did not admit of protest, and without a word I followed her. She led the way across the valley directly toward the nearest mountain slope. I will admit that on this journey I was cherishing a feeling of satisfaction. It is not only pleasant to have a pretty girl interest herself in one's behalf, but still pleasanter, if one's life must be saved at all, to have it saved by that same pretty girl.

At the point to which we were trending, the first slope of the mountain was not distant more than half a mile. The path was clear, and we were soon there. I felt like uttering my thanks again, but such words seemed so futile that I remained silent.

"Keep to the southwest," said Miss Hetherill. "Don't forget that. Watch the sun to-morrow, and remember always to travel to the southwest. If you do that you will reach the settlements before your food is exhausted."

"Good-by, Miss Hetherill," I said.

"Good-by," said she.

She was standing before me, and she looked so fair in the moonlight that I stooped down suddenly and kissed her.

I do not know why I did it, I had known her only a day or so, but I had no apologies to make then, and I will make none now.

She stared at me a moment, her face quite red. Then, without speaking, she turned and walked swiftly toward Fort Defiance, while I slowly climbed the first slopes of the mountains.

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG THE PEAKS.

SOME yards up I came to a ledge, upon which I sat and took another look at Fort Defiance. I saw a light figure cross the drawbridge, and then up went the bridge itself. I resumed my journey, half walking, half climbing, and a half-hour later, when I looked back again, I was much astonished to see lights blazing at every window of Fort Defiance. I watched for some minutes, but I was too far away to see figures moving or anything else that would tell me the cause of the lights.

Convinced that it was no time for idle curiosity about illuminations, I turned my face toward the southwest, determined to carry out my instructions. Yet I saw readily that my problem was not yet wholly solved. I had escaped from the fort, but I had not escaped from the mountains, which at that hour looked very dark, very bleak, and very lonely. I picked out a large clear star burning in the southwest just above the tip of the highest peak, and made it my guide.

It was rough travelling, but the night was cold, and my limbs had been stiffening in confinement. The sharp air and the exercise were a tonic to me. The blood ran freely through my veins, and I felt strong and buoyant. I resolved to walk all night, a resolution born partly of necessity, for I could not lie down and sleep without finding every joint stiffened in the morning by cold.

With my eyes fixed on my star, I tramped steadily to the southwest. It was not an especially dark night, but I kept as closely as I could to the valleys or rifts, and the up-lift of the peaks above me hid half the skies. I am not superstitious, and I think I possess at least average courage, but the silence and solemnity of the mountains awed me and made me lonely and afraid. I seemed to be alone in the universe, save for the misty peaks, which nodded to each other and never noticed me. It may be flattering to one's vanity to feel that he is the only man in the world, but it soon grows tiresome. I longed for company, a chum, somebody to talk to me.

I may be skilful in analyzing the feelings of others, but I have little success with my own. As the chill loneliness thickened around me, I wished again for Fort Defiance. Out of danger now, the danger that I had been in seemed so little, incredible perhaps. After all, I might have yielded too easily to a frightened girl's fears. But she had been frightened on my account. That was a tender thought. I smiled in the darkness at the thought and the memory of that early kiss, for which I was not sorry.

The cold darkness of the mountains and the warm walls of Fort Defiance began to contend for first place in my mind. The belief that in the flush of the interview with his daughter I had overrated the fanaticism of the colonel grew, and my sense of loneliness egged it on until it became conviction.

The strength and courage which I had felt at the start waned. The cold slid into my bones and chilled the marrow. I sat for a few moments on a big stone at the bottom of a great cleft, that I might rest

myself. Over the knife-edge of the tallest ridge, a moon very white and cold looked at me as if wondering what I was doing in an otherwise deserted world. To this I could return no answer. All my intentions were failing; I was uncertain of myself. The advice to me to push on continually to the southwest had been clear and decisive, and I had been following it most diligently for at least three hours. But there was my star in the southwest burning as brilliantly as ever and also as far away as ever. Above me were the dusky skies, the moon calm and cold, and about me was the wilderness. I shut my eyes and saw my room in Fort Defiance, a cell still, but sheltered and warm.

The wind began to blow. It had a sharp edge of ice, and I shivered. Then I sprang up in fright as a great groan came down the cleft, passed me, and went on among the mountains, through valley and valley, between cliff and cliff, and from peak to peak. I knew, after my first start, what it was, but it frightened me as if it had been a ghost, though I am a full-grown man, and, as I said before, I think I have at least average courage. It was the wind, gathered and compressed in the narrow deep ravines between the tall cliffs, and driven on by other winds behind, until it cried out like a man in deadly pain. Not until then, when the mountains were awake and groaning, did I comprehend how deep and intense may become the sense of desolation. I had noticed the wonderful repetition of the echoes when I fired my rifle to attract the attention of the colonel, but at night these echoes were deepened and carried faster from peak to peak and ridge to ridge. As the wind gained in strength and swept through the trees and bushes on the slopes and crests as well as through the ravines and valleys, new tones were added, and I listened to the chorus of the mountains. The groan changed to a deep bass; with it were mingled the flutter and rustle of the dry leaves as the wind blew them together, leaf on leaf, and the higher note of a wandering breeze as it escaped from a ravine and swept triumphantly over ridge and peak.

I was content to listen awhile to the music of the mountains, but I found that my joints were growing stiff with cold. One needs more than music, however sublime, on a dark night in November, unsheltered save by the skies. I took out some food, ate it, and resumed my journey, without much courage, however, I will confess. My star was still there, but, like the moon, it was unsympathetic and cold, and it travelled due southwest as fast as I.

I think I was a bit shaken by my situation and my inability to drive away the sense of desolation. It is easy enough to say that superstition and all such kindred things are folly, as perhaps they are; but put a man down where I was, let him go through what I had gone through, and he will have a ghost gibbering at him from every peak. So, when I saw a light flaming on a crest where no light had been before, I was not at all sure whether I saw it with eyes real or imaginary. It was no star; the flame was too bright, too red, and flickered too much, for that. Presently a light blazed up on another hill-top, and then on a third, and then on a fourth. They were moved about as if signalling to each other, and I was positive that I was growing light-headed. It would require no common, normal pair of eyes to see so

many lights dancing a jig. All the hill-tops seemed to be afire, and I was quite sure that was not natural.

The sound of a trumpet, loud, clear, and penetrating, mingled with the song of the winds, and swept through the mountains, echo after echo. The military note rose above all the rest, and there by the first light, which formed the background for it and made it visible, I saw a human figure. I had no doubt that this was the man who blew the trumpet, and it meant that the colonel and his men were seeking to retake me. The trumpet was blown again, and all the lights except the first were extinguished.

As I said, I am unable to analyze myself, and while a few moments ago I wished to be back at Fort Defiance, I wished nothing of the kind now that I knew the colonel and his men were seeking to take me there. I pushed myself among some bushes, determined that I would escape.

With mountain heaped on mountain and the night helping, it would seem that it was an easy enough matter for me to escape; but I was not so sure. I had followed perforce some sort of path or trace, because it was the only way in which I could go, and doubtless these men knew the way well.

The trumpets blew one more blast, and from my covert I saw the last light extinguished. Listening intently, I could hear only the sob of the wind down the great slash in the mountains, at the bottom of which I lay. I supposed that the flaming up of the lights and the blowing of the trumpets had been some sort of signal to draw the men together. I rose, but I could not see them either. I thought once of trying to climb the side of the mountain, but I feared a stumble or a slip, the noise of which would draw them to me. I pressed farther back into the bushes, but just as I made myself snug several men turned the angle of the ravine, and one of them held up a bright lantern. Its flame fell directly upon me.

"Take aim," shouted the colonel.

The six who were with him covered me with their rifles. But I had no desire to be shot.

"It's all right, colonel," I said. "I'll surrender. I'm your prisoner."

He ordered the men to lower their weapons. I walked out of the bushes toward the colonel. There was some comfort in the company of my kind, even if I was to be the prisoner and they the free men, an inequality which I thought was not deserved.

"We retook you more easily than we thought," said the colonel.

"Then double my debt of gratitude to you, colonel," I said. "You may have saved me again from death by starvation."

He said nothing to this, and I added, "Suppose we rest a little. I am tired."

My bones in truth were weary; we were a long way from Fort Defiance, and the road was rough. I contemplated the journey with dismay.

The colonel, who seemed to be highly pleased at my recapture, was in good temper. He took a long flask from his inside pocket and

shook it. A cheerful gurgle came forth. He drew the cork with a loud plunk, and a pleasant odor permeated the air.

"Try that," he said, holding out the flask.

I tried it, and great was the result thereof. As the rich red liquor trickled down my throat, I could feel strength flowing back into muscle and bone, and a warm glow crept through all the veins of my chilled body.

I handed the flask back to the colonel with my heart-felt thanks.

"I think I will try a little myself," he said, and the pleasant gurgle was heard again.

"Colonel," I said, "you may shoot me to-morrow, but for heaven's sake don't make me walk all the way back to Fort Defiance to-night."

The liquor had put him in a still better humor.

"I will not," he said. "Besides, I am tired myself."

He gave a few directions to his men, and they began to gather brushwood, which was scattered about in abundance. They heaped it up in a sheltered corner of the ravine, and the colonel, taking the candle out of his lantern, touched the flame to the dry boughs. Up it blazed, and, the wind catching it, the eager flame leaped from bough to bough. The wood snapped and cracked as the fire seized it, and the blaze, rising high, threw its warm and friendly light upon our faces.

Though a captive and with only twelve hours or so of life before me, according to the colonel's limitations, I achieved comfort. I made myself at home, and, pulling up a billet, sat down on it before the fire, where body and eyes could feast on its warmth and light.

The fire by contrast made the darkness beyond its radius darker. The colonel shivered, and then imitated my example, turning his palms to the flames.

"Makes me think of the winter of '64," he said.

"Which was a long time ago," I replied.

"But it may come again," said he.

"Never," said I; "the cause is dead and buried, colonel, and the mourners are few at this late day."

He turned his head away impatiently, as if he would not argue with a prisoner. His men kept silent too. I had hoped they would hear, but I could not say. They as well as I had brought food with them: we broke bread and ate.

The fire, which rose yards high, and crackled as it ate into the wood, threw streaks of light on the near slopes. Beyond, the darkness had settled down over peak and ridge, and the moon was behind a veil of clouds. The wind, rising again, moaned loudly down the ravine and swept the dry leaves before it. I would not have escaped if I could.

"Winter will soon be here," said Crothers, who sat on one side of me.

"Perhaps it's as well," said Colonel Hetherill. "It will make it the harder for any enemy to reach Fort Defiance."

A blast of wind struck me on the back of the neck and slipped down my collar like a stream of ice-water. I edged up within scorching distance of the fire.

"It is cold," said the colonel, replying to my thought as if I had

spoken aloud. He too edged up to the fire, and all his men did likewise. No one regarded me with hostile eyes. For the moment the military laws of the Confederacy rested lightly. I don't understand how people can fight in the dark and when it's at zero.

Our faces were warm,—a little too warm, perhaps,—but our backs were cold. I suggested to the colonel that we build another fire a few yards off and sit between the two. He looked at me approvingly, and even said nothing when I helped to gather brushwood for the second fire, just as if I were one of the party and could go and come where I wished. While I was busy thus, I noticed that he was looking at me very intently and twisting his long white moustache as if he were in doubt. I guessed that he would have something to say to me soon; and I was not wrong. We lighted the second heap of wood, and the blaze sputtered and roared as if it would outdo its comrade ten yards away. We lolled in the heat for a few minutes, and then the colonel, as I had expected he would, beckoned to me.

We went on the far side of the second fire, where none of the men would hear us.

"What is it, colonel?" I asked, politely. "Can I help you in any way?"

"You can," he replied, "and in helping me you will help yourself at the same time."

"Then it ought to be easy for us to strike a bargain," I said.

"I want some information from you," said the colonel. "Your escape was discovered soon after it was made, but that escape would not have been possible without assistance. Name the man to me, and I will spare your life; I will send you back to your own country."

My first impulse was to speak violently. This was the first time he had touched the quick. But unrestrained anger is seldom worth the while.

"Colonel," I said, "I may be a Yankee spy, as you call me, but you can scarcely expect me to tell you that." Nor would I have told him, even had not the traitor been his own daughter.

The colonel looked confused, and hesitated. Presently he said, "I should not have made you the offer, and I apologize; perhaps I have underestimated you."

This was not very flattering, as it could be construed different ways, but I thanked him nevertheless, and we went back to our good position between the fires. The colonel was silent and looked thoughtful. I guessed that he was trying to divine the traitor and would not let the matter drop.

I had eaten heartily, and the food, the heat, and the weariness together made a strong soporific. My head nodded, and my eyelids drooped. The colonel, too, looked as if he would like to go to sleep. The men had blankets with them, and I made a proposition.

"Colonel," I said, "give me a blanket and let me go to sleep. You needn't guard me; I pledge you my word I won't attempt to escape to-night."

He took one look at the banked-up darkness. The wind made a long moan down the ravine.

"I don't think you will try it," he said, dryly. "Crothers, give him a blanket."

Crothers tossed me the blanket. I rolled myself in it and went to sleep.

Far in the night I awoke. I might have gone back to sleep again in a moment or two, but a bough burned through fell into the ashes, sending up a shower of sparks. I held open my sleepy eyes and looked around at the colonel's little army, which to the last man lay stretched upon its back or side fast asleep. Two high privates were even snoring. The wind was still strong, and its groans as it swept through the ravine rose to a shriek. The fires had burned down a bit, and were masses of red coals.

Colonel Hetherill was lying next to me. The light from the fire fell directly upon his thin, worn, old face. In my soul I felt pity for him. His exposed hands looked chilled, and his blanket seemed light for a man whose blood had been thinned by age. My own blanket was heavy and wide. I threw the corner of it over him, and in another minute I yielded again to sleep.

I was the last to awake in the morning, and I do not know how much longer I would have slept had not the colonel pulled me violently by the shoulder. The sun was risen already above the mountains, and peak and ravine shone in the light. One of the men had produced some coffee and a small tin coffee-pot, and was making the best of all morning drinks over the fire. Another was frying strips of bacon. Evidently the Confederate army meant to treat itself well. I sniffed the pleasing aromas, bethinking me that as the only prisoner present I was entitled to my share.

The colonel did not neglect me. When my turn came the tin cup filled with coffee was passed me, and I ate my due allotment of the bacon. The colonel, however, was stiff and restrained. His military coolness returned with the daylight, and his little army reflected his manners. My attempts at conversation were repelled, and soon it became apparent to me that I was the condemned spy again.

The day was cold, but very bright and well suited for our rough walking. The breakfast ended, we abandoned the fires, which still glowed red in the ravine, and began our return to Fort Defiance, Crothers leading the army, while I walked in the centre of it.

Ours was a silent walk. If their feelings had changed with the day, so had mine. I regretted that I had not escaped. In the bright sunlight the mountains did not look so unfriendly and formidable. But I made up my mind to ask few questions and to abide the issue.

Near noon I saw the same column of smoke which had once been such a cheering sight to me, and in a quarter of an hour more I looked down on Fort Defiance and its peaceful valley. The place had lost none of its beauty. The glow of red and brown and yellow in the foliage was as bright and as deep as ever. The little river was fluid silver in the sunshine. We paused a few moments at the last slope to rest a little: the quiet landscape, set like a vase in the mountains, seemed to appeal to Colonel Hetherill as it appealed to me. We were standing a little apart from the others. I said,—

"It is too much like a country-seat, colonel, to be invaded by an enemy."

"I thought once it was secure from invasions," he said, looking at me suspiciously, "but since there are traitors within my own walls I must prepare for anything."

He spoke as if he intended to make trouble about the matter, and, since I had no fit reply, I said nothing. We descended into the valley, and when we crossed the drawbridge we met Grace Hetherill standing at the door. She expressed no surprise, but looked at me reproachfully. I felt that she wronged me, for certainly I had tried to escape.

I was sent to a new room, much like the other, but with a heavier door. The window, well cross-barred, looked out, like all the other windows, upon the mountains. When I had been locked up an hour Miss Hetherill came.

"You see I am back, Miss Hetherill," I said, jauntily. "Who comes oftener than I?"

"Why did you not escape when I gave you the chance?" she said, with the utmost reproach in her voice.

I felt hurt at her manner. I knew she was thinking less of my death than of her father's responsibility for it. I hold myself to be of some value, and did not wish to be cheapened in any such manner.

"I did my best to escape, Miss Hetherill," I said, "but the activity of the Confederate army was too great for me."

Her eyes flashed with such anger that I saw my mistake at once.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I will not jest again at the colonel's faith."

"I have come to tell you," she said, "that you are in as much danger as you were yesterday. I do not think my father will alter his sentence."

"But first," I said, "he is going to find out the traitor who helped me to escape last night."

I supposed, of course, that she would tell him her part in it, having nothing to fear, and I was surprised when she answered me.

"He has been endeavoring to ascertain it already," she said, "but has failed. He thinks Dr. Ambrose is the man, and both the doctor and I are willing for the present to let him think so. You will under no circumstances tell him that it was I. Will you promise me that?"

"I will promise, since you ask it, but it seems strange; Miss Hetherill."

"It is because I wish to be free to help you. If my father knew it was I he would lock me up until you were—were—"

"Executed."

"Yes, that is it, though I did not like to say it."

I could not say no to such a plan, for I valued my life, and any one in my place would have been acute enough to see that Grace Hetherill would be the most powerful friend I could have inside of Fort Defiance. The doctor too must be weakening in his Confederate faith if he were willing for my sake to rest under his commanding officer's suspicion. But that might be done for love. Pshaw! he was too old.

I thanked her very earnestly for her endeavors to save me.

"I will seek to delay action on my father's part," she said. "Our chief hope rests in that."

I trusted that she would secure the delay, indefinite delay. When the door was opened for her to leave I saw a sentinel on guard in the hall, and became convinced that the colonel was taking very few chances with me.

CHAPTER V.

A CHANGE OF SITUATIONS.

CROTHERS as usual brought me my meals, and in that respect I was well treated. The night passed without event, and the next morning I was allowed to take a walk around the fort between Crothers and another soldier, but I saw nothing of either the colonel or his daughter. I tried to pump Crothers, but he was proof against my most skilful questions, and when I returned to my room I could boast no increase of knowledge. Yet I was not much depressed. I comforted myself with the old reflection that it was the year of peace 1896, and I would not become really alarmed until I stood up before a file of the colonel's men and looked into the muzzles of their rifles.

I received a visit the next morning from the colonel himself. His manner was still of a piece with that he had shown on the return march from the mountains, marked by a certain haughtiness and reserve differing much from the fiery temperament characteristic of him.

"Well, am I to be shot to-day, colonel?" I asked, and I think I asked it cheerfully, for, mark you, I had returned to my old state of incredulity.

"Not to-day," he said. "I have decided to postpone it until I find out where the treason in my garrison lies. You can see that your death might be in the way of my investigation."

I could see it with ease, and I was glad that it was so.

He asked me a lot of questions which he intended to be adroit, but I saw their drift clearly enough, and led him further astray. When he was through he knew less than ever about my rescuer, and I let him think it was one of his men.

"I shall discover the man by to-morrow," he said, with a show of confidence which was but a show, "and his fate shall be severe enough to put a stop to any leanings others may have the same way."

Three days more passed in this manner. I was permitted to take two walks daily around the fort in the company of Crothers and another man, but, as before, I could obtain no information from them, and I remained in ignorance of the colonel's progress or lack of progress with his secret service.

On the fourth day my door was abruptly thrown open, and Grace Hetherill entered. Her face showed great excitement. The door was not closed behind her, but stood wide open, and I noticed that no sentry was in the hall. I was convinced that something of importance had happened.

"Mr. West," she said, "we need your help."

"My help?" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "How can I, who need it so much myself, give anybody help?"

"But you can," she cried. "There is trouble in Fort Defiance."

Then, her first flush of excitement over, she told me the story calmly. She was not long in the telling.

Her hint to her father that Dr. Ambrose might have been the man who assisted in my escape had produced greater results than she expected. The old colonel had watched the doctor closely, and at last had accused him of treason to the Confederate government. Thereupon the doctor, who was superior in intelligence and information to the other men, and knew what was passing in the world, had advised him to free me, and to haul down the stars and bars, as the cause was lost beyond the hope of revival.

"My father flew into a terrible rage," said Grace. "He ordered that Dr. Ambrose be locked up at once, and it is his intention to have him shot when he shoots you."

"Miss Hetherill," I said, "you must tell your father that Dr. Ambrose had nothing to do with my escape."

"That would do no good now," she said, "and might do harm. It would not help Dr. Ambrose, for my father regards his proposition to surrender as the worst treason of all, and if I were to say that it was I and not the doctor who helped you, he would not believe me."

This put a new phase on the matter. I felt very sorry for the doctor, who had got himself into trouble on my account. I did not know what to say, but Miss Hetherill interpreted my look.

"Do not fear for Dr. Ambrose," she said. "Some of the men have begun to be of his way of thinking, and my father will not be able to carry out his sentence against either the doctor or you."

I understood, at once. A revolt was threatened in the camp, and her fear was neither for the doctor nor for me, but for her father. I felt rather cheap.

"I will help you all I can, Miss Hetherill," I said, a little stiffly, "but I fail to see anything that I can do. As you know, I am a prisoner here."

"But you are not as strictly guarded as you were," she said. "My father's rage against Dr. Ambrose has withdrawn his attention from you, and within a day you may have another chance to escape. He wants you to come now and testify against Dr. Ambrose."

"I cannot do that," I said.

"I do not want you to do so," she said, quickly. "You must say that you made your escape without help, that you picked the lock of your door,—or anything else you choose to say."

It was a falsehood she asked me to tell, but I was willing to tell it, since the interests of four persons were involved in it,—hers, the doctor's, mine, and, not least of all, the colonel's. Truly my coming had aroused a mighty commotion in the house of Colonel Hetherill, C.S.A., and perhaps too had opened it to new ideas. It had never occurred to me before that I was such an important personage.

I followed Miss Hetherill to the second sitting of the military

court in the trial-room, though this time as a witness and not as the accused.

The colonel was majestic at the head of the table. He was in a splendid gray uniform, gay with gold lace, as if he deemed the occasion worthy of his best appearance. Crothers had taken the place of Dr. Ambrose as secretary, and the doctor himself was at the foot of the table.

The examination was brief, and to the colonel very unsatisfactory. I made a poor witness. I denied that any one had helped me, and the doctor with equal emphasis denied complicity. The colonel frowned at me, but the doctor received the larger share of his attention, and I was of the opinion that the colonel considered him a greater villain than myself, as I was an enemy by birth, while the doctor was a household traitor.

"You do not deny making to me the proposition that we surrender to the Federal government?" finally said the colonel.

"Not at all," said the doctor, firmly. "That was my suggestion, and I repeat it. We alone are holding out. What chance have we ever to carry our cause through to success?"

Colonel Hetherill looked around at his men as if he feared the effect of those words upon them. They were impassive, though I inferred from what Grace had said that several were beginning to share the doctor's way of thinking.

"Your answer," said the colonel to Dr. Ambrose, "is sufficient proof of treasonable designs. The answer itself I consider treason. I will hear no more."

He promptly dissolved the court, ordered Dr. Ambrose and myself to be locked up again, and refused to listen to anything his daughter wished to say. What further steps he took I did not know then, for under escort I passed on to my room and was out of sight and hearing.

That evening Grace came to my room again, and, as before, she was visibly under the influence of strong emotion.

"You must escape again to-night," she said, "and this time you must not be overtaken. I have arranged everything, and it will be easy enough for you to reach the mountains."

"What will become of Dr. Ambrose?" I asked.

"We will save him too, though I do not yet know how," she said.

The doctor had taken his risk partly on my account, and I did not feel like abandoning him in danger. I am willing to admit also that I wanted to see how events at Fort Defiance would culminate. So I refused to leave the fort. My refusal greatly disturbed Grace, and she begged me to go. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes luminous, and she looked very beautiful.

"Would you have me think of myself alone?" I asked. "It is true that I seem to have brought trouble here, but I can't cure it by slipping away to-night. I mean to stay."

She had nothing more to say, but one look she gave me seemed to approve of my decision. She left the room hastily, and I did not hear the key turn in the lock. I tried the door, and found that it was not

locked. Through neglect or intention, I was free to go about Fort Defiance, and I inferred that the colonel's affairs in truth were in a critical state, if so little attention was paid to me. I looked out in the hall, but saw no one. I walked lightly to the top of the staircase, but, hearing voices below, concluded it would be best to return to my room. From the window I saw that the drawbridge was up, and I doubted the chances of escape, even had I wished it.

I remained there an hour or so, trying to decide upon the wisest course. Unable to come to any decision, I went into the hall again for lack of something better to do. From the top of the staircase I heard voices in loud and excited conversation. I crept half-way down the steps. I stopped there to listen further, and, feeling sure that some event of great importance had happened, I walked boldly all the way down.

The front door, which looked out upon the little brass cannon, was wide open. Grace and Crothers stood near it, talking in hurried and excited tones. A half-dozen soldiers were about them, and occasionally they said something as if by way of suggestion. They paid no attention to me until I came so close that Grace herself could not help noticing me.

"Oh, Mr. West!" she cried. "We are so glad you are here now!"

Naturally I was full of interest and curiosity, and asked the cause of the trouble. Then they told me that Dr. Ambrose had escaped, by the connivance of some one, I guessed, and had fled to the mountains. The colonel, discovering his escape, had called upon his men to pursue him, and if necessary shoot him on sight. They had refused unanimously to go, and the colonel in his rage had taken his old army rifle and had gone alone.

Here in truth was a pretty muddle. The colonel's state of mind was such that without doubt he would shoot the doctor if he found an opportunity, which would be a double tragedy to all the people of Fort Defiance.

"The colonel must be pursued and overtaken," I said.

"At once," said Grace, with an emphasis that showed I had only seconded her own argument.

Crothers and all the others looked at me as if waiting for a suggestion. I seemed by an easy transition to change from the prisoner of Fort Defiance to its chief. Since they looked upon me as such, that I decided to be.

"What road did the colonel take?" I asked of Crothers.

"There is only one passable way out of the mountains," replied Crothers; "the one you followed. We know that both the doctor and the colonel took it."

I saw a look of intelligence pass between him and Grace, and I wondered no longer at the doctor's escape or his destination. Our duty and the method of doing it were plainly before us.

It required but a few minutes for me to organize our search and rescue expedition. I made Crothers my lieutenant, and took all but four men, leaving these to care for the house. Food enough for several days and blankets for the night were collected hastily, and then we were

ready. Miss Hetherill approached cloaked and hooded. To my protest she replied with much firmness that she was going with us.

"But the road over these mountains is not fit for a lady to travel," I said.

"I have been over that road often, and I know these mountains much better than you, Mr. West," she replied.

I could not dispute her assertion, and moreover her presence would be useful to us in certain contingencies. She was a strong, active girl, and I made no further objection. We left the house; the drawbridge was lowered to let us pass, and when we had crossed was raised again.

In a few minutes we were out of the valley and in the mountains, following the old road. As it was my second journey, I saw how easy it was for the colonel and his men to pursue and overtake me. It was the only real road through the mountains, and one followed it as naturally as the waters of a brook flow down its channel.

"How long a start of us has the colonel?" I asked.

"Not more than an hour," replied Crothers; "but he is strong, in spite of his age, and a good mountaineer. I guess he can go faster than we can."

It is true that one man, other things being equal, can travel faster than half a dozen who stick together, and in it lay the danger that the colonel would outfoot us. But there was consolation in the thought that Dr. Ambrose had the same advantage.

It was an indifferent night, neither very clear nor very dark. There was light enough to show the peaks and the ravines, but only to distort them. I let Crothers, who knew the way, take the lead, and I dropped back by the side of Miss Hetherill. We were silent for some time; then I made a lame apology for blundering upon Fort Defiance and bringing such trouble to its inmates.

"It is not your fault that you came, Mr. West," she said, "and even if you had come by intention we would have no right to complain. Something of the kind was bound to happen some day."

I was glad that she admitted the abnormal conditions of Fort Defiance. That she knew them was obvious, for she had passed but little of her life there and knew the swing of the world.

We made speed, despite the roughness of the way. Some mists or fine clouds sifted before the moon, and the visible world became small. But we went on without uncertainty. The fugitive could not well turn from the path, nor could the pursuer.

I saw Crothers looking up at the white, silky clouds: once he shook his head doubtfully, but I did not ask him his thought. With plenty of company, the mountains did not impress or awe me as on the night of my flight. Once our course dipped into a little valley down which a brook trickled. In the soft earth on either side of it the vigilant Crothers saw footsteps which he said were those of two men. We knew the two men must be the doctor and the colonel.

"I should judge from those footprints, though I can't tell precisely," said Crothers, "that we haven't gained anything on them."

This was somewhat discouraging, and our enthusiasm did not grow when the path, after leaving the valley, or rather slit in the hills, led

up a very steep and long slope. Our muscles relaxed under the strain, and the breath came in irregular puffs. I was very tired, but I was not willing to own it, especially as I saw Grace walking with still vigorous step. She had told the truth when she said she was a better mountaineer than I.

The mists thickened. The moon was but a faint glimmer through them, and they drifted like lazy clouds. Our world narrowed again, and instinctively we walked very close together. It was like a fog at sea; the damp of it carried a raw, penetrating chill. There was no wind to moan or sing through the ravines; the mountains were silent save for ourselves. Crothers suggested a light, and produced from under his coat the torch with which he had provided himself in view of such emergency. It was a long stick, soaked in some compound of tar and turpentine, and when he lighted one end and held it aloft it burned with energy, casting a bright, cheerful light.

Nevertheless we shivered in our clothes; the chill in the air was insistent, and the mist was soaking into the ground and the autumn foliage. All the world seemed to be a-sweat, and, poor woodsman as I was, I knew that this had its perils. Pneumonia is not picturesque, but it is very dangerous.

Crothers looked at me several times as if he expected me to make a suggestion, but, though by common consent I was the leader of the party, I waited for him to make it, as he knew more about mountains and forests than I. But we plodded on for a long time before he spoke. Then he announced that we must stop for a while and build a fire.

"If we don't," he said, "we'll be soaked through and through with the cold mist, and in another hour some of us will be shaking with the chills and fever."

Grace protested against stopping. She was in the greatest alarm lest a tragedy should happen ahead of us, but, while we felt the same fear, we recognized also the truth of the old maxim about the futility of too much haste. I pointed out the dangers to her, and urged that her father probably had sought shelter somewhere before this. She was compelled to yield, not to my arguments necessarily, but to her own judgment. I often think what a jolly world this would be if our judgment and our wishes were always agreed.

We chose a somewhat sheltered spot, which was not difficult to find in a region of hill on hill, criss-crossed with ravines and gullies, and gathered heaps of brushwood. The fire was much more difficult to light than on the night when I was the colonel's prisoner, but we set it to burning at last, and glad we were when the flames rose high up in the chilly darkness.

We refreshed ourselves with a little supper. Then Crothers insisted that some of us, and especially Miss Hetherill, should get a little sleep. Again she showed herself a wise girl by trying to obey, despite her wishes. We made her a bed of blankets between the fire and a cliff, and, though she said she would not be able to sleep, in half an hour she slept. As she lay there with a bit of her pale, weary face showing above the blankets, I felt very sorry for her, far sorrier than

I had ever felt for myself, even when under sentence of death; I could see the reality of her trouble, and I had never believed fully in mine.

All the men except Crothers and I and a third rolled themselves in their blankets and slept. I sat by the fire, wondering what the outcome of it all would be. I noticed that Crothers continued to look up uneasily at the skies and the clouded moon, and at last I asked him what he might have on his mind.

"Bad weather," he replied, briefly.

"We have that already," I said, pointing to the cliffs soaking in the wet mist.

"More coming," he said, putting on a very weatherwise look.

"What do you expect?" I asked.

"Maybe snow, but more likely sleet, and that, too, before morning," he replied. "It's early for such things, but all the signs point that way."

I asked him no more. This was most unpromising, and gave full warrant for his grave looks. The mists were lifting, though very slowly, and were gathering in clouds above us. The peaks were ghostly gray, and the moon narrowed to a half-rim of steel and then disappeared altogether. The dampness remained in the air, but the cold was too great for rain. As Crothers said, either snow or sleet would come.

I suggested to Crothers that we make some sort of protection for Miss Hetherill. We built up little walls of brush on three sides of her and covered them over with the same material. She slept so heavily from exhaustion, poor girl, that she never awakened to our noise, and when we finished our improvised hut our satisfaction was all the greater because we had not disturbed her at all.

Then we built up the fires and waited for what might come. I dozed awhile, and awoke to find that the clouds had thickened. All the peaks were hidden by them, and there was some wind, just enough to make a subdued moan. Crothers said it lacked about two hours of day. I noticed that he had put the men at work again, and they had gathered brushwood sufficient to make the camp-fire of a regiment.

"The clouds will do what they are going to do very soon," said Crothers; and he was right. Presently we heard a patter upon the dry leaves like the falling of dust-shot. Little white kernels rebounded and fell again. One lodged in my eye, and I winked until I got it out. The patter increased; the dust-shot turned to bird-shot.

"Hail," said Crothers. "We're in for it."

We woke all the men and made shelter for ourselves as best we could in the lee of the cliff. Another blanket spread over the top of Grace's rude bower was sufficient protection for her. Soon we had a fine downpour of hail. It was like a white bombardment, from which we were safe within our works. I would have been content to watch it, had it not put such obstacles in the way of our pursuit. The ground whitened quickly under the fall of the hail, and by and by, when the wind shifted to the south, the clouds discharged rain instead of hail. This was no improvement, and in fact its probable sequel was what we dreaded most. The shift of the wind came again, and then

happened what often happens in our fickle climate: the rain which covered everything turned to ice under the wind from the north, and in an hour the earth was clad in a complete suit of white armor.

The sun was just rising above the last peaks. Every cloud had gone from the sky, and the day, hidden before by the wall of mountains, seemed to come all at once. Every ray of the sun was caught up by the sheet of white and gleaming ice and reflected back. Our eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of the morning, for the ice covered everything. Every leaf, every twig, was encrusted with it. It was all very beautiful, and all very dangerous. Mountain-climbing on sheets of ice is a slippery business.

As usual, I turned to Crothers for advice.

"We'll have to creep along as best we can," he said. "But, while we can't go fast, neither can the doctor nor the colonel."

This was the one redeeming point of the situation. Whatever affected us affected both the pursued, and we remained on an equal footing. We awoke Grace, who was astonished and dismayed at the sight of the earth cased in ice. Then we had a little breakfast, and prepared to resume our dangerous pursuit.

I had heard of Alpine climbing, and, though I had never done any of it, the virtues of an alpenstock were not unknown to me. We selected slender but stout sticks from the brushwood, sharpened the ends, and, having hardened them in the fire, made our start, each thus provided. It was treacherous work, and our falls were many, but we were satisfied to escape with mere bruises, for one might easily pitch over a precipice or tumble down a long, steep hill-slope and become a mere bag of broken bones.

The sun shone in splendor, but the rays were without warmth. They were white, not yellow, and a white light is always cold. The brilliant reflection from the ice-fields forced us to keep our eyes half closed, if we did not want to be blinded.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE HUT.

THE way was still certain, a rude path coiling among the hills, from which the sheets of ice glistening like new glass, and as treacherous, forbade us to turn. Sometimes the wind would blow, and the ice-clad bushes would rattle together to the tune of castanets. Our stock of bruises grew with steadiness and certainty, but we could boast of progress.

Once the path dipped down between two peaks of unusual height. The wind was blowing rather sharply at the time, and from the white head of the higher peak on our left came a faint rumble. Crothers showed alarm and urged us to greater speed. I half guessed what he meant, and lent Grace an arm to hurry forward. The rumble grew to a roar, and we had just turned the dangerous defile when the avalanche plunged down the slope into the path we had left, setting all

the echoes astir and sending up a cloud of white snow-dust. I am of opinion that several tons of valuable ice and packed hail were wasted in that drift, but as we escaped it all perhaps we have no right to complain.

We passed the spot at which I had been retaken, and thence the way was new to me. But its character did not change. The untenanted mountains seemed to roll away to the end of the world.

"We ought to reach the hut by the middle of the afternoon," said Crothers.

"What's the hut?" I asked, having heard nothing before of such a place. Then Crothers explained that it was a rude little cabin which the colonel had erected beside the path, to be used as a stopping-place on the way to the outside world, or as a lodge on hunting expeditions. He was hopeful that we would find the colonel or the doctor or both there. It seemed to me very probable that we would.

Grace, who had been somewhat down-hearted, though she never complained, cheered up at the prospect of the hut, and in truth all our little army pressed forward with fresh zest and enthusiasm. Hope is easily able to pin itself upon little things. We walked and slid along at much better speed, and Crothers even told stories of winter campaigns, though he was forced to admit that he had never found skates quite so necessary as they seemed to be now.

Our path led directly toward a ridge which seemed to block the way like a wall.

"Up there on the comb of that ridge is the hut," said Crothers.

Though my muscles complained and my bruises were as numerous as the spots on a leopard, I was full of ambition to reach this little lodge of logs, which seemed to me to be a fit home for some Robinson Crusoe of the mountains. Presently Crothers uttered a joyful grunt,—he never rose to the dignity of an exclamation,—and pointed to a fine blue trail of smoke rising like a white plume from the slender comb of the ridge.

"That's from the hut," he said, "and somebody's there, sure."

His logic seemed sound. The smoke had a most comfortable, home-like look. It was a bit of warmth and cheer in the cold, white wilderness. It encouraged us so much that we were willing to wager we would find both the colonel and the doctor there, good friends again, and ready to return with us to Fort Defiance.

As we advanced, the column was defined more clearly against the sky, and Crothers was positive that it came from the hut.

"It's built in a little patch of woods on a level spot of about a quarter of an acre," he said, "and my eye says the smoke rises straight from that spot."

By and by, as we climbed the slope, we could see the hut itself, coated with ice like the trees. The smoke was coming from the little mud chimney, and we guessed that a fine fire was blazing on the hearth. I, for one, began to wish that I was sitting in front of that same fire, listening to the popping of the dry wood as the flames ate into it. But Grace outstripped us, in so far as her cause for anxiety was greater than ours. She ran forward, pushed open the door of the hut, and

sprang inside. We heard a cry of disappointment, and, following her, found the hut was empty save for ourselves.

Upon the stone hearth the fine fire that I had pictured to myself was really blazing. Upon a bench lay some scraps of bread and meat, but the host, whoever he might be, was absent.

It was a little place, not more than seven or eight feet square, with a roof that the head of a tall man could touch. Two or three deer-skins were on the floor, some antlers were fastened on the wall, and besides the bench there were three rude little stools. It was not exactly a drawing-room, but it was a warm and hospitable spot in the wilderness. At least it seemed so to me. Grace sat down on one of the stools and leaned her head against the wall, too brave to cry, but not strong enough to conceal all her disappointment. She had been sure that we would find the colonel in the hut.

"Since the landlord of the hotel is away and there is no one to welcome us, I propose that we welcome ourselves," I said, wishing to appear cheerful.

Crothers silently seconded the motion by throwing fresh wood on the fire, drawing up a stool, and warming his hands. Then we held a brief council of war. It was obvious that some one had been at the hut, but whether the colonel or the doctor there was nothing to indicate. Whichever it might be, it was most likely that he would soon return, and we concluded that it was our best plan to pass the night there. It was late in the day, and no one could think of any other course that promised better. Crothers and I scouted a bit in the neighborhood, but we discovered nothing of the lodge's missing tenant. Whoever he was, he seemed to have gone on a long journey from his table and fireside, and we had little to do but appropriate his table, sit at his fireside, and wait for his return.

The end of the day was near, and the night promised to be very cold. Autumn might be lingering yet in the lowlands, but up here in the mountains, close to the skies, winter was sovereign. The sun went over the hills, the whiteness of the earth turned to pallor, and in the dusk the icy mountains gleamed cheerless and cold. I was very glad that necessity bade us stay at the hut.

We bestirred ourselves and gathered wood, for we intended to keep a good fire all night. We assigned Grace to one corner beside the fireplace, and made a screen for it by hanging up two or three deer-skins. Then we heaped the wood on the fire until the blaze roared up the chimney. A little window, a mere cut in the logs, a half-foot square, was left open. When I went out I could see the light of the fire shining through it, and casting long streaks of red across the ice, the one friendly beacon in the dreary wilderness.

As the day waned and the night took its place, I began to fear that it was neither the colonel nor the doctor who had built the fire, or surely he would have returned before this. After all, it might have been some stray hunter or mountaineer who had lighted the comfortable blaze, warmed himself, and passed on, leaving it to serve the same purpose for any other who might come.

At that point the mountains were more accessible than farther back

toward Fort Defiance. One might penetrate them in several directions if he were willing to risk falls on the sheet ice. Several of us, taking our alpenstocks, explored the neighborhood again. The light was sufficient, the reflection from the ice throwing a kind of pale glow over everything. But our explorations brought no profit, and, the night, as we had expected, turning very cold, we returned to the hut.

We stacked our rifles against the wall and composed ourselves for rest. We did not realize, until the necessity for exertion was over, how very tired we were. Grace retired to her curtained corner, and in a few minutes was so still there that we knew she must be asleep despite anxiety. Some of the soldiers stretched themselves upon the floor, and they, too, soon slept. Another, sitting upon a stool, with his head against the wall, snored placidly. We saw no necessity for keeping watch, and even the vigilant Crothers lay down upon the bench, where his eyes soon closed and his breathing became long and regular. The last army of the Confederacy was sound asleep, and the colonel's Yankee spy alone was awake.

They were old men mostly, heads gray, almost white, and faces deeply seamed, like the colonel's. But they looked to me like a loyal lot, and my sympathy went out to these old fellows, every one of whom I had no doubt carried old scars on his body. I was sitting on a stone before the fire, trying to read my fortune in the deep bed of coals. Tiring of the vain pursuit, I walked to the little window. The old soldiers slept such a tired and heavy sleep that my footsteps did not disturb them.

I could see nothing but the mountains, cold and white as a tombstone, and hear nothing but the occasional rattle of the loose ice as it fell from the trees and shattered on the thicker ice below.

I went back to the fire, picked out a convenient place in front of it, and decided that I too would recognize the claims of exhaustion and sleep, which were now growing clamorous. Doubling up my blanket and putting it under my head for a pillow, I stretched myself out with my feet to the fire and resumed my old occupation of studying the red coals and the fortune that might be written for me there. I had done it many a time as a boy, and as a man I was not changed.

The regular and heavy breathing of the sleepers had something soothing in it. The logs burned through, crumbled, and fell in coals, adding to the glowing mass. With my half-closed eyes making much from little and seeing things that were not, I built castles in the fire and sent troops of real soldiers marching through them. When the fourth castle was but half finished, I closed my eyes and joined the others in sleep.

Perhaps it was the strangeness of these scenes, much more strange to me than to the others, that disturbed and excited my brain while I slept, and by and by made me waken. The great heap of coals had sunk but little lower, and I reckoned that I had not slept more than two hours at the farthest. It was very warm in the room, for we had not been chary with the fire, and I turned to the little window for fresh air.

Framed in the window I saw very distinctly a pair of bright eyes

and part of a human face. The eyes gazed at me, and I am quite sure I returned the stare with equal intentness. We had hoped for a visitor, but we did not expect to find him at the window.

I rose quickly to my feet, and the face was withdrawn. Wishing to look into the matter myself without disturbing the others, I walked lightly to the door, on the way stepping over the prostrate bodies of two or three members of the Confederate army. I opened the door and went out. When I came to the window I found that my man was gone, but not fifty feet away, walking toward the recesses of the mountains, was a tall, slender figure. I knew that military bearing could belong to none other in those mountains than Colonel Hetherill, and I felt sure also that it was he who had been looking through the window at us.

I ran after him, but he was better accustomed to sleety mountains than I, and the distance between us widened. He curved around a hillock, and for a few moments was out of my sight, but when I too passed the hillock I saw him straight ahead, his shoulders stooped a little, but walking swiftly as if he were bent upon reaching the very heart of the highest and most difficult mountains.

I shouted to him to stop, and I knew he must have heard me, but for some time he paid no attention. At last he turned around and faced me.

"Why do you go away, colonel?" I asked. "I am no enemy of yours. I am your friend. We have come to rescue you from the wilderness. Your daughter is back there in the hut."

"You are an infernal Yankee spy," he said, "and you are worse than that; you have turned my people against me."

"Colonel," I said, protesting, "don't delude yourself that way any longer. The war is over."

"It is not," he said. "All my men may surrender, but I at least will hold out. Don't I know that they have given up? I saw them in the hut with you and you were not a prisoner. Keep off, I tell you; do not come near me."

I was advancing toward him, not with any intent to harm him, instead the precise reverse, and he, seeing that I would not stop, whipped a pistol out of his belt and fired at me. I suppose his hand was chilled by the cold, for the bullet flew wide of me, chipping splinters from the icy side of a hill. But I stopped, out of regard for my life, expecting another pistol, and he turned and continued his course into the higher mountains. I shouted to him to stop, and I shouted to my comrades in the hut, but the one would not and the others could not hear. He never looked back, and at last disappeared in a thicket, every bush of which in the moonlight looked as if it were cast in silver.

I walked back toward the hut, feeling some chagrin over my failure to keep one of the men for whom we had been looking, after I had found him. I can say with truth that I was not angered at the colonel's bullet, as I thought I understood him. The light of the fire was still shining through the little window, or rather hole in the wall, and threw a long red bar of light across the whitened earth. It was a friendly beacon to any man in a normal state of mind.

All the people in the hut were still sound asleep, the snore of some of the veterans placidly riding the night wind. I took Crothers gently by the shoulders, and succeeded in waking him without waking any of the others. Then I led him out of the hut and told him my story. He agreed with me that it was best not to say anything to Grace of the incident. But he was in a quandary about the wisest course for us to pursue in the morning, as the possible paths now led in several directions.

This quandary was ended for the time by the sound of a rifle-shot. We were so far from expecting anything of the kind that it startled us both very much. My fear, and I believe that of Crothers was the same, was lest the colonel and the doctor had met. We knew that the colonel had taken a rifle with him when he left Fort Defiance, and probably he had put it in some convenient place near by when he came down to spy us out in the hut.

"Take this pistol," said Crothers, shoving one into my hand, "but, remember, Colonel Hetherill must not be harmed."

The people in the hut seemed to be sleeping on calmly, and, leaving them to their rest, we ran as fast as we could in the direction from which the shot had come. Though we had heard the report distinctly, owing to the rarefied mountain air, I judged that the gun had been fired at least a mile away. There were many echoes, and it was somewhat difficult for us to distinguish the true sound from the false, but we agreed upon a general northeast course.

When we had gone half a mile the gun was fired again, the report echoing as gallantly in the still night as if it had been a little cannon instead of an ordinary rifle.

"Up the valley there!" cried Crothers. "Follow that, and it will be sure to take us right."

I disagreed with him, however. The report seemed to me to have been farther to the left, and I insisted upon my opinion.

"All right," said Crothers; "you go that way, and I will go up the gully; one or the other of us will be likely to strike it right."

He ran up the gully, and, obedient to his suggestion, I bent away to the left. But I found myself in a very slippery country, the mountains breaking there into successive little ridges like the waves of the sea, though the general direction was upward. Luckily there was a good growth of bushes, and more than once I kept myself from falling by grasping at the outstretched boughs. When I had nearly reached the spot from which I thought the shot had come, I saw a man standing near a tree. The next instant he saw me and sprang behind the tree. I caught but a glimpse of the slender figure and gray hair, but it was enough for me. I had found the colonel again, and I did not mean for him to try a second shot at me which might be better aimed than the first.

I sprang behind some rocks, where I was adequately sheltered so long as he remained in his present position. I feared that he would try to get a shot at me, thinking I was trying to do him harm, and I shifted my position a little, moving farther on behind the wall of rock. I had no intention of firing at him, for several reasons; and I recog-

nized that it was a very difficult task for me to take an armed man against whom I had no intention of using arms. But I believed that if I could slip upon him unawares I could overpower him with superior force and strength, and disarm him.

Ledges of rock were plentiful there, the mountain being broken into an infinite succession of ridges and ravines. Once I slipped on the sleet and crashed into a thicket which stopped me. But the ice knocked off the boughs fell with a rattle like hail, and I was in a tremor lest the colonel should fire at me from some point of vantage before I could regain my feet. But the shot did not come, and, righting myself, I went on, wishing that my shoes were shod with sharp nails and plenty of them.

The ground seemed favorable for my design. The gully up which I was creeping curved around behind the tree that sheltered Colonel Hetherill, and I believed that with caution I could suddenly throw myself upon him from the rear and overwhelm him. I dropped down on my hands and knees, and, though my progress was slow, I avoided another fall. The colonel gave no sign. I presumed that he was behind the tree, watching for an attack and seeking an opening in his turn.

I rose up a little, trying to peep over the wall of the gully toward the tree, and caught a glimpse of a gray head lifted above the same gully wall, but just around the curve. He dropped back like a flash, and from prudential motives I did the same. The curve of the gully at that point was sharp. In fact, it was more of an angle than a curve, and he was only a yard or two from me. As I hugged the wall I could hear his heavy, tired breathing. I thought once of turning about and going back, but I concluded that it would never do. The colonel had escaped me once, and I would be ashamed to confess to my comrades that he had escaped me twice. I resumed my continuous creep, stealing forward inch by inch until I came to that point in the curve beyond which I could not pass without coming into his sight. Then I gathered myself for a great effort, sprang to my feet, and darted around the curve, ready to spring upon him and surprise him.

I encountered another large and living body rushing in my direction, and the encounter was so violent that I fell back on the ice and sleet, half stunned.

In a few moments I recovered and sat up.

Dr. Ambrose was sitting on a stone and looking at me, his eyes full of reproach. He pointed to a purple contusion on his forehead.

"You did that," he said.

I felt of a growing lump over my left ear.

"You did that," I said.

He surveyed me, still with reproach.

"I took you for Colonel Hetherill," he said.

I put some reproach into my own gaze.

"I took you for Colonel Hetherill too," I said.

"I expected to take Colonel Hetherill to the hut," he said, mournfully.

"I expected to do the same," I said, sadly.

"Since I can't take the colonel to the hut," he said, "I will take you."

"Very well, then," I said. "While you are taking me there, I will take you too. Shake hands, doctor. I'm tremendously glad to see you, you old rebel."

We shook hands with the greatest good will. Then he went to the tree and recovered the rifle which was leaning behind it, taken by him in his flight. We started back to the hut, and on the way he gave an account of himself. He had fled from Fort Defiance without any clear object in view except to escape the colonel's wrath, which he believed would be but temporary. When the sleet storm came on he had endured it for a while. At last he reached the hut, built a big fire, warmed himself thoroughly, and then went out to look for the colonel, thinking that the fierceness of the weather would have chilled his rage by this time.

Seeing nothing of him, he had fired his rifle twice, in the hope of attracting his attention, and was returning to the hut, when he caught a glimpse of me and believed by my actions that I was Colonel Hetherill, and moreover that I was Colonel Hetherill still inflamed against him. Then he had hidden behind the tree, hoping just what I had hoped, and trying to do it.

"If it had been the colonel and he had got the first chance and fired at you, what would you have done, doctor?" I asked.

"Colonel Hetherill saved my life twice, once at Stone River, and once at Chickamauga," he replied; and I could get no more direct answer out of him.

The doctor looked as if he had been having a hard time; there was no counterfeit about his joy in seeing me. His face was haggard, and scales of ice were on his clothing. I told him about my meeting with the colonel earlier in the evening, and it seemed to take some of the hope out of him.

"The colonel has one idea fixed in his head," he said, "and I do not think anything can drive it out."

I raised my voice and shouted for Crothers, and in a few moments his answering cry came. His meeting with the doctor was, as that of two veterans should be, joyful, but repressed.

We went back to the hut, where we found the army still asleep. But we awoke two of the men, directing them to watch until daylight, while we three lay down upon the floor and went to sleep.

Grace's pleasure when she saw the doctor in the morning sound and well was great, though she said but little. I knew the relief it was to her. But we began at once to organize the search for the last rebel. The hut was to remain a base of operations for the present, and, despite her protests, we insisted that Grace remain there at least that day. I had some hope that the colonel, pressed by cold and hunger, might return to the hut; but the doctor shattered this hope by saying that he might find shelter and food elsewhere in the mountains.

"He was fond of hunting," said the doctor, "and it is more than likely that in such a wilderness he provided one or more little camps besides this for future use."

We divided into two parties. Crothers led one, and the doctor the other. I went with the doctor. I waved my handkerchief as a sign of good cheer to Grace, who stood in the doorway, and we were soon in the mazes of the higher mountains. A good sun came out, and in an hour the weather had turned warm enough to permit snow, but not warm enough to melt the ice and sleet. The clouds soon gathered, obscuring the sun, and for an hour we had a gentle snow which covered the ground a quarter of an inch deep, but did not trouble us, as the morning was without wind. It made our footing much less uncertain, and the doctor drew further encouragement from it, as we might find the colonel's footsteps if he should move about after the snow-fall.

The doctor hoped no more than what proved to be the truth, for as the noon hour approached, one of the men called attention to footsteps in the snow. We believed they could be no other than the colonel's, and we followed the trail, which led along the hill-side over rocks and through scrub. It was difficult to follow, and we might well have credited it to a younger man, had not the doctor assured us that the colonel was a most agile mountaineer.

The trail left the hill-side shortly and entered a fairly level bit of country, which by a stretch of courtesy one might have called a small plateau. Many scrub bushes grew upon it, but we could follow the footsteps, whether they led through the thickets or the open. The doctor confessed that the region was new to him, but from the direct manner in which the trail led on he did not believe it was strange to Colonel Hetherill.

The plateau by and by dipped down into a valley, which in its turn gave way to a lot of knife-edged hills, thick-set with sharp and pointed stones, but after this we had the plateau again, and the trail was there still before us, though it seemed to lead straight toward a white peak, too steep for ascent.

The peak was fringed with woods at the base. As we approached these woods with our heads down, our eyes fixed upon the trail of footsteps in the snow, we were hailed in a loud voice and ordered to stop. We saw a little shack built against the trunk of one of the big trees. It was thatched over with bark; under the pent the muzzle of a rifle was poked out at us in the most alarming way.

All of us had recognized the voice as that of Colonel Hetherill, and we believed the rifle-barrel to be an asset of the same man.

The doctor answered the hail with the loud announcement that we were friends, but the colonel bade us be off at once or he would shoot. Knowing his temper, we shifted our ground with great promptness. But we did not leave. Instead, we took refuge in the woods and undertook to prepare a plan of campaign.

The shack was an exceedingly small affair, but from the roof we saw a piece of old stove-pipe projecting, and we guessed that he was provided against the cold. How he stood in the matter of food and water we could not know. But we decided to treat with him at once, thinking we could appeal to his better reason. The doctor hoisted my white handkerchief on the end of a stick and approached the hut.

But the colonel threatened us again with the rifle, and was all the more furious because the bearer of the flag was the doctor, who had assisted in my escape and therefore was the worst traitor in Fort Defiance.

CHAPTER VII.

BESIEGERS AND BESIEGED.

THE doctor compelled to return, I took the flag and advanced with it. But the colonel hated a Yankee spy as much as a traitor, and warned me off in short order. We gave the flag to one of the soldiers, whom the colonel allowed to approach a little closer. They held a brief dialogue, and then our messenger came back to us, announcing that the colonel regarded all his men as traitors or deserters and would parley no further with them. They might besiege him if they would, but he meant to make a last stand for the Confederacy.

"Was he well?" I asked the man.

"I didn't see him at all," he replied, "for he talked through a chink in the wall, but his voice was mighty high and had a crack in it."

This confirmed me in my belief that privation and excitement had mastered the colonel. Nevertheless we must sit down to a siege of the last rebel. We arranged our forces in such manner that he could not leave the hut and escape unseen into the further mountains. We waited an hour; then, as the colonel in his castle made no sign, I and a soldier went back for Grace. We found her in the hut, waiting impatiently to hear from us, and she did not show much surprise when I told her that her father had fortified himself against us.

She came at once with us, and we sent her to the colonel's castle. She returned in a quarter of an hour much cast down, and told us he was in a fever, with wild eyes and flushed face. He refused to come out, and nothing she said could move him. He even spoke harsh words to her, saying she had joined his enemies. We sent her back with a couple of blankets and some provisions, and then she returned to us again. The colonel would allow no second person in his defensive works.

It looked like a long siege, and we prepared for it. We soon found Crothers and his party, and we built another shack in the woods, bringing from it the furs and other useful articles in the hut. It was well that we did the work quickly, for Grace fell quite ill with hardships and excitement, and soon was in a fever and talking a bit wildly.

We put her in the shack on a bed of furs, and Dr. Ambrose, who did not have the title of doctor in vain, attended her, and said she would be all right in a day or so. But her illness was a misfortune, for she was the only one who could be considered a strict neutral and could carry messages between our little army and the colonel.

We were sufficient in number to form a picket around Fort Hetherill, for so I named the colonel's shack, but we were very careful not

to come within range of its defender's rifle. One of the men, a good fellow named Kimball, went a little closer than the rest of us, and the prompt discharge of the rifle from Fort Hetherill showed that the colonel was watching. The bullet skipped across the ice fifty feet short of its mark. Kimball moved farther away.

Having posted the men, I made a round and cautioned each to watch faithfully. But the caution was scarcely necessary. Every man there was under heavy obligations to the colonel for something or other, and all meant to take him alive.

It was cold work there on the ice, but we had brought provisions with us, and that supply, coupled with what was stored in the hut, prepared us amply for a siege in form. We made some coffee and served it to the men on picket duty, following it up a little later with a nip of whiskey for each, and they felt quite warm and comfortable. The colonel, after his rifle-shot, rested on his arms and maybe looked to his defences. The piece of old stove-pipe which projected through the roof began to smoke, showing that he had firewood and that he too was able to keep warm. It looked like a long siege.

The general commanding, who was myself, and Crothers, the second in command, held a council of war and decided to postpone operations until nightfall, when Crothers thought we would be able under cover of the darkness to steal upon the colonel and take him. Then we waited for the slow afternoon to limp away. The sun was of a dazzling brightness, but there was no warmth in it. The ice-fields glittered under the rays, but did not melt. The light was reflected, and with half-shut eyes we watched the peaks and the coated trees. Sometimes faint blue, purple, and green tints showed through the white glare.

"Crothers," said I, "if ever I go on another winter campaign like this, I will not forget a pair of green goggles, largest size."

"I wish I had them now," said Crothers.

The glow on the ice-fields turned to gold as the sun began to set behind the highest peak, from gold shifted to a blood-red, and as the sun went out of sight faded and left the pale green of a wan twilight.

"These sheets of ice are in our way in more ways than one," said Crothers. "They light up the night so much that I could put a bullet in a silver quarter at twenty paces."

"Do you think the colonel could do as well?" I asked, somewhat anxiously.

We thought it well to wait until past midnight, when the night would be darkest. So we served supper and hot coffee, relieved the pickets, and waited. The colonel in his fortress seemed to be content: at least he gave no sign. Dr. Ambrose reported that Miss Hetherill was much better and would be on her feet again in the morning. The night limped as painfully as the day, and had the added demerit of being colder.

A wind came down from the northeast, and there was a raw sharp edge to it. I shivered and my bones creaked with cold inside the heavy overcoat that Crothers had given me. May the good Lord deliver me from any more winter campaigns! The moon, pale and

icy, rose, and its chilly rays were reflected from the more chilly ice. Pieces of ice blown from the crusted boughs rattled dryly as they fell.

As Crothers had foretold, the white glare of the earth lighted up the night until objects were almost as distinct as by daylight. The outlines of Fort Hetherill were clear. I could even trace the ridges in the bark. Any of us advancing would make a most beautiful target, and we stuck to our determination to wait for further darkness.

The column of smoke from the colonel's hut increased, as if he too felt the growing cold and would ward it off. Midnight came, and shortly afterward the heavens began to darken. The outlines of Fort Hetherill grew dimmer. I could no longer trace the ridges in the bark; then the hut itself became an indistinct mass, seeming to wave in the wind, which still came down from the mountain-tops and presented bayonet-points to us. The time seemed favorable for an advance upon the enemy's fortifications. Our plan was very simple; we formed a circle around the hut, intending to contract this circle until we reached the house itself, when we would rush in and seize the garrison. The difficult part of it was to steal up so silently that the garrison would not hear us coming: to do it we would be compelled to creep along, taking advantage of every elevation that would shelter us.

Crothers and I started from adjacent points in the little wood, and set out upon our hazardous advance. The ground was broken and rough, and I soon lost sight of him, but, despite his efforts to be noiseless, I could hear his heavy-soled boots scraping over the ice, and his breath puffy like that of a man who was working hard. I dare say I was interrupting the atmosphere in a similar manner; but then I was criticising Crothers, not myself.

I got along pretty well, and was half-way to Fort Hetherill. I ceased to hear Crothers for two or three minutes, and then I heard him scraping along and puffing as before. As we had come half the distance without trouble or resistance, I thought I would go over to him and hold another conference. It seemed to me that we needed at least one more council of war before attacking the hut, if we were to follow strictly the mode of procedure prescribed in the military manuals.

Turning about, I crept and slid toward him until a little ridge not more than half a foot high divided us. I could see his figure stretched out on the ice, and I reached out to touch him. But I was anticipated, for he reached up and grasped me by the throat with two very strong hands. Then I saw that instead of stalking Colonel Hetherill, he had stalked me, the stalker was stalked, and I recognized in it a fact as painful as it was alarming.

The colonel seemed to me to be prodigiously strong for the sick man the soldier had reported him to be. His hands compressed my throat so tightly that I could not cry out, and my limbs were paralyzed; an unpleasant situation for an invading army, I willingly admit. The colonel's eyes were angry, and his face was very red, which could be

the result both of fever and of wrath. Both, I think, added to the strength of his arms.

He sat up on the ice and held me out at arm's length like a big doll. I knew that Crothers was near, and I wanted to cry out instantly and wanted to do it very badly; but for the life of me I could not, with that old Confederate's iron fingers on my throat. I had no doubt that Crothers and the men would continue to creep upon the hut, rush into it, and find nobody there. Meanwhile I would be turning into a cold corpse on the ice.

The colonel released his hold upon my throat so suddenly that I fell upon my back and gasped, which, however, was much better than not breathing at all.

"Why did you do that?" I asked, feeling injured in the spirit as well as in the flesh.

"It was my intention to kill you," he said, "but I've changed my mind."

"Thank heaven!" I exclaimed, devoutly.

"I couldn't do it; it was too easy," he said.

If that was the reason, I was not so thankful. But I considered it good policy not to explain my views just then. Although the colonel had released me, he kept his hand on the butt of a very large pistol in his belt. I thought it wise to withdraw.

"Good-evening, colonel," I said, giving the military salute as well as I could in my undignified position.

"Good-evening," he said. "This is a sortie of mine, understand, and if I have chosen to spare your life, it is for reasons of my own. I am going back into my house, and you would better notify your friends that I am awake and on guard. It may save them much hard work and a little loss of blood."

He slipped back over the ice toward the fort with an agility marvellous in an old and ill man. Despite his calm manner, I had no doubt that fever was still in his veins. Being so nervous and excitable when well, it was natural that he should be calm when ill, especially in certain stages.

I could see him for at least twenty feet, and then he disappeared in the darkness that now clothed the hut like a mask on a man's face. I felt no doubt that he was inside, ready to shoot down the first man who attempted to enter after him.

In this emergency I thought it best to find Crothers, notify him that the attack had failed, and withdraw our forces. I believe a prudent general always withdraws when things go wrong. Moreover, I was getting very cold. Embracing the earth when it has an inch coat of ice on its bosom is no such delightful proceeding.

Putting my ear to the ice, I heard the scraping of Crothers's hob-nails not fifteen feet away. I was sure that I was making no mistake this time, and I speedily overhauled him, to find that it was the real Crothers. He coincided with my view that it would be better to withdraw, like the King of France of the ancient rhyme, and try again. He gave a whistle which may have been a part of the Confederate set of signals, though I don't know, and in a few minutes our entire army

had retreated and reassembled at our own hut, casualties none, and the enemy still in possession of his defences.

As we had satisfactory proof that the colonel was vigilant, we decided to end the military operations for that night and devote what was left of it to keeping warm. The hut was occupied by Miss Hetherill, whom the doctor reported to be in a sound slumber and doing well. As all the space under shelter was necessarily reserved for the lady, we decided to build a big fire near the hut and sit around it until morning. It was a hard task, owing to the icy condition of the firewood, but we got it to going at last, and the cheerful, crackling blaze put heart in us all. We had no fear that the colonel would come out and shoot at us in the light. He was not that kind of a soldier, and, besides, his plan, as far as we could divine it, was to escape from us, not to inflict any special injury upon us.

Dr. Ambrose was somewhat cast down at our failure to seize the colonel at the first attempt, but his spirits were revived presently, and when I asked him to tell me about some of the old battles in which he and the colonel and the others present except myself had fought, he became animated and time ceased to limp.

An hour of this, and the doctor broke off abruptly. As Crothers and I had been in the thick of the campaign all the time, he suggested that we roll ourselves in our blankets and try to get a little sleep by the fire. We followed his advice, and in five minutes I was dead to the world and its vanities. But presently I was dragged back out of infinite depths and told to sit up and open my eyes.

"Why, I have just closed them, and it was at your suggestion," I said to Crothers.

"You've been asleep for the last three hours. Wake up and look at the weather."

I thought the weather a trifling pretext to awake a man from such pleasant slumbers, but when I looked about I saw better. The air had turned much warmer. There was a smack of wet in it, which to an experienced man was certain proof of snow to come, and more of it, too, than the thin skim of the day before. Even in the skies, naturally dark from the night, we could see heavy masses of clouds rolling.

"It will begin inside of a half-hour," said Dr. Ambrose.

"And a snow-storm in the mountains is no light matter, doctor," I said.

"Certainly not."

A deep snow would be sure to put a great check upon our military operations; it might even make our own situation precarious, for one must have food and keep warm. We bestirred ourselves with the utmost vigor, gathering firewood, and soon had a huge heap of it beside the hut. But the snow came inside the doctor's predicted half-hour, and with ten minutes to spare. The clouds opened, and it just dropped down. The skim of ice was soon covered, which was an advantage, saving us some falls and bruises, but it impeded the work on our new house. It was perfectly obvious to us all that we must have shelter from such a snow-fall. We were trying to make a sort of rude shed with sticks and brushwood in the lee of a cliff. My

comrades were old hands at the business, and it was marvellous how expert they were: with some sticks and brushwood, two or three blankets to help out on the roof, and even the snow itself, which they banked up in ridges at the sides, they made a comfortable place.

I was busy on this rude structure and trying to keep the snow out of my eyes, when some one tapped me on the shoulder and said,—

"You are a promising architect, Mr. West."

I looked around in the greatest surprise, and beheld Grace Hetherill, pale, but otherwise showing no traces of illness. The heavy dark cloak which she wore when we started was buttoned high up around her throat, and a neat dark fur cap enclosed her hair. She looked very handsome and picturesque.

"I congratulate you, Miss Hetherill, on your speedy recovery," I said.

"It was merely nervousness and excitement," she replied. "A draught of something very bitter that Dr. Ambrose gave me, and a good sleep, have restored me."

"Very well," I said, thinking to cheer her up: "then there is no reason why you should not help in the making of the camp, and show that you are a better architect than I am."

"I am mountain-bred in part at least," she said, "and I know hardships. What may I do?"

"Take hold of the end of that pole," I said, "and lift."

She seized it and with strong young muscles lifted it up. I was at the other end, and together we swung it into place.

"That does pretty well for a rebel lass," I said.

"Here, you are the rebel," she said, "for this is our territory and you are our prisoner."

"What's this? what's this?" cried Dr. Ambrose. His back had been turned toward us, and he had not seen the approach of Miss Hetherill. "Just up from a fever, and out here in the snow! Go back in the hut."

There was sound sense in his command, and I added my advice to it, but she would not go until we assured her that Colonel Hetherill was safe in his own hut and pointed to the curl of smoke which still came from his stove-pipe.

On second thought we took our own little hut and moved it bodily to the shed, deeming it best that all our forces should keep as close together as possible. Then, our main task finished, we took breakfast, and watched the snow, casting an occasional glance toward Fort Hetherill. We were glad on the whole now that the snow had come, for if we should be snowed up the colonel would be treated likewise, and perhaps it would induce him to hoist the white flag.

The day had come, but it was a very dark and dreary pattern of a day. I have seen some people who imagine that Kentucky has a warm climate. It may have in summer, and so, for the matter of that, has Manitoba, but for real deep snows or piercing cold that goes right through your bones and comes out on the other side, I will match the Kentucky mountains against anything this side of the Arctic circle.

The snow that morning seemed bent upon making a record. Some of the flakes looked like big white goose feathers. Nor was there any nonsense about them. They came straight down and took their appointed place on the earth: others immediately fell and covered them up, and in turn were served the same way. There was no wind at all. The clouds were drawn like a huge dirty blanket across the sky, and gave to everything except the snow itself a muddy, grayish-brown tint. Presently we heard a sharp report in the adjacent forest, and then another, followed speedily by another and many others, until they blended often together like a rolling rifle-fire. A dreaming veteran might have thought he was back in the wars, but none of us stirred, for each knew that it was the boughs of the trees breaking with a snap under the weight of new snow.

"That might scare a man who was never in the woods in big-snow time," said Crothers, who had lighted a pipe and was taking things calmly.

The snow deepened faster than I had ever seen it before. I could mark it by the way the surface-lines crept up the side of our rude shed. A few hours of such industrious clouds and the mountains would be past travelling. The skies made promise of nothing else. There was no break in the dun expanse.

The defiant curl of smoke from the colonel's little fort still rose. I devoutly hoped that he would remember soon to come out and join us. Then we could go back together to Fort Defiance, and make merry behind stout walls that cared nothing for snow and cold. But his hut remained tightly closed, and the snow was deepening as fast as ever.

Since the colonel would make no sign, it became evident to me that we must. I called again my council of officers, the doctor and Crothers.

"There is nothing for us to do," I said, "but send Miss Hetherill to the hut and see if she cannot persuade her father to join us."

"He has said that he would not admit her a second time," said the doctor.

"She must push her way in," I said. "The door to that hut is not strong, and a father would not fire upon his own daughter."

They agreed that my plan was the only thing feasible, and we called Miss Hetherill. She was eager to undertake the mission. She had been waiting to propose it, but held back, expecting us to act first.

She started at once toward the hut, which was only two or three hundred yards away, but her progress was slow. The snow, which had now attained a great depth, blocked the way. We watched her breaking her path through it toward the hut, where the colonel was silent and invisible. The little building seemed almost crushed under its weight of snow, but the languid coil of smoke still curled from the mouth of the pipe. Miss Hetherill was within twenty feet of the door.

"The colonel hasn't taken notice yet," said the doctor. "It would be funny if she should find him sound asleep and in our power for hours, if we had only thought to take him."

I watched with eager interest as the twenty feet between Miss Hetherill and the door diminished. She reached the door and knocked. As she stood there and waited, I guessed that she received no answer. She knocked a second time, waited a minute or so, and then pushed the door open and entered. She ran out again in a moment, uttering a cry and turning a dismayed face toward us.

We ran to the hut as fast as we could, plunging through the snow. I was the first to arrive: when I thrust my head in at the open door, I saw that the place was empty. Some coals still smouldered upon the flat stone which served for a rude fireplace: a dressed deer-skin lay in the corner; but the colonel was gone beyond a doubt. One large man would nearly fill the place.

"He's taken his rifle and ammunition with him," said Crothers, "so he's all right."

I was glad that he had called attention to the fact so promptly, for it seemed to indicate deliberation and not delirium on the colonel's part.

There was no need to ask what next from the men about me. Their obligations to the colonel would never permit them to abandon the search for him as long as one hope that he was alive existed. But the great snow was a formidable obstacle to any expedition.

"How shall we go about it?" I asked, hopelessly, of Dr. Ambrose.

"There is no trail," he replied; "the falling snow covers up his footsteps a half-minute after he makes them; but he must have gone up that slash through the hills there. It is the easiest route from here, and the one a man with no fixed idea in his head would most likely take."

There was a general agreement with the doctor's opinion, and we planned our pursuit at once. Four men would remain at the camp and protect it, and relieve us should we return exhausted and without the fugitive. Miss Hetherill would remain with them. She made some demur, saying she was a good mountaineer and citing proof, but she yielded to the obvious fact that a woman could make but little progress through the deep snow.

"We will be sure to bring him back," I said to her when we started.

"Take care of yourself too," she said.

"For my sake only?" I asked.

"For all our sakes," she replied.

But she blushed a little, despite the anxiety which was foremost in her mind.

We passed up the defile, and then our party spread out like a fan. I was convinced that the colonel could not have gone far. The snow was an added obstacle to the naturally difficult character of the mountains. It was still pouring down, half blinding us, and compelling us to scrutinize every inch of the way lest the loosening drifts should carry us in an avalanche to the bottom of some precipice, which would be highly disagreeable.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RESULTS OF A SNOW-SLIDE.

DR. AMBROSE and I stuck together, picking our way through the storm. Snow-covered mountains under an angry sky are not a cheerful prospect, and the work was fearfully tiresome. Down my boot would crush under my weight through a foot of snow, and to lift it out again was like drawing a wedge from a log.

It was winter, but I grew hot, and my brow produced sweat. My breath shortened, and my muscles said they were tired. The doctor noticed me.

"You'd better go back, Mr. West," he said. "This is very exhausting business for one who is not used to it."

But I was a bit ashamed of playing out so soon, and insisted upon going on. He said nothing then, but when he raised the question a half-hour later I was forced to confess that he was right. A tuckered-out man was of no use on such a trail.

"You'd better go straight back to the camp, and I've no doubt you'll find one or two there who played out before you did," he said.

Leaving him regretfully, I faced about and began to plough my way through the snow on the return journey. I had noted the landmarks well, and recognized them easily. The snow, still falling, had buried all trace of our footsteps under two or three inches of white. I tugged along with a fair degree of patience, wishing at the same time that I was back at the camp, drying my boots and drinking a hot toddy,—unpicturesque but pleasant occupations. But walking beat wishing, and at last I saw the smoke of our camp-fire over a hill. I increased my speed, trying to make a run through the deep snow. I passed near the edge of a cliff, but no nearer than we had gone when we started on the search. I forgot that the snow had grown deeper and more weight was pressing down upon the slopes. When I was nearest the edge the snow seemed to slip from under my feet; the mountain tilted up at a new angle: there was the rumble of tons of snow sliding over the steeps, and away it went in a huge white avalanche, bearing me, who had started it, upon its crest, sick with sudden fear.

The itch of life was in my fingers; it, and no thought of mine, made me reach out and grasp at the sturdy shrubs which grew on the mountain-side. With each hand full, I hung on, and shouted and kicked. Big waves of snow tumbled over me and loosened my arms in their sockets, but I swung to my brave bushes until I had received my last douse of snow and the slope was swept clean.

I managed to get my toes into a cleft, and my arms felt better. My head was beginning to think and come to the relief of instinct. I saw that I was about ten feet from the crest of the cliff; which was not far, but too far. I tried to draw myself up by the bushes, but I was no sailor, and I failed. Then I shouted with all my might. I had seen the smoke of the camp just before my fall, and I hoped my voice would reach the men there. I never knew before that I had such a good voice.

"Hello-o-o-o!" I shouted.

The mountains took up the cry and sent it back to me.

"What's the matter down there?" called out some one.

"The matter?" I said, angrily. "There's no matter at all; I came down here merely for amusement. I do this sort of thing often."

I looked up and saw the red face of Colonel Hetherill peeping over the brink at me.

"Ah, it's young West, the Yankee spy," he said.

"I'm young West, I'll admit, but I'm no Yankee spy," I replied.

"I insist that you are a Yankee spy," he said, in an infernally calm and convincing manner. "What proof can you give that you are not?"

"Colonel," I cried, and I'm sure that my tone was convincing, "for heaven's sake drop that Yankee spy business and get me out of this."

"Sir," he said, very stiffly, "I have accused you of being a Yankee spy, and I will compel you to admit that you are a Yankee spy."

"Colonel," I shouted, "my arms are growing tired, and so are my toes, and it is at least two hundred feet to the bottom."

"Sir," he said, still very stiff and haughty, "I despise falsehoods, and so do all Southern gentlemen. You are a Yankee spy, and you still have the face to deny it."

"Pull me up, colonel," I cried. "I'm getting awful tired."

"Are you not a Yankee spy?" he asked.

I thought I felt some of the muscles in my arms cracking. The time to despise trifles had arrived.

"Yes, colonel," I said, "I'll admit that I'm a Yankee spy or anything else you want to charge against me."

"Good enough," he said. "Now, when I let my coat down, grip it with your right hand, and hold on as if you had grown to it."

He pulled off his Confederate overcoat, curved his left arm around a jutting rock, and with his right hand lowered the coat to me. I embedded my right hand in the gray garment, and, grasping with the other at the short shrubs, tried to scramble up. I did get about half-way, but, as I could find no more crevices for my toes, I hung there, limp and exhausted.

"I can't do it, colonel," I gasped.

"You must," he said.

He tried to draw me up, but I was too heavy a weight for a single arm. He was half over the gulf himself, but his left arm was wound like a cable around the rock. His face was red as a beet and his breath was short, but he showed no inclination to let go.

"You can't do it, colonel," I gasped. "Save yourself! No need for both of us to drop."

"What sort of a man do you take me to be?" he asked, indignantly.

He breathed hard and made a great effort to pull me up. A flake of blood appeared on his temple. I was raised up about a foot and got a new grip on some of the shrubs, but there I stopped. I could not lift myself up any farther, nor could the colonel lift me.

I could hear men plunging through the snow in their haste; so my shouts had been heard by more than the colonel. I put my voice to its best uses again. The colonel said nothing, but how he hung on to that old army overcoat! The men had begun to shout, and I never ceased, wanting them to make sure of the direction. Weather-seamed faces looked over the brink. Two or three pairs of hands grasped the overcoat and pulled me up. Somebody else seized the colonel, and I have but a hazy idea of the next five minutes. A man who has been hanging at the verge of death gets tired in both brain and muscle, and I needed rest.

When things came around all right again, I was sitting up on the snow and drinking out of a brown bottle. The colonel was lying on that blessed overcoat, his head in his daughter's lap and his face quite pale. They were binding a white cloth around his temples.

"What's the matter?" I asked, weakly.

"An old wound on his head has broken," replied one of the men, in a low voice. "I'm afraid he's in a pretty bad way."

I put down the brown bottle which had comforted me, and I saw that the colonel in fact was in a bad way. He was unconscious, and his breathing was weak. He seemed to have collapsed after a season of fever and excitement followed by the great physical strain put upon him by the attempted rescue of me.

I was struck with remorse. My arrival at Fort Defiance had caused all this trouble. Yet my going there was an accident, not a matter that I could have helped.

I sent one of the men after Dr. Ambrose, pointing out the direction in which he had gone, and urging the man to make all haste. Then we lifted the colonel and carried him to the hut, where with overcoats and blankets we fixed up a warm bed for him and did what else we could until the doctor came, which was not until late.

"He has about an even chance, Miss Hetherill," said the doctor, after he had made his examination. "The odds might be his if I had here all that I need, but this is no hospital. I think it is best to tell you the exact truth."

I thought so too. There are women and women; some are brave and some are not; I like the brave ones best. She became chief nurse at once. Lucky it is for a man, ill in such a place, to have a woman's care. I, still feeling remorse, although my reason told me I was not at fault, helped all I could.

The snow ceased, and toward evening the colonel grew stronger. Dr. Ambrose had managed to close up the reopened wound and stop the bleeding, but a burning fever came over him and he began to talk very wildly. Then I saw how the things on which a man's mind is centred when he wakes come out again in sleep or delirium. His talk was all of the war and the old battles, which he was fighting as if he rode and charged in them again.

I, who loved the Union, could not help feeling a deep sympathy for him, he seemed to have taken the matter so much to heart. When he rambled on to the end of the war,—that is, the end according to history,—and repeated again and again his declaration to stand out

forever, I was touched, and touched very deeply. Some one brought him the news that Lee was dead.

"I will not believe it," he cried, in his delirium. "It's a lie. He is living, and he will lead us again."

He rose suddenly, and, fixing his fever-filled eyes upon me, demanded of me to bear witness that it was a lie.

"Yes, colonel," I said, as soothingly as I could, "it's a lie: the general is living, and he is your commander still."

I think I will get forgiveness for my own lie.

After a while he sank into something which resembled sleep more and delirium less, and was quiet. Miss Hetherill stepped to the little door for air. Only she and I were there.

"Miss Hetherill," I said, reproaching myself, "how you must blame me for bringing all this grief upon you and yours!"

"You could not help it," she said, very gently, "and perhaps, as I told you before, it may be for the best, after all. A rough cure may be the best cure."

Dr. Ambrose came up then and insisted that we should take rest while others watched. We fenced off a corner of the camp for Grace. I sought my own place, and was soon sound asleep. In the morning I found the colonel in delirium again, though not so violent as he had been in the early part of the night. He was talking about me. I seemed to weigh upon his conscience, as he had weighed upon mine. He had never meant to do it, he said. He would not have executed me, though he still seemed to think that his military duty commanded it. At any rate, he was apologizing to me in his sleep, when a man's talk speaks his thoughts and no falsehoods or evasions.

"How could I execute him?" he said. "And we slept under the same blanket, too."

The second attack of delirium did not last long, and Dr. Ambrose then said that the patient's progress was good: if we could only get him back to Fort Defiance he would guarantee his recovery.

The snow had ceased and the clouds had gone, leaving a cheerful sun shining on a white wilderness. We decided to undertake the journey to Fort Defiance, and our preparations were brief. We had sufficient skill and material to make a rude litter for the colonel, and we lifted him gently into it. Then we gathered up our baggage and set out, four men carrying the litter and relieved at brief intervals by the other sets.

We had to trample a way through the deep snow, and there was plenty of hard work for us, but we became a cheerful little army. The colonel was asleep in his litter and seemed to be growing steadily better; the doctor reported that his pulse was stronger and his fever was departing. Grace passed from sadness into cheerfulness, almost gayety. I called her our *vivandière*: she replied she was proud of the place.

"You heard what my father said about you in his delirium?" she said, when we became the last two of the procession. "He would not have executed you."

"Colonel Hetherill is a fine man, and he has my gratitude," I replied, not liking to see her under the necessity of excusing him.

"He saved my life a second time. If it hadn't been for him I'd now be a very cold corpse at the bottom of a two-hundred-foot precipice under about fifteen feet of snow."

"That would have been a chilly tomb," she said, gayly; "but it was not for you, and we are all thankful."

The weather, it seemed, wished to make some amends for its previous wickedness. The sun was bright and the air fresh and full of tonic. Only the snow stood in our way. But we made good progress in spite of it. At night we devised another rude camp, and took plenty of sleep. The colonel continued to improve, and his head became quite clear again. He talked a little, but in a weak tone, and the doctor ordered him to be silent for his own good. He obeyed like a little child. In fact, his change in manner and appearance was very striking. He was no longer the haughty, high-tempered colonel. He was crushed and forlorn. All the spirit seemed to have gone out of him. It was most pitiful. I felt sorrier than ever for him, for I knew he looked upon himself as a defeated man.

We caught the first glimpse of Fort Defiance that afternoon. I saw the comb of its roof shining like a great white sword-blade in the sun. The valley, like the mountains, was in garments of white, but the sight of the houses and fields, under snow though they were, warmed the heart after the weary tramp among the clefts and peaks.

We descended the slopes and entered the valley. It was my turn to be one of the four at the colonel's litter. As we swung along at a good pace, I noticed suddenly that the old man had put his hands to his face and a tear was dropping between two fingers.

I was silent for a while from respect, but, as he did not take his hands away, I asked at last, though as quietly as I could,—

"What is the matter, colonel? Do you feel worse?"

He took his hands away, and his face was like that of a dead man.

"Not worse in body, Mr. West," he replied, "but worse, much worse, in mind. I have failed in everything, and through the treachery of my own people. You have corrupted them all. Even my own daughter has turned against me. I am going to Fort Defiance, which was our last stronghold, a prisoner."

"Colonel," said I, "what are you thinking about? What are you dreaming of? You a prisoner! Fort Defiance betrayed! Look yonder!"

We were near the fort now, and I pointed to the Confederate flag, that waved over it, folding and unfolding in the clear frosty breeze. The colonel looked, and his face changed in a moment from death to life. The blood flowed into his cheeks: his eyes sparkled like a soldier's eager for battle.

"Why, what does that mean?" he exclaimed.

"Mean?" I said. "It means that you've been dreaming, or you wouldn't talk about being betrayed, a prisoner. What made you rush off in such haste? Dr. Ambrose's suggestion of surrender was a sudden thought, of which he has repented. Fort Defiance is as loyal to you as ever. You are its absolute commander. I am the prisoner, not you."

Dr. Ambrose had been walking by the litter. The colonel beckoned to him.

"Is this so, Dr. Ambrose?" he asked. "Is what Mr. West tells me true? Am I still master of my own?"

"Certainly: how could it be otherwise?" replied the doctor, with great emphasis. "What are your orders, colonel?"

"Tell one of the men," he said, in a voice very firm despite his physical weakness, "to go on ahead to the fort and direct those who are there to salute us as we approach. Mr. West, you are my prisoner, but there are certain circumstances in your favor which I will consider. You shall have the liberty of the fort and valley, if you pledge your word not to attempt to escape for the present."

"With pleasure, colonel," I said; "and I thank you for your kindness."

"Grace," he said to his daughter, "remember that while Mr. West is our prisoner he is to be treated as our guest. See to it, for I am afraid this unfortunate illness will interfere somewhat with my duties as host."

"I will do my best," she said.

We proceeded at a deliberate pace across the plain. As we came close to the fort, the little brass cannon boomed again and again. The drawbridge was down, and the men whom we left at the fort were drawn up at parade in their best uniforms on either side of the bridge-head. They saluted as the colonel rode proudly and triumphantly between their lines in his litter.

He looked up at the flag which he loved so well, took off his hat, his face flushing with pride, and thus we carried him into the fort.

CHAPTER IX.

I AM IN FAVOR.

WE sat again in the great drawing-room at Fort Defiance. The military appearance of the apartment was unchanged. The portraits of the Confederate generals looked from wall to wall at each other. The bright sun, reflected from the snow outside, gleamed on the burnished arms. At the head of the table sat the colonel, in his most brilliant uniform, stiff and precise as a judge should be. Dr. Ambrose at the side of the table took the statements in writing, and six men in Confederate gray, Crothers at their head, listened attentively to the evidence.

Thus my second trial on the charge of being a Yankee spy, appealed on a writ of error from the first, drew to its end.

Miss Hetherill sat beside the window. Streaks of dim gold showed in her dark hair where the winter sunshine fell across it. When her eyes met mine a bit of a smile appeared in them, and the delicate color in her cheeks deepened.

The last evidence was given, and the colonel directed the military jury to retire to the next room and consider a verdict. When they had gone, we waited in silence. The snow-birds hopped about outside. One of them perched on the window-sill and stared at us through

the glass for a moment. Then he flew away. The snow on the knife-edge of the distant mountain ridges shone like gold under the sun.

The jury returned, Crothers at their head.

"What is your verdict, gentlemen?" asked the colonel.

"Not guilty," replied Crothers. "It is our unanimous decision."

"I am glad of it," said the colonel. "It is my opinion too. Mr. West, my congratulations and sympathy as from one honest enemy to another."

He reached over and gave my hand a strong and friendly grasp.

"Remember," he said, "that until we return you to your own country you are our guest in the fullest sense of the word."

Dr. Ambrose and Crothers also shook my hand, and everybody seemed to be glad that we had arrived at the truth at last.

By and by, only Grace and I were left in the room. We stood by the great window; the brilliant sunlight reflected from the snow threw a broad band of gold across the floor. Her face, for the first time since I knew her, seemed peaceful and content.

The snow-birds hopped from one little white mound to another, like their brethren of the summer passing from flower to flower. Three or four flew to the brave little brass cannon which menaced the passage of the drawbridge, and perched upon its barrel.

"They don't seem to fear the dogs of war," I said.

"They need not," said Grace. "Our cannon will never be used again; the last salute cracked the barrel all the way."

"Do you forgive me," I asked, asking the old question, "for bringing so much trouble upon Fort Defiance?"

"There is nothing to forgive," she said, earnestly. "It was no fault of yours."

I became brave.

"Then you are not sorry I came?"

"No."

I took her hands in mine.

"You are sorry I am going?"

"Yes."

I kissed her for the second time in my life.

The day had come for me to leave Fort Defiance. The great snow had gone. The whole Confederate army, its commander at its head, accompanied me as a guard of honor to the end of the valley. Crothers would guide me across the mountains. When the time came for the others to turn back, Colonel Hetherill shook my hand again.

"You are a gallant and honest enemy," he said, paying me the highest compliment he knew.

Grace walked a little farther. Then I took both her hands in mine and kissed her for the third but not the last time in my life.

The trumpet sounded the recall from the walls of Fort Defiance.

"I will come again," I said.

"But not as an enemy?"

"Never as an enemy."

THE END.

DEATH IN THE WOODS AND FIELDS.

ONE November day I was crossing a field in Maryland, with gun and dogs, when I saw soaring above me a large hawk, that seemed oblivious of my presence until it had flown within convenient range. The great bird swung gracefully almost directly over my head, and as I threw the gun to my shoulder it paused as if realizing its mistake; in that second I fired, and the creature reeled in mid-air. It made a few half-strokes forward with one wing; it fell a foot or two, and then partly recovered itself; one wing was damaged, but not entirely broken; its evolutions were vigorous and lightning-like. As it reached out in vain for something to grasp, it showed all signs of being filled with disappointed rage at the unknown calamity that had happened to it. From the time when as a fledgling it had left the nest, its wings had never failed it until the present moment; they had carried it up into storm-clouds, they had bathed it in sunlight far above earth, they had borne it swooping, with open beak and extended claws, from the heights of trees upon its prey, or in incredibly swift flight and rapid turnings as it followed its quarry in air. But as it had journeyed from the woods yonder, aiming at that lofty tree over there, from which it had hoped to look out for quail, there had been a movement of a man, a puff of smoke, a noise, and somehow those broad strong wings could pilot it no longer. Now there was an awful pressure, bearing it unwillingly nearer and nearer to the ground.

Its struggle is in vain; its desperate strokes with the wounded wing fail to support it; lower and lower it comes, with rage flaming from its eyes, its beak wide open, its claws spread wide; as it falls, it passes close to me, and strikes out viciously. When upon the ground, where it can stand upon its feet, as I step toward it it makes ready to fight; it holds out its unharmed wing, and with unfaltering gaze looks upon me and makes toward me; one of the dogs dashes in, to receive a stroke that makes him howl. There is nothing for it but to give this fierce thing another cartridge. I regret that he has been shot at all; hawks are usually so wise at keeping out of range, so able to care for themselves, that one gets into the habit of banging at them, as they fly over, with little expectation of having the shot take effect; so that this time I have succeeded in making a cripple rather thoughtlessly. He is too badly hurt to leave him to pine and starve; the dogs cannot kill him; so I find myself reluctantly compelled to finish what has been begun. The bird is so brave, dauntless, and warrior-like that it is a pity to slaughter him. He is the king of this woods, and his empire extends for many farms about; the quail, the mice, all the insects and lesser birds and animals, fear him; his flight is so lofty and swift, his eye so piercing, his beak so strong, his talons so sharp, that when his shadow falls upon a field the hearts of all creatures fail within them. Now this king is himself prostrated before a mightier; this knight is *hors de combat* in the arena. What spectators, of those who have feared him, are now looking on? Have other creatures in

the tops of the trees yonder taken notice of that sudden arresting of the hawk's flight, and of his desperate fall? Probably they have their way of communicating news of the destruction of their enemies; and it may now be known to all things for half a mile about that the great bird has been smitten from the clouds.

It will be no mercy to leave this proud spirit to suffer, with his broken wing, and to starve; he cannot get well, so I must deliver him from his pain. I step away a few yards, in order that the shot may not tear his body overmuch. How fierce and undaunted he looks, a marvel of courage! what a spirit there is in him! what a look of strength in his eye! He shows no fear of the dogs, or of the man; he watches my movements keenly, and is looking right toward the muzzle of the gun, as the flame of death carries the shot, striking him under the shoulder; there is but a brief struggle; the beak opens once or twice fiercely; the eye gleams with defiance, and stands wide open in death; the brave bird, master of all the creatures of the woods hereabout, the terror of doves and all timid things, is at last helpless. He is very graceful even in death, and one cannot but wonder at the strange transmutation that has caused that thing, whose shadow sent a shudder through the inhabitants of the tree-tops and amid the grasses of the fields, that creature whose wings could a few moments ago carry it unweariedly through miles of air, now to be a motionless bunch of feathers, the sharp claws incapable of harm, the fierce beak innocent as a child's finger, the savage spirit all subdued; the dogs can smell of him without fear of a stroke, while man meditates upon the great change.

We must observe the good old rule not to shoot unless there is a fair chance of killing; for to cripple and leave the wounded to die can have no excuse. That quail yonder, as he got up in front of the dog, was too close, before he disappeared behind a tree; the shot would have torn him to pieces. That one, rising now, is too far away to kill before he enters the woods; the shot would only wound him: if he were flying away from the trees I might risk it, and have the dogs find him after he was hurt, and then despatch him; but in that thicket there I probably could not recover him. The dogs stand again; "steady, now;" how beautifully they back one another! Their lips quiver with excitement, their eyes almost burst from the head. The birds rise, half a dozen of them. I fire both barrels; my companion does the same. We have tried four birds; my first was a near shot, and the feathers flew as the bird fell but a few yards away; the second shot was a very long one, almost at the limit of the gun's range; the quail was going straight away, about fence-high. When the smoke cleared, the flight of the bird was still steady and strong; it continued full fifty yards, and then it dropped like a stone. My companion had also brought down his first bird, at close range; his second had wheeled into a patch of blackberry-bushes. My dog finds my first bird quickly, and brings it to me, carried lightly in his mouth, still alive, jumping, and trying to escape from my hands; the little heart beats with terrible rapidity, and, hunter-fashion, I bite the back of its neck between my teeth, and all is over for the swift-flying, short-flighted bob-white. I

take one dog with me, to find my second bird, that has fallen away off by the fence; I find it dead, though it had been struck at long range, and had continued its flight for such a distance as to make one think it was not hit at all, unless he watched until it fell. My companion's first bird is also picked up dead; we set the dogs then to seek the bird that had gone into the thicket; presently we see it running with a broken wing, and another shot stops its career: when the dog brings it, we see that it has a shot through its head.

From my observation of quail, I am convinced that they do not suffer as much when hurt as the hawk does. They do not fall into a rage, or show passion, disappointment, or disposition to fight. Quail are very expert at hiding; sometimes, in a dense thicket or woods, they will take to the trees, especially where there are evergreens; they will get into grasses, under leaves, under logs, sometimes into logs, or under fences; when struck and crippled, they will run long distances; at times when badly frightened they will hide in tussocks of grass so completely that the stand of the dogs will be considered false, or the dogs can put their noses upon them and frighten them out, or a man can move them out with his foot, or even capture them with his hands. I have seen a man track quail in the snow and pull them out of a brush-pile with his hands. There is a great difference, at various times, in the ability of dogs to find quail, according to the condition of the ground; sometimes they seem to leave no scent at all. The flight of the wounded birds, when the wings are not touched, continues for considerable distances, owing to the momentum acquired before being struck and the time required for the shot to take effect.

A wounded quail, if not found by the hunter, is likely to be soon discovered by a hawk or a fox, to which it falls an easy prey. If the bird drops dead into a marshy place, the water, of course, makes it difficult to find, as scent will not lie under such conditions; so that it is hard, in many circumstances, to obtain all the fruits of the gun. One should therefore be careful to withhold fire unless there is a reasonable chance against leaving wounded things to suffer. I have but once seen a covey of birds shot into upon the ground; a boy, over-anxious for game, fired in front of the dog's nose; the covey, huddled in its usual circle, was all hit; half a dozen lay dead or struggling, while five others, crippled in their wings, started running; some of these were brought down by further shots, while the dogs captured the rest. An excited dog is apt to give a sharp bite to a bird that he feels struggling in his mouth; death came to one of the running birds in this way; the struggling ones, at the point where the covey had been hiding, were soon despatched. The not uncommon way is to knock the head of the wounded birds sharply against a gun-butt. The quail do not seem to suffer much; their spirit is easily extinguished, without violent contortion.

When a wild duck is struck in the air, it ordinarily falls with the head uppermost, unless, when near to the gun, the force of the shot may cause it to turn several times. The flight of large ducks is swift and steady, and it is worth while to see a duck picked out of a flock and hurled into the water by a shot. The flight may be arrested at once,

or may continue for a few yards, depending upon the force of the shot. Whether shot out of a flying flock, or amid decoys, or from shore or boat while swimming or feeding, the duck, if killed immediately, turns over and floats breast upward. If it is wounded while in flight, when it strikes the water it attempts to swim, and, if not fatally hurt, succeeds more or less. It usually tries to get in toward the shore, if it sees no enemy there, in order to hide among bushes or weeds; at any approach of danger it dives, coming up again at a point removed from its foe. The crippled duck, when still able to swim and dive, is often able to give the hunter in his boat quite a chase. He may have to row about for a considerable time, watching for its reappearance, and shoot several times before he finally causes it to turn over in the water. As it is likely to dive just when he is ready to fire, his duck may lead him a chase shoreward, and there hide in rushes, or even clamber out on the bank and conceal itself in weeds or bushes.

The wild duck shows little sign of suffering when hit; and its death-struggle is a brief convulsion, shown chiefly in a jerking of wings, legs, and feet. While there is any life in it, it has a persistent instinct to move away from its enemy, by swimming or running, and to hide. In duck-shooting large numbers are hit and not killed, as in this kind of sport gunners usually take any sort of a chance. Waters like the Chesapeake consequently have always large numbers of cripples upon them; these are frequently seen swimming and feeding with the unhurt ducks; but when your boat frightens the flock, and it makes off, the cripples begin to dive here and there. Sometimes they make their way up the streams, and may be found upon little creeks or ponds, where they feel secure. Gunners usually make a business of keeping an eye on their cripples, so far as is consistent with a proper regard for not frightening away other flights of ducks; but they daily miss many that go into hiding. Sometimes these, if only broken-winged, and not fatally hurt, will get well of their wounds, without recovering power of flight, and will join the domestic ducks of farmers.

The effect of a load from a shotgun upon a raccoon, in the top of a high tree, is not likely to be fatal at first; a rifle-ball, of course, properly placed, would loosen his hold at once. The raccoons, when they come out in daytime, usually do so on a bright day, in order to sun themselves; and for this purpose they seek the higher branches of large trees, where they can be warm and yet feel secure. There they lie along a large limb, and at a good height can scarcely be distinguished from a knot or other protuberance upon the tree. If you are out after squirrels, when you discover a raccoon thus enjoying himself, and you are provided only with squirrel-shot, you may have to discharge several cartridges before the "arrathkune" will condescend to move at all; you will get a chance only at his side, and the shot that penetrate will lodge in the fat and not do much damage. After he has thus been assaulted several times, he may begin to stir himself, and look about; if he turns his face toward you, you may be able to strike him there, or between his fore legs, where the skin is tender, and thus reach a vital part and cause him to fall. Or he may start down the limb, in order to retreat to his den, and thus come nearer to you, so that your shot may take

effect. The animal is likely to move slowly, and look on with a degree of curiosity as if he did not quite understand the situation; when wounded badly, he will let go his hold very slowly, trying to sink his claws into the bark, swaying from side to side; and when his front feet have swung loose, the claws of the hind feet, being sunk deeply in the bark, will give him pause before the clear plunge begins. If he has not been struck through the heart, he will alight upon his feet, after his fall of fifty to sixty feet; he will at once show fight, gashing your dog with his sharp teeth, and if there is any run left in him, he will start as soon as he is free from the dog. If the dog understands his business, and is not afraid, he will seize him by the throat, and with a terrific shake or two and a crunching bite cast him down dead. If you have no dog, and his coonship still lives when he has arrived at the ground, another cartridge emptied into him, in the neighborhood of the heart, will cause death, accompanied only by an opening of the mouth, stretching of the limbs, and a slight shudder.

When a squirrel is hit in full leap from one tree to another, unless the shot is instantly fatal, the momentum of the jump will frequently carry the animal to the branch that it has aimed at, and there it will make a desperate effort to cling, letting go very slowly. In most instances where squirrels are shot out of tree-tops with the ordinary shotgun, the fall is not instantaneous; the creature will cling where it is for a moment or two, or will run along its limb, maybe with an unsteady gait, and will frequently attempt a leap to another tree; if badly hurt, this leap will be a failure, and in gathering up its strength for the effort it will have expended its force, and begin its fall at mid-distance. When struck from a limb, it will cling first to the top, and then to the side, loosening its hind feet first, holding desperately with its front feet, when all the rest of the body has swung loose, and adhere there until its strength is gone, and then fall to the ground stone-dead. On a dry day the squirrel's fall out of a tree-top will cause a thud that can be heard through a great part of the woods. When the force of a shot has struck a squirrel off its limb quickly, it will grasp at branches and twigs on its descent, and sometimes be able to recover itself, even to mount a second limb and begin running over the tree again; very often another shot is necessary. When a squirrel is hit upon the ground, if not fatally hurt, it runs for the nearest tree, mounts, and begins to leap from tree to tree, seeking for one that contains a den for refuge; if much hurt, it can be depended upon to fail in one of these long jumps. It is remarkable how much ability to leap may be still left in a strong squirrel after it has received a wound that in a few minutes will be fatal; it will leap from limb to limb, causing them to swing and sway with its weight, and may cover the tops of half a dozen trees before its oozing strength causes it to relax its grasp of the last limb it has seized, and, whirling over and over, strike the earth. When a squirrel has been shot out of a tree, but only slightly wounded, it will alight upon its feet and instantly begin to run. The constant bombardment of a den tree will sometimes so terrify the occupants of the den that they will rush out and attempt to make for other trees; or if a strange squirrel is chased into a den tree, where he does not belong,

one can hear the quarrellings between it and the occupants, and the weaker will speedily come forth again. The squirrel makes a vigorous battle for life, uses every effort to run and hide, and will bite sharply when it has no other resources. It stiffens quickly after death, and the mouth hangs open.

One rarely finds in the woods or fields the dead body of a wild animal, as such carcasses are soon devoured, although the bones may often be seen. Everything preys on something else; the wounded, the old, and the sick speedily fall into the power of their enemies. The creatures can scarcely find any place so secluded as to be secure; the hurt bird sees the shadow of the hawk as it soars with keen eye, looking for its prey. Day and night the birds and beasts prowls about, and the dull of sense, feeble, and aged meet speedy destruction.

How much do the wild animals know of death? It is impossible to say; yet two things are certain: they have a fear of it, and they understand how to kill each other expertly. They know the right place to bite an enemy. Their object in killing is generally to obtain food; but one animal does not attempt to bite a piece of food out of another living creature; it aims to kill first, and then to eat.

The wild creatures, within the regions thickly peopled by men, have now an inherited fear of man. A man upon horseback can ride under a tree on which a hawk is lodged without exciting it, while it would speedily fly from a man walking. On horseback one can get near to a covey of partridges. Squirrels do not show dread of horses or cattle, but by this time they all know man. It is true, however, that individual experience counts for as much in this respect as inherited instinct; coveys of partridges will, in summer, feather in the dust of the road, and scarcely get out of the way as you drive by; these are the new broods of birds, three-quarters grown; but when the closed season has been over for a couple of weeks, and the coveys have been shot into once or twice, an approaching buggy or man will cause a whirl of wings, with little chance for you to do anything except look after the disappearing brown spots as they drop into woods or bushes across the fields. It is to be remembered, however, that in summer some allowance must be made for the inertness and stupor caused by heat; nevertheless it is quite certain that the quail and many others of our birds have learned to fear man, and also, be it remembered, have learned to fear the dog. That the instinct of fear of man becomes cumulative from generation to generation is particularly shown in the case of the wild ducks upon the Chesapeake Bay; within the memory of men still living, the wild ducks there had little or no dread of man; now the first arrivals in the autumn, before a gun has been fired, seem to have an instinctive dread of the shores and of boats. During the shooting season it used to be that ducks shot at from one sink-box or blind would fly onward toward another: but now they appear to realize that boats and points of land where blinds are are the dangerous places, and they will wheel clear out into the bay, beyond the boats, or they will fly so high as to be out of range: so that a flight of ducks does not ordinarily now give a chance of shooting to the occupants of a dozen or more blinds and boxes in passing over. It is becoming more and more

difficult to induce them to alight among decoys; it is now necessary to bait the bottoms, at the shooting-places, very liberally with corn, and then in order to obtain abundance of food they will run great risks.

It is an inhuman thing that there is any useless slaughter of harmless and inedible creatures. What a shame that yonder red bird, whose brilliant coat now glows in that thicket, should presently be tumbled by thoughtless man upon the ground, a mere bunch of ruffled feathers! The blue jay there lives a life that is sweet to him; and to the eye of man he is a delight, as, in his flights back and forth, he weaves a ray of blue into the fabric of our vision. Let us withhold the hand of death; let the thickets ring with song, and the landscape and woodland be brightened with the many colors of the birds.

Although I have seen the death of creatures of almost every kind found in our Eastern and Middle States, I have not seen anything like the reproachful look that is ascribed to the deer. When the hunter's bullet has struck it, and it lies in its death-agony, the deer is supposed to roll its great eyes and look plaintively at the hunter, as if silently asking him why he did it injury. It must be admitted that generalizations of this kind are perilous to venture, and I would not rashly mislead; it might be that sometimes a deer has looked reproachfully on the hunter who has shot it; but let us remember that wild nature is exceeding wild, and that the tearful deer would very likely, if the hunter stepped within reach, attempt to make him feel the force and sharpness of its hoofs. The look that a dog gives his master when he has been struck is something different; it is the look of the domesticated animal, reared in the habitations of man. My observation is that wild things when hurt or in peril wish either to run or to fight.

I am convinced that the amount of suffering among the wild creatures generally is not very great. Their wounds heal readily, or they starve to death quickly; their organizations are not capable of suffering such as man endures; their death-agony is by no means terrible. A large proportion of the creatures die in conflict with others; and the hot blood of fight and the "joy of battle" render them to a large degree oblivious of pain. We are familiar with the fact that a bear taken in a steel trap will sometimes gnaw off his paw in order to get free; a friend told me, but the other day, that when he was a boy a raccoon that he had taken in a steel trap bit off its foot and escaped. The newspapers recently told of a brakeman who was caught by his hand in a wreck in such a position that he could not pull himself loose; he called to the by-standers and induced them to use their penknives to cut off his hand at the wrist. The amount of suffering endured by the bear and the raccoon could not have been at all commensurate with that of the brakeman; the actual pain was much less, because of inferior organization; the moral suffering of the man added also immensely to his trouble, since he could appreciate that he must spend the rest of his life as a cripple, with all the inability to care for himself and his loved ones which that carries with it. The woods and fields cannot justly be considered, by any one who has penetrated into their secrets, as arenas of awful tragedies.

Calvin Dill Wilson.

PRIVATEERS.

ONE may dig out of the histories of naval wars in the past more interesting and exciting adventures of privateers than of the regular ships of the line, and, if privateering is entirely omitted in modern wars, a picturesque and spectacular feature of naval encounters must "go by the boards." The sixteenth- and seventeenth-century privateer brought more romance and adventure into the literature of the world than his less scrupulous first-cousin, the out-and-out pirate, and, if to-day enlightened public opinion condemns privateering, the memory of the heroes of the past must not be blighted in the process of shifting our moral views of warfare. There have been privateers who were pirates in everything except in name; and pirates have been hung to the yard-arm who were simply authorized privateers, serving their country faithfully and with all honorable intention of doing their duty. Too often in the early centuries pirate and privateer were convertible terms. But it was no more than could be expected, considering the license and freedom of action granted by nations to privateers, that many unscrupulous persons should be attracted to the trade, who would in the end degrade the term of privateer and make it synonymous with pirate.

Yet privateering on the high seas has decided the fate of more than one war; it has acted as a lever for weak and defenceless nations in all ages to obtain some sort of redress for injuries committed by superior naval powers. When Spain's power was supreme on the ocean, England sent forth hordes of privateers to prey upon her fleets of rich galleons, and for two centuries the ships of Spain were considered legitimate prizes, first by the English privateers, and later by their successors, the buccaneers of the West Indies. After Spain's sea power was on the wane, and England's in the ascendancy, the latter frowned upon privateering, but her old enemy had learned the art of civilized piracy, and with France she let loose privateers that kept the bloodhounds of England's navy busy. Thus the weaker naval power has always endeavored to equalize matters by commissioning privateers to prey upon the commerce of the other, and the stronger nation, with virtuous indignation, has always sought to classify the privateers with pirates, and to treat them accordingly.

In the Seven Years' War France was the chief aggressor in the matter of privateering, and swarms of her privateers found their way into the Irish Sea, and actually blockaded towns and cities on the English coast. England countenanced privateering in the French and Spanish wars, and as far back as 1563 an account is given of a privateer ship belonging to Sir Thomas Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby, bringing a prize into the Mersey amid great rejoicings. Liverpool at the time of the breaking out of the Seven Years' War had a great mercantile ocean-carrying trade, and the French privateers were directed chiefly against this port. In a few months this trade was completely demoralized, insurance rates advanced enormously, and it was unsafe for a

merchant vessel to leave port. Over one hundred and forty-three vessels were captured by the French privateers from this port before the war had dragged out half its length. The French privateers proved more formidable and annoying than a navy of war-vessels, and the English cruisers found it next to impossible to combat them.

Then it was that England entered into privateering with all the soul and energy that its inhabitants have since displayed in maritime affairs. Liverpool merchants led the way, taking their cue from the enemy, and in a few months there was fitted out in this port a fleet of the swiftest and most formidable privateers that ever sailed the ocean. So successful were they that "the whole country went mad after privateering," and every little port that could muster a ship's crew built and sent forth its privateer to prey upon French commerce. One of the very first ships that left Liverpool with the government's commission to act as a privateer in the captain's pocket returned shortly with a French West Indiaman valued at one hundred thousand dollars. In short, it was only the activity of the privateers that kept Liverpool's trade from going to utter ruin, for, besides keeping the French away from the port, it served as an outlet for the adventurous maritime spirits of that famous old commercial centre.

After the close of the war Liverpool returned to its accustomed peaceful trade on the sea; but when the American war of Independence broke out her commerce once more was threatened with extermination. The American colonies sent forth a fleet of privateers to harass the British, and later the French and Spaniards, seeing their old enemy in hard luck, commissioned privateers to prey upon ships carrying the English flag. Again the Liverpool merchants resorted to privateering, and in six months over one hundred and twenty ships were sent from that port to retaliate upon her enemies. During the period which followed, when France was busy with military matters on land, England's privateers practically swept French commerce from the high seas.

This was England's opportunity to strike a heavy blow against the naval power which had harassed her commerce on the seas for two hundred years. She remembered bitterly the grave injury inflicted upon her ships by French privateers in former wars. Privateering against the French was encouraged, and many pirates commissioned as privateers were enlisted in the cause. The commission granted to Captain Kidd practically gave him the license of a freebooter; but not until he began to appropriate all his prize-money for his own use was he proclaimed a pirate. Kidd was probably driven to the excesses he committed later against the English merchantmen by the action of his lawless crew and the desertion of his cause by Lord Bellamont. His commission, granted by King William III., was issued "to our true and well-beloved Capt. William Kidd, commander of the ship 'Adventure,'" and by it he was authorized to proceed against "divers wicked persons who commit many and great piracies, robberies, and depredations upon the seas." He was practically commissioned to use his own judgment as to what ships should be captured and condemned as prizes. New York was then a nest of pirates, who performed their

gross deeds under the commissions of privateers, and Lord Bellamont was anxious to secure some of the big profits accruing from the lawless business. It was through his influence that Kidd received his commission.

Privateering was naturally a profession calculated to breed a rough set of seamen, who had little regard for law and order. This was soon manifest in Liverpool when it became the centre of the business. The privateers would return from a cruise with their prizes, and while they remained in port they committed great excesses. At first their coming was hailed with delight by the citizens, and they were greeted as heroes returning from successful battle. But as the service drew more and more of the daring spirits into it, the privateersmen became almost as great a terror to the town as the fear of the enemy's ships. In 1778 matters reached such a crisis that the mayor of Liverpool had to issue a proclamation threatening to call out the militia against the privateersmen who violated the laws of peace and order while in port.

In connection with privateering of that early date mention should be made of the celebrated Falmouth packets, which for many years carried the royal mails across the seas in the very face of hundreds of privateers which endeavored to capture them. From 1688 to 1820 Falmouth was the chief foreign mail station of Great Britain, and the packets carried the royal mails from that port to France, the Mediterranean Sea, North America, and the West Indies. In times of peace these packets had no difficulty in carrying their precious cargoes, and Falmouth became a thriving city as a result of her excellent packet service. A packet left once a week with the mails for France and Portugal, and every two weeks for the West Indies and North America. At one time there were nearly forty packets sailing regularly from this port, and nearly two thousand men made a comfortable living out of them.

Although ostensibly commissioned by the British post-office to carry the royal mails, these packets were not averse to performing a little side business that greatly increased the incomes of their captains and crews. They made a good deal of money from smuggling, carrying passengers, and in times of war in capturing prizes. They were fleet, well-built boats, and well adapted to privateering. So, when war broke out, the Falmouth packets increased their complement of guns and men, and often sailed out of their course to capture the enemy's merchantmen. This privateering on the part of the packets became so general that the post-office authorities had to inaugurate a change. In 1793 the Postmaster-General declared that the packets carrying the royal mails must trust to their sailing qualities to escape from an enemy, and not to their guns. To make this order more effective, the crew of each packet was reduced to twenty-eight men, and the armament to four four-pounders and two six-pounders. Instructions were issued to each commander to trust to his heels when pursued by privateers, and if cornered to sink the mails and surrender. These orders were not popular among the Falmouth crews and captains; but they led to the construction of fleetier ships than ever before sailed from the port.

Nevertheless, the Falmouth packets had many notable brushes with the enemy after their armament had been reduced, and the hardy captains continued to capture weaker prizes whenever sighted and run them into the nearest port. Captain John Bull was one of the most famous of these packet captains, and his ships had repeated encounters with the French privateers, which he invariably destroyed or captured. During the American war of 1812 the Falmouth packets encountered more real opposition than in the struggle with France. The American privateers were without exception the fleetest on the sea, and they overhauled the British packets in many a memorable race. The first packet to be captured in that war was the *Princess Amelia*, which succumbed to the attacks of the American privateer *Rossie* after a good hour's run and heavy cannonade. The *Townshend* was the next packet to strike her colors to the Yankee privateers, followed in due order by the *Duke of Montrose*, *Marlborough*, and *Windsor Castle*.

The combat between the *Windsor Castle* and the privateer *Roger* off the Virginia coast was the last fight of the Falmouth packets. Four days later the war closed, and the Falmouth packets returned to their peaceful mission of carrying the mails. But they were doomed to serve another mission in the world. Shortly after the close of the war the packets were turned over to the Admiralty for training-ships for seamen, and steam superseded sails. Falmouth then lost its mail service completely, and to-day it is a thriving town of six thousand inhabitants, from which many coasting vessels sail every week, but it no longer ranks among the important towns of England engaged in maritime trade.

England suffered more from American privateers during our two wars with her than she did from either the Spanish or French ships. Our sailors had been trained in that same rough school which had made the British tars the most successful on the sea, and, taking their cue from those who had set the example, they quickly performed wonders with their little boats. In the war of the Revolution we had no navy when hostilities broke out; but there were longshoremen, fishermen, and sailors who were familiar enough with the sea to form a good army of practical seamen. Private parties fitted out privateers to prey upon British commerce, and some of the colonies raised funds to fit out armed vessels that were regularly enrolled in our first navy. But the brunt of the naval war was sustained by the numerous privateers, which often were nothing more than small fishing-sloops, coasting-schooners, and similar craft. At the opening of the war England had three hundred and fifty-three vessels in commission. To oppose this powerful force some twoscore privateers of every conceivable size and shape swarmed in the waters of the Atlantic coast. Massachusetts early passed a law granting commissions to privateers and directing them to seize British ships. Almost immediately these privateers met with great success, and, by the time Congress had become convinced that some regular naval force was absolutely essential to the success of the American cause, the privateers had captured or destroyed half a hundred ships.

There were three classes of war-vessels in that war. There were

the privateers which floated any flag that their commanders considered most appropriate for the occasion; the commissioned privateers sent out by individual colonies, and floating the flags of the colonies they belonged to; and finally the regularly commissioned war-vessels sent out by Congress. A great many of the first class were fitted out by enthusiastic and patriotic seamen who did not wait to receive commissions from any one, and they roamed the seas with all the license of pirates. But that they never abused the power which circumstances practically gave to them history demonstrates conclusively. They performed many and notable achievements for the American cause, and Congress as well as the Legislatures of the colonies rejoiced with them.

The first authorized American flag hoisted over an American war-ship had a plain white ground, with a pine-tree in the centre, with the words "Liberty Tree" under it and "Appeal to God" over it. The old "rattlesnake flag" was more popular among the privateers, and the legend printed under the coiling snake, "Don't tread on me," caused the men to regard it with great favor. History deals chiefly with the exploits of our regularly constituted naval ships, but for genuine bravery and hair-breadth exploits the privateers equalled anything that sailed the sea. They carried the war into English waters, and made life unpleasant for British merchantmen in the Irish Sea. The heavy war-ships were often unable to overtake these fleet little craft, and the problem of protecting British commerce from their ravages grew more perplexing as the war advanced. It was the demoralization of her commerce on the ocean more than anything else that brought the astute Britishers to the point where they were willing and anxious to sue for peace.

It was the same in the war of 1812. We went to war with England the second time without a navy, and our privateers entered the field to save us from utter ruin. From Maine to Georgia the people along the coast fitted out privateers. After the first few encounters at sea, which resulted in our privateers bringing into port valuable prizes, private parties went into privateering for the money there was to be made in the business. It was found to be a good investment to fit out a little craft with arms and crew and send it to sea to capture merchantmen. The captain and crew received their prize-money, but the owner got the lion's share. In this conflict the desire to make money out of the war influenced private concerns to fit out privateers more than any patriotic motive, and from the reports of the fortunes obtained from this source it is safe to infer that some of them did not fail to accomplish their end.

In the war of the Rebellion the Confederacy resorted to privateering, and Jefferson Davis issued letters of marque and reprisal to private armed ships to wage war upon Northern commerce. Early in the engagement the Federal government took precautionary steps to prevent any recognition of the Confederate soldiers as belligerents, for this included rights and privileges upon the sea, and the right to commission privateers. Consequently for the first year there was little or no exchange of prisoners, and it required sharp fencing on the part of

the Federal authorities to prevent recognition of a revolutionary government. But the Confederate President issued letters of marque and reprisal to privateers long before the Federal government recognized belligerency. The first two on record were dated May 15, 1861, and the two ships receiving the commissions were the steamers Calhoun and Music, of New Orleans. The schooner Savannah, of Charleston, received her commission a few days later. On the 18th of June the brig Jefferson Davis, and on July 10 the schooner Petrel, were commissioned as privateers. The first two steamers never figured much in the conflict, but the three privateers that followed did more or less damage. The Savannah captured the brig Joseph, of Rockland, Maine, and was then in turn captured by the United States brig of war Perry and sold in New York at public auction. The privateer Jefferson Davis made many captures of vessels off the New England coast, and the privateer Petrel did some insignificant damage to Northern commerce until sunk by the United States frigate St. Lawrence.

The North naturally regarded these privateers as pirates, and looked upon their exploits as nothing else than cold-blooded piracy. The government was urged to execute their crews as pirates, and there was some intention of doing this until representations were received from the Southern Confederacy that summary execution of important Northern prisoners would follow such treatment of the captured crews of the lawfully authorized privateers. Thus the matter was brought to a halt, and for months the captured crews languished in prison. Finally, on the 19th of August, 1862, the "pirates," as they were called in the North, were exchanged for prisoners, and as reward for their long imprisonment many of them were advanced in the Southern army and given important commissions.

Thus privateering has in all ages been considered of immense advantage to the weaker nation, and, while frowned upon by the stronger naval power and denominated piracy, it has been held a legitimate means of warfare. The Treaty of Paris, in 1856, abolished it among European nations, and it will probably figure in none of the wars of the future. Nevertheless, it has served its purpose in the history of the world, and it has accomplished much good as well as evil. Many a weak and down-trodden nation has used it successfully to throw off the yoke of tyranny.

George Ethelbert Walsh.

DEAD ROSE-LEAVES.

"THESE," she said, in her accents low,
"Are the flowers he gave me long ago."

Fragrant dust, and falling tears:
She had loved in vain for forty years!

Grace Shoup.

TUDIE.

JOHN TRAINOR and Richard Winthrop determined to spend their summer vacation in the West. The two were chums in their last year at college.

John was a happy-go-lucky young man, who contented himself with the surface of things, took people as they seemed, and did not care to probe for motives. This was the result of indolence rather than superficiality. He was always a little in love, never with less than two girls, often with three or four. He never enjoyed all the pleasure and benefit that he might have derived from the society of the prettiest or the most instructive girl of his acquaintance, because his mind was always a trifle distracted by the remembrance of some other.

Richard Winthrop was of a different nature. The society of young women had no charms for that serious, thoughtful youth, who, when he was not studying the abstruse problem, "What am I?" racked his brain to infinite sadness over the complex question, "Is life worth living?"

His home training had done much to make him reserved. His childhood had been lonely, for he had no brothers or sisters, and his mother did not encourage what she termed promiscuous friendships. His father was a lawyer, whose time was so much given to clients and cases that he had little to spare for his son. During the years devoted by Richard to whooping-cough, chicken-pox, and an unusual number of cuts and bruises, Mr. Winthrop left the boy to the care of his mother, considering his duty as a parent done when, at some epoch in his son's life indicative of advancing years, he deposited a sum of money to Richard's credit. Beginning with a small amount when he cut his first tooth, the deposit steadily increased through the transition stages of kilts and knickerbockers, and became a small fortune when Richard, wearing a newly purchased silk hat, swinging a dandy cane, and puffing a cigarette, walked guiltily down an unfrequented street, all unconscious that his father was regarding him from a neighboring doorway.

Mrs. Winthrop was a woman of unusual culture and refinement, with great powers of concentration. After a vain attempt to fix her affections on the many clients embodied in her husband, she turned her attention to her son. She planned his life minutely from infancy to years of discretion, and carried out her plans with firmness. The one idea of her mind, around which all others eddied like water around a rock, was that Richard should never marry beneath him. This meant that his wife should have all the traits of character which Mrs. Winthrop approved, and, above all, that she should have as long a list of ancestors, on both sides of her family, as Richard had. Mr. Winthrop told her, when she confided her idea to him, that some women collected china or lace, but she collected ancestors.

She began to prepare Richard for this "unknown she" when he first went to dancing-school. "For," she mused, "often an acquaintance begun in earliest years ripens to more as time goes on; therefore it is most important that his first acquaintances should be fitting ones." As he grew older, she was glad that he never resented her supervision, but took it quite as a matter of course. John Trainor always thought this careful selection was the cause of Richard's indifference to girls. Mrs. Winthrop permitted no variety; they were all the same kind, gentle, quiet creatures, as if so many grandfathers had exhausted the good of life and bequeathed them little but patient endurance.

One day in early summer Mr. Winthrop, during a moment of leisure, glanced at Richard with a parental eye, and discovered something in his son's expression which disturbed him.

He had always supposed that youth and happiness were synonymous, yet there was a lack of buoyancy in Richard's countenance which belied this. He asked, not unkindly, "Are you in any scrape?"

"No, sir," replied Dick.

"In debt?"

"No, sir."

"In love?"

He put the last question with some trepidation; he knew the strength of his wife's purpose. Dick's emphatic "No, sir," reassured him. After reflecting a minute, he pronounced judgment on his son's case, wrote a check, and presented it to Richard with the advice to go as far away from home as possible.

Richard hunted up John Trainor, and invited him to go to any place he could think of.

"What do you say to Colorado?" asked the ever-ready John. "I had a letter from Billy Skipper to-day; you remember Billy,—answers to the name of William now. He invited me to visit him. It is just the place for us; plenty of riding, gunning, fishing, and lots of pretty girls."

Richard shrugged his shoulders at this last inducement, but the next day, to Mrs. Winthrop's dismay, they started for Rainesville, Colorado.

Rainesville, twenty years before this, had been planned and laid out by six enterprising men, headed by Jonathan Skipper, William's father. It had increased in importance yearly, and Mr. Skipper's importance increased proportionately.

There was but one inhabitant in all Rainesville who could fairly lay claim to age,—Mr. Skipper's mother. Her mind had long ago bidden adieu to her rather trying body, but she bore this misfortune with unimpaired cheerfulness. She became Grandma Skipper to one-half of Rainesville, and enjoyed the distinction of being introduced to strangers as "our one old lady." It was her custom on these occasions to nod gayly and repeat with monotonous merriment, "Johnny's houses, Johnny's men, Johnny's town, Johnny's world." Her son did his best to cure her of this habit, for, whatever his private convictions, he did not wish to have them displayed for the amusement of his neighbors.

William, scion of the house of Skipper, was a bland youth, blessed with the chronic appearance of having benefited somebody, and with a smile which, his cousin John Trainor assured him, would one day "carry him to Congress." He was classically known as Apollo by the sentimental girls of the town, and irreverently as "Johnny's Willie" by the light-minded, who appreciated Grandma Skipper's vagaries more than William's good qualities.

Coming to meet John and Richard at the station, William seemed much surprised when he saw the latter. He said that from John's description in a letter received that morning he had expected to meet an invalid, for whose conveyance he had brought a low, easy carriage, and a pillow, in case of an emergency.

John was delighted, produced the pillow from under the seat, and offered it to Richard as they drove down the village street. Dick, with some annoyance, assured William there was nothing the matter with him.

"Don't believe him," interrupted John. "He has become a perfect wreck through overstudy. Everything bores him. He needs bracing."

"Then I'll introduce him to Tudie this day," said William. "Eh?" He looked inquiringly at John.

"Who is Tudie?" asked Dick, as John nodded.

"She is a peculiarly Western institution. She was sent to the best school in Connecticut for years, and lived two years in Europe, yet she remains what she was in the first place,—Tudie. You will understand what I mean when you see her. We might as well call on her now. You are not tired, you say, and we have plenty of time before dinner."

But Richard objected to this informality. Besides, he was not anxious to meet a girl who could brace so dejected a mind as his. He thought she would not be agreeable.

The next morning had hardly dawned when William and Richard were galloping across-country on the freshest of horses. It was evident that William had doubts on the subject of Eastern men's riding, which put Richard on his mettle and resulted in daring displays of horsemanship. When at last they turned their steeds homeward, Richard was thoroughly braced for the time, and felt ready for anything fate should offer.

As they walked their horses up the village street, it seemed to Richard as if all the town were gossiping around the shops and the post-office, with an air of saying, "No hurry; take things easy."

At a short distance before them he noticed a girl walking with such grace and spirit that he felt his boredom returning. "There is such a superabundance of vitality about these Western people," he thought. He observed, indifferently, that her white dress fitted without a wrinkle, and that her figure was perfect. He languidly approved of her broad-brimmed hat, caught up at the side with a bunch of flowers, but ceased to feel any interest in her when he saw that her hair hung in two heavy braids below her waist. Any young woman who dressed her hair so improperly was unworthy of further consider-

ation, especially when that hair was of an unusual color, light golden-brown, tinged with red.

Suddenly the girl turned her head, laughed in response to William's smile, then walked slowly along the edge of the sidewalk as if expecting him to join her. Springing from his horse, William ran the reins over his arm and requested Richard to follow suit. In this manner Richard Winthrop was presented to Miss Tudie Tyler. She looked at him comprehensively.

"Do you like to feed toads?" she inquired, as they walked along with Skipper a little in the rear. "I have been perambulating all over the continent, since early dawn, for flies. We can't keep one at our house. Charles catches them all, for if you have pet toads you must feed them. I came down to Porter's to order dinner, and I was stricken with a perfect fever of an idea. There were quantities of flies, so I told Porter to catch them. He said he hadn't time, but I told him I would wait on his customers, for I must have them. So he went to work. I sold Canterbury Jones too big a pound of sausages. He didn't like the way I picked them up on the end of the knife. He said I spoiled them. I told him he couldn't expect me to touch the horrid things with my fingers. So I gave him extra quantity to make up. Porter didn't like that, so I sold Mrs. Tenny a very small pound, and he called it square. I can't abide the squeak of her boots, so I was pleased. Macaulay's conversation was 'enlivened by occasional gleams of silence;' so is mine. Here is a gleam." Thereat she shut her lips.

William roared with laughter, while Richard studied the girl attentively. Her eyes were brown, with glints of yellow, her features delicate, her teeth and complexion beautiful. As she talked, the color deepened and paled in her cheeks. One minute she seemed the incarnation of spring; the next she was pale, cold, almost plain. Her voice was so sweet that whatever she said acquired refinement from it. Dick found her so charming that he forgot she was to tone his mind. He did not exactly approve of her selling meat in a butcher's shop, but—

"Well," she said, interrupting his reflections, and meeting his prolonged gaze with an imperturbable calm, over which her vivacity flickered like firelight on the wall, "I am a blonde of the Titian type, am I not?"

Dick experienced a revulsion of feeling, and replied, with a slight shrug, "Possibly."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Oh, didn't you ever see a Titian?" she exclaimed. "Don't rest, but bound o'er land and main until you find one. 'When found, make a note on't.'"

This was too much for Richard's equanimity. He looked at her with cold surprise, whereupon she broke into a laugh so infectious that William, though he had not heard the dialogue, joined from sympathy.

"Your friend is very amusing," she said, slipping back to him. "Bring him to see me. Good-by till then." She darted through a gateway up a gravelled drive, leaving the two young men to resume their ride.

"Well," said Skipper, "do you like her?"

"I don't know her," rejoined Richard, pettishly, "nor do I wish to."

"Wait," said William.

Richard did wait until the next day, when John Trainor asked him to go down to the Tylers' for tennis.

"To tell you the truth, Winthrop," he remarked, ingenuously, "whenever I visit Skipper I spend most of my time at the Tylers'. I should like Tudie better than any girl I ever saw, if she would let me; but she won't. She snubs me. Not in the way that leads a fellow on, you know; she lets me see that, beyond a certain point, I don't interest her. However, she has a very nice sister. Get your racket and come on."

As William was engaged to a girl who did not approve of Tudie, he seldom accompanied John in his visits to the Tylers', but he advised Richard to do so. The courts were the best in town, both Tudie and her sister were good tennis-players, and he would be sure to find them amusing. So he went.

The Tyler family consisted of the father and two daughters. Richard thought that, even if John had not told him, he would have known there was no Mrs. Tyler, the house was so peculiar. As they walked across the lawn, he got the full effect. It looked as if in the first place it had been a plain square house, to which piazzas, bow-windows, French windows, and balconies had been added just where any member of the family fancied; and this was exactly the case.

Tudie, coming down the steps to meet them, read Richard's face like an open book.

"It is hideous from an architectural point of view," she remarked, "but there is only one architect in Rainesville, and he has lost his sight."

Richard had no time to reply before he was presented to her sister Charlesaphina Sumner Tyler, a rather ordinary girl, with black hair and eyes that always laughed.

"Pa admired Charles Sumner very much," she said, as Tudie rolled out her name with a flourish. "He named all his boys for him, but they all died. He named me Charlesaphina, and here I am."

"We call her Charles," said Tudie, "but the 'phina' is a safeguard. Pa always puts it on. How do you like our toads?" She pointed to three fat specimens on the steps. "They belong to Charles; we were feeding them when you came. We would allow you to help, but it is a most difficult operation."

She seated herself, picked up a fly, slipped a noose over its body, and dangled it before the largest toad until he snapped it up.

"This one is named Rameses," she continued, looking gravely into Richard's face: "partly because he is an Egyptian antiquity, and partly because he is so conceited. Don't be afraid: he won't bite."

Jumping up, she ran into the house so precipitately that Richard felt sure she went away to laugh. At him? he wondered. Well, she might. A girl who frittered away her time in hunting flies and feeding toads was capable of laughing at any one. He looked with disgust at

John, who, with his usual adaptability, was seated by Charlesaphina, assisting her to teach the toads to jump over a stick.

Before this design was accomplished, Tudie reappeared with her arms full of balls and rackets, and requested them to go out to the tennis-courts.

As they strolled over the lawn, Richard noticed that she had coiled her braids on top of her head, and thought her much improved thereby.

Though John and Charlesaphina, who were partners, talked incessantly, they were no mean antagonists, but they stood no chance against Tudie, whose play was superb. When she and Richard had beaten the others a love set, they all sat down to rest, while Tudie regaled Richard with tales of her life in the East.

"It was like a nightmare," she said. "They dragonized me until I thought I should never survive it. They wouldn't let me ride, because they said I was reckless; which meant that once, when I was luxuriating in a wild gallop for home's sake, I ran over their minister, because he hadn't the sense to get out of the way. They locked up my habit when they ought to have locked him up. Now it is freedom. Pa is a real American eagle. You must stay to tea and see pa."

Richard thought he would like to stay; words of acceptance were on his tongue, when John Trainor came up to Tudie.

"What in the world is the matter with you this afternoon?" he asked. "You look so—— Why, it is your hair."

He took off the fuzzy white cap that she wore; then, with the greatest coolness, he took pin after pin from her braids, until they hung down her back as usual.

"There," he said, replacing the cap. "Now you look natural." And, pocketing the pins, he walked back to Charlesaphina.

Richard watched Tudie through it all, expecting to see her rise and scorch John with wrath, but she sat calmly, swinging a little in the hammock, merely uttering an occasional "Ow!" as John caught his clumsy fingers in her hair.

All sorts of emotions raged in Richard's breast. He was shocked, disgusted, furious. Springing to his feet, he mumbled his adieux, and was gone before the astonished trio could speak. He even went so far as to remonstrate with John when he saw him next; but John only said, "Don't be a donkey."

Richard did not see Tudie for several days after that. John Trainor's behavior during that time was such that Richard felt constrained to tell him that all intercourse between them was over.

In the first place, he constructed a large T. T. on his table with hair-pins he took from Tudie. The next day he returned from the Tylers with a fuzzy white cap, which he hung conspicuously in his room. Finally he produced a lock of abominably red hair, over which he sighed tenderly, then put it in the case of his watch.

The deception was so palpable that it was then Richard rose and denounced him.

"Do you think," he stormed, "that I don't know who originated this idiocy? Miss Charlesaphina thinks I am jealous. I should think you would decline to be a cat's-paw——"

"Girl's paw," interjected John, feebly.

The door banged, and Dick was gone.

When he returned, after a long walk, he found Tudie seated on the piazza, demurely listening to a lecture from Mrs. Skipper, who was very fond of Tudie and worried over her wild freaks.

"Tudie," she was saying, "I have heard something about you, which——"

"Oh, now, Mrs. Skipper," Tudie interrupted, bending to kiss her, before she nodded carelessly to Richard, "you know you abhor scolding me, so we will consider it done. I am ever so much obliged, and very sorry, and what are we to have for tea? I have come to stay, thank you."

She went into the house, sat down at the piano, and began to play the softest, most beautiful music Richard had ever heard. As he was passionately fond of music, he sat entranced, until there came an abrupt stop, a scramble, and a crash.

"Oh, Mrs. Skipper!" Tudie wailed, in despair. They rushed into the parlor, to find her running around the room, now on the handsome sofa, now on the inlaid table, and on her knees under the piano.

"There," she panted, screwing herself into a sitting posture, and poking out her head. "I am perfectly paralyzed with grief, Mrs. Skipper, for I have broken your lovely Venetian vase; but, you see, I discovered one of our bees, and I had to catch him. We have the loveliest Italian bees from Canada, and they won't spin wax, or do anything but disappear. Pa just moans over them. This one must have followed me here. I am sure they have every chance to get acquainted, for I hang over the hives the whole of the time. Ouch! there he goes. Catch him, Dicky!"

Dicky obeyed. A spell was on him for the moment. Even audacity may reach the sublime. Round and round the room did that well-conducted youth chase that miserable bee, while Tudie sat on the arm of the chair and laughed.

When at last he caught it ingloriously, she besought him to "tie a string around its neck and lead it home." Finally, she put it in her handkerchief with elaborate care, declaring she would take it to its hive.

"Pa will miss it," she replied to Mrs. Skipper's remonstrance. "He counts them every night. It will break his heart to find another has ceased to 'improve the shining hour.'"

Richard accompanied her. During the first part of their walk she allowed him leisure for reflection, while she directed a fantastic address to the bee. Suddenly she turned.

"Why did you go off the other day?" she demanded.

Richard replied at once, to the point. "Because you let Trainor take down your hair."

"I thought so. I told Charles I was sure of it. Why didn't you like it?"

"I did not think it was proper," said Dick, severely.

Of all the words in the category, this was the most unfortunate. If he had said "maidenly," or "modest,"—but "proper"! She sat

down on a stone wall, threw back her head, and laughed until Richard was compelled to join in.

"Oh, you did look so funny!" she exclaimed, at last; "and you brought out that word like a bean from a pop-gun. 'Not proper.' That is what they told me at school whenever I wanted to do anything. Once, when we were at the sea-side, an old white horse came into the yard. The girls told me I couldn't ride him bareback, so I got on. When he began to go, I couldn't stop him, for I had nothing to guide him by but his hair. He went the most dreadful jounce, jounce, down on the beach, just when every one was going in bathing. The beach was crowded. Everybody laughed, and, as I couldn't get breath to ask any one to stop him, we went on and on, until he was stopped by a cliff and lay down to roll in the sand. When I got back to the boarding-house I was in an exhausted condition, but they told me it wasn't 'proper,' and shut me up till next day.—There is pa. Pa, here is a bee." She went towards him, waving her handkerchief. "A bee saved is a bee gained. Let's name them, and then we can advertise. 'Lost, a bee: answers to the name of——' What would be a name for a bee?"

"Her tongue is hung in the middle and wags both ends," said the American eagle to Richard.

"You mustn't speak before you are introduced," Tudie said, reprovingly. "Boston people never do."

When they had turned into the Tylers' grounds, and were walking up the driveway, Charlesaphina met them with the information, "Thomas Gibson has come all the way from Denver to give you a surprise."

Tudie fell against her father's arm with a groan. "The only thing he ever gives me. Pa shall have this one. Go get it, pa. If you talk to him about money, and tell him a new way to save a little, he won't miss me. I am going to walk. Bring us some supper, Charles, in half an hour. Bring it to the brook."

They started to do her bidding without remonstrance. Richard, knowing that he ought to resent her cool appropriation of himself, was surprised at the pleasure it gave him. He felt grateful to the obnoxious suitor, for such he evidently was.

Tudie was in the highest spirits during the walk. When they returned they found Charlesaphina awaiting them with sandwiches and cake by the brook, which ran through a small grove of trees in the Tylers' grounds.

"He asks for you every few minutes," Charles announced as soon as they were within speaking distance. "Poor dear pa can't even look a lie. He gets very red when Thomas says it is strange that you don't come, and replies that we are never surprised at what you don't do."

"Send him home soon," Tudie commanded.

"Trust me," said Charlesaphina, and departed.

"I've always wanted to run a pin into Thomas Gibson," Tudie remarked, reflectively, when they had finished their frugal meal, "to see if liquid copper would not come from his veins instead of blood. He thinks only of money, breathes for it, and, I am sure, eats it.

Yes," she continued, giving play to her lively imagination, "I can see him chopping up pennies to make a stew, throwing in a little water. I wonder you think it worth while to put so much of yourself in one expression," she said, in a changed voice, looking at Richard in the direct way that always disconcerted him. "Aren't you ever tired of feeling bored?"

"I am not always bored," Richard replied, groping his way to a compliment.

Tudie mistook his intention. She made a wry face, shrugged her shoulders, leaned back against a tree, and composed herself to introspection, with her eyes on the brook.

Richard wished he had been born with a lighter side to his nature. John Trainor could have explained himself with ease; but he only felt as awkward as if he had intended to be rude.

He determined not to break the silence, but gave himself up to the study of Tudie's profile. The evening was warm, and a sort of hush fell with the twilight. A wakeful bird chirped occasionally; there was a mysterious little rustle among the trees, as if the leaves were children whispering secrets, and from afar came the voices of boys at play. Now and then a wandering breeze brought sweetest odors from grass and flowers. Richard, under the influence of the quiet and beauty of the evening, was more than reconciled to Tudie's individuality.

The purple shadows of the twilight, blackened in the light of the rising moon, outlined her face and form with startling distinctness. "She seems so different in the moonlight," he thought,—*"so gentle, so approachable, with none of that quickness that throws a fellow off his base. She is like some lovely nymph now, like Undine or Sabrina."* He leaned forward, saying, softly, "Tudie!" Why not? She called him Dicky. She did not stir.

"Undine!" he said, yet more softly.

She started, turned, and met his intent gaze, then rubbed her cheek vigorously with her handkerchief.

"Is there any dirt on my face?" she asked, with apparent anxiety.

Richard drew back. He began to understand what John meant by snubbing. He determined not to be snubbed.

"You looked like Undine as you sat there," he said, a trifle defiantly.

"With or without a soul?" she asked, in a matter-of-fact tone that was death to romance.

"Without," he replied, thinking no response could be too cutting; "for her soul came through love, and any approach of tenderness or affection, not to mention love, would be met by you with a mocking——" He stopped abruptly. Of what use was it to reply seriously to a girl who laughed like that?

"The first minute I saw you," she said, presently, "I knew you would be amusing. What other human being would allow me to go to sleep in his presence, and wake me with a compliment?"

"Asleep!" exclaimed Richard, indignantly. The naturalness of Tudie's conduct and her innocence of conventionalities charmed him; but this was a little too natural.

Before he could give vent to his resentment, she was up a neighboring tree like a flash, beckoning him to follow. He obeyed, in time to avoid Charlesaphina and the unfortunate Mr. Gibson, who came to the brook and stood just out of earshot.

Richard was in mortal fear lest he and Tudie should be discovered, for she could not restrain herself from throwing bits of twig at Mr. Gibson and mimicking him as he talked. He was a hard-featured man, who looked as if he lived by rule.

"He does—by the rule of three," said Tudie, when Richard whispered his opinion to her.

He felt sure that the impish Charlesaphina had discovered them, for she detained Mr. Gibson against his will, and let him go reluctantly at last.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Tudie, when Charles came to tell them Gibson had gone.

Charles rolled her eyes in response, as she handed Tudie a note he had left for her.

"The 'trail of the serpent,'" said Tudie, taking it gingerly in the tips of her fingers.

The weeks that followed Mr. Gibson's departure for Denver were like nothing that Richard had before experienced. He became "Dick" to every one he knew, and occasionally "Dicky" to Tudie and Grandma Skipper. His days were no longer devoted to studying the abstruse problem, "What am I?" for the inexhaustible question, "What is Tudie?" filled his waking hours. He fell asleep thinking of her; she haunted his dreams, and he awoke with her laugh in his ears.

It seemed to him that these Western people were always laughing, especially at him, because he was grave. Tudie told him that the Mexicans have the custom of saluting children with the cheerful words, "Behold, thou art come into the world to endure, suffer, and say nothing," and asked him if this were not the custom in Boston,—particularly "say nothing."

At one time Dick thought he had discovered some new phase of her character; at another he thought it absurd to credit a girl so natural with phases of character. She was truth and simplicity personified.

When, in a foolish confidential moment, he mentioned this idea to John, he ridiculed him.

"Truth and Simplicity! She is Art, my boy, finished Art."

Dick knew John could not understand such entire unconsciousness as Tudie's; it was above him.

It was a constant surprise to Dick that no one, not even Mrs. Skipper, treated Tudie seriously. They all with one accord seemed to think that every time she opened her lips it was to drop a pearl of wit.

One day he and John Trainor, enlivened by the presence of Charlesaphina, were playing tennis. Tudie came, with a book, to a hammock that swung near the court. As it was a cool day, she wore a soft wool dress of dull red color, and a broad-brimmed hat lined with dull red velvet. She had pushed the hat far back on her head, and her face, at that minute colorless, was thrown into high relief.

"You look like a cameo," John remarked, pausing in the game to pay this tribute to her appearance.

"In other words, I am stony," said Tudie, settling herself in the hammock. "Well, what wonder, when I have a private Medusa of my own?"

"Don't let her come near the toads," called out Charlesaphina, from her seat on the ground.

"What is her other name?" asked John.

"Duty," replied Tudie, opening her book.

Dick made two or three very bad plays while he was trying to decide how much she meant. These speeches, which they treated so lightly, might have much significance. He looked at her furtively, and saw that she was reading his speculations in his countenance, and enjoying them greatly.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, working off his sympathy in a swift serve.

John had an annoying way of singing, "Trust her not! she is fooling thee!" whenever Dick studied Tudie in that serious manner.

"Decide for yourself," Tudie laughed, in reply to Dick's unspoken question.

"I defy any one to do that," he thought.

One evening, almost the last of his weeks of glamour, Dick, John Trainor, Charlesaphina, and Tudie were beguiling a rainy evening with crambo. Tudie's turn came last.

"My question was, 'Were you ever in love?' and my word was 'Sorrow.' 'Sorrow,'" she repeated, with a queer little shake of the shoulders, as if throwing off something. She began to read in a low voice,—

"To me Sorrow came in hideous guise,
With wan, cold cheeks and hollow eyes:
With grisly hand he beckoned me,
Said, in gruesome whisper, 'I'll live with thee.'"

"Ugh!" Charlesaphina shuddered. "You frighten me. Where was I? Did I see him?"

"Oh, yes," John replied. "Don't you remember the hat I gave him? We took him for a tramp."

Then the two giggled, in great enjoyment of the joke.

"If you don't care to hear it——" Tudie began, folding the paper.

"But we do," they interrupted, eagerly. "Poetry, Sorrow, and you are such a combination."

"Read to me," said Dick. "Never mind them."

So she opened the paper and read on:

"Oh, gayly I turned from the spectre grim.
I said my full heart had no room for him,
For Love the sovereign had entered there,
And he with none would his kingdom share.
E'en Mirth bowed before the conqueror strong,
And left my heart with laughter and song.
Too late I learned, what for aye I rue,
That ever with Love Sorrow enters too."

John Trainor and Charlesaphina were helpless with laughter when this was finished, but Dick did not laugh. He was absorbed in watching Tudie's face. Once he could have sworn he saw her lip quiver.

As she put down the paper, the color came in a rush to her cheeks, and she laughed as even Dick had never heard her.

He drew a long breath. "I thought you meant it," he said.

"I knew you did," she answered. "You are all your Puritan ancestors rolled into one."

"When you meet another such actress as Tudie, you will meet a star," remarked John Trainor.

Dick did not see her after that evening, until the day he left for the East, for as they walked along from the Tylers', John said, "You remember Gibson?" Dick nodded. "Charles tells me Tudie is going to marry his brother. Very good thing, too. Tudie can roll in gold if she likes."

"The brother probably has liquid gold in his veins," was the only thought that came into Dick's whirling brain for some minutes. When at last he could speak, he said, "You must be mistaken. She has an aversion to the Gibson family."

"My dear fellow, don't you be deceived by Tudie's manner. She feels no more than she chooses to feel. She is an actress to her fingertips. Look at her performance over that verse. You were completely taken in."

"So much so that I believe at this minute she was in earnest. You are no more capable of understanding her than a toad." His mind reverted to Rameses.

Dick said no more, but, once he was in the house, he drew William Skipper into the library and asked him if it were true. William looked at him pityingly.

"I had no idea you would care so much," he said. "My mother has been closeted with Mr. Tyler all the afternoon. He feels like death about it, and it is a miserable affair. Henry Gibson came here this spring, and went to the Tylers' just as you have done, with this difference, that Tudie could hardly tolerate him. Before he went back to Denver, he asked her to marry him. She refused him. She told my mother that she never gave him the least hope that she would marry him. He stayed on and repeated his offer every time he could get her alone. He vowed he would not go back to Denver until she promised to be his wife. He lost money by waiting, and that brought Thomas, his partner, down on him in a fury. At last he worried her into an acceptance of his offer, on condition that he would not come near her for six months. He has kept his promise, but Thomas has played gooseberry. She had made up her mind to write to Henry that she could never marry him, when Thomas came, just after you met her, with a letter from Henry telling her that he had had a fall from his horse and his back was badly injured, so that he would be unable to walk for some time. Thomas says he probably will never walk again. Henry wrote that he should consider her doubly bound to him now. It was a cur's letter, but she told her father, in spite of

it, that she would marry him. He and Thomas live alone; they have no mother or sister, and Thomas is not married. Henry implores that the wedding be very soon. Her father has begged her to change her mind; he says he has pleaded for hours in vain. She will marry Henry Gibson, and she won't die, either. She will live and take care of him and make him a good wife; but, Jove! how she will suffer! I tell you, Dick, no one understands how much there is in that girl!"

"One person does," Dick groaned, miserably. He paced the room wildly, talking like a madman and making impossible plans for Tудie's release.

William let him talk without interruption until he was calmer; then he advised him not to see Tудie again, and to start for the East at once.

Dick could not bring himself to leave Rainesville for a day or two. At the end of the week he tore himself away without having had a glimpse of Tудie since the night when they played crambo.

As he was standing on the platform of the station with many other people, Tудie drove up, jumped out of the phaeton, and came straight to him, without a salutation to one of her friends or acquaintances.

"You are going home?" she asked.

"I am."

"Did you intend to go without good-by to me?"

"I did."

"Did you think it proper?" she asked, with a curl of her lip.

"I thought it wise. Are you going to marry Henry Gibson?"

Such an expression came into her face. Dick was only twenty-one, but he knew he would never again suffer as at that moment, when he met the look of grief, almost despair, in her eyes. But she replied, steadily, "I am."

Just then the train came in. Holding himself under stern control, Dick put out his hand to say good-by. She burst into an agony of tears, and threw her arms around his neck. Though all the town seemed there, interested and amused, Dick felt they were as much alone as under the trees on the lawn. He held her close in his arms, while the bell of the engine made a fearful din.

"Shall I come back?" he whispered, breathlessly. "Shall I?"

She clung to him a second longer, then loosed her hold and turned away.

"Never!" she said, passionately. "Never again!"

He was obliged to run after his train. That was the last time he ever saw Tудie.

Alice Miriam Roundy.

ELOQUENCE.

WOULDST thou be eloquent? Then always say
Plain, simple things in plainest, simplest way:
A homely thought is like an honest maid,
Most ill at ease in spangled togs arrayed.

Carrie Blake Morgan.

IN OHIO A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IT was in the latter days of February, 1790, that Mr. John May, a planter residing on the Appomattox, a few miles above Petersburg in Virginia, set out with his clerk, Mr. Charles Johnston, for what was then called "the Western country," to procure depositions from certain witnesses in a controversy with Judge Mercer concerning the title to a body of wild land in Kentucky.

Their intention was to travel by land to a small station on the Kanawha, and then to descend that river and the Ohio. They reached Greenbrier Court-House without adventure, and thence rode to Kelly's Station, "passing," says Mr. Johnston in his narrative, "through a country utterly desolate, for about eighty miles." On their way, however, they overtook a party of eight or ten travellers on their way to the Kanawha. Among these was Mr. Jacob Skyles, a mercantile adventurer with a stock of dry-goods which he intended to carry down the river to Kentucky.

When, after toiling through a dreary and uninhabited country for three days, they reached Kelly's Station, they contracted for one of those heavy, clumsy, slow-moving structures then employed on the Ohio for the conveyance of travellers and their property to the Western settlements.

They passed some days with a Colonel Clendenin, whose plantation was on the site of the present capital of West Virginia, and, as soon as their rude ark could be got ready, proceeded down the Kanawha to Point Pleasant, where they were to enter the Ohio River.

Here they received an addition to their party,—a frontiersman named Flynn, and two girls, Dolly and Peggy Fleming, residents of Pittsburg, who were to travel under Flynn's protection down the Ohio.

At Point Pleasant they were disquieted by a rumor that Indians were lurking on the banks of the Ohio, who, after decoying a boat to land, had murdered all on board of her; and they were earnestly advised, if they persisted in their journey, by no means to touch the shore until they reached Limestone.

Resolving that nothing should induce them to neglect this precaution, they continued their journey. No one on board the ark had any experience in navigation, but the river was high, and they floated down it with great facility, keeping out of musket-shot from either shore. Mr. Skyles had "a neat rifle;" the other men of the party had only fowling-pieces.

The boat was steered by an oar at the stern, and one of the male passengers performed this service in turn. They had descended the river nearly to its junction with the Scioto, when, about dawn on the 20th of March, they were called up by Flynn, who was at the steering-oar. He pointed out to them smoke rising above the tree-tops on the right bank, and presently they perceived two white men on the same side of the river, who were making signals to them. These men piteously implored the travellers to take them on board, declaring that

they had been taken prisoners by the Indians some weeks before at Kennedy's Bottom in Kentucky, had been led by their captors across the Ohio, and had been so fortunate as to escape, but were now in the deepest distress from cold and hunger. They must perish or again fall into the hands of their enemies unless relieved from the miserable fate that awaited them. They continued down the bank of the river almost abreast of the boat, repeating their story with most piteous cries.

A discussion arose among the passengers, whose hearts were touched by this sad tale. Flynn and the two women from Pittsburg, "accustomed from their early lives, like most of the first settlers on the frontier, to think lightly of danger from the Indians," urged that the boat should make for land. May, Skyles, and Johnston opposed this. They had detected some inconsistencies in the story of the men upon the shore, and believed them not worthy of credit. Flynn then proposed to take all risk upon himself. The boat, he said, was ahead of the men on shore; it could touch land long enough for him to leap out, and immediately turn into the stream again. He, meantime, would reconnoitre, and if he found all safe the two others and himself could be taken on board; but if he saw reason to apprehend Indians he would make his way by forest paths to Limestone, and rejoin the boat-party next day.

But no sooner had the ark touched land and Flynn leaped on shore than, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the other passengers, a party of Indians, completely armed, came rushing down upon them. The three men left on board used their utmost exertions to get the clumsy boat again into mid-stream. But she swung round with the current, and became entangled in the branches of a large tree that overhung the river. Resistance was hopeless; to get from the shore was impossible. They lay flat on the deck to escape the fire of the Indians, but Dolly Fleming was already shot dead, and soon after Mr. May, standing up to make signs of surrender, shared the same fate. The travellers had their riding-horses on board, and these breaking loose, and wild with fright, added to the danger and confusion.

Flynn was a prisoner, Mr. May and Dolly Fleming were killed, Skyles was wounded across his shoulders; only Johnston and Peggy Fleming remained unharmed. The Indians began to climb into the boat, and Johnston considered it his best policy to receive them with an apparently friendly welcome. They were in high spirits, for they had made a valuable prize. All insisted on shaking hands with him, and, having flung the dead bodies of May and Dolly into the river, they went ashore, carrying their prisoners and their booty with them.

Johnston wore a red vest, which was much coveted by the chief, Chickatomo. He was deprived of it at once, but when other Indians proceeded to strip him of his underclothing, an Indian, named Tom Lewis, interfered, even taking the blanket from his own shoulders and covering those of the white man, who was trembling with cold.

But a feeling worse than cold made him tremble when, as he sat by the camp-fire that night, he saw the scalps of Mr. May and Dolly Fleming stretched upon sticks bent into a circular form, placed before him to dry at the fire.

The two white men who had decoyed the boat were among the Indians. Their names were Devine and Thomas. They attempted to defend themselves, saying that they were Kentucky frontiersmen, captured by the Indians and compelled to act as they had done. A negro, who was with the red men, told the whites, however, that Thomas and Devine had been promised their liberty if they could secure other captives to take their place, and that Devine had entered into the scheme very readily.

The Indians were not all of one tribe. Their party was composed of Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, and Cherokees. They held a council that night around their fire, and divided their captives. Johnston and Skyles were given over to the Shawnees, the former, whose red vest seemed to mark him out as a man of importance and authority, being confided to a chief named Messhawa. Peggy Fleming was made over to the Cherokees, and Flynn, after some discussion, fell to the Shawnees. The Delawares and Wyandots had no captives. Not being at war with the white men, they were afraid to have white captives in their villages.

That night the Indians repainted themselves with war-paint, and prepared for the capture of more spoils. About ten in the morning a canoe, containing six men, was seen descending the river. The Indians hoped to entice it ashore by exhibiting their prisoners; but, failing in this, they fired into it, and shot every man on board, recovering their bodies, however, so as to secure the scalps.

The same day three other boats, heavily laden, came down the river. The Indians compelled their white captives to get into the canoe they had captured, and to give chase. "Our captors," says Johnston, "stood over us, and compelled us to exert our strength in rowing, in which we had as little experience as themselves. But we took care by mismanagement of our oars to save our countrymen from their imminent danger." All the men escaped, but two of their boats, which they abandoned after crowding into the foremost one, were taken.

A rich booty was found on board, one boat being loaded with dry-goods and groceries intended for Lexington in Kentucky. With a shudder Johnston recognized property belonging to his friend Mr. Thomas Marshall, brother of the Chief Justice of Virginia, who, however, happily escaped in the boat that shot ahead.

The spoils being distributed, a feast of rejoicing took place, ending in a carouse, in which Flynn became as drunk as any of the savages. It was their invariable habit not to rise till every drop of liquor was consumed, and they poured it down their throats till all was exhausted.

During this night Devine and Thomas disappeared. Skyles and Johnston lay awake, devising plans of escape, which were put a stop to by their being closely bound and pegged to the ground. In this defenceless state they were with difficulty saved by their guard from the brutal assault of a drunken Indian, who had fastened on Skyles's hair and was preparing to take off his scalp.

On the following day the Indians separated, and the party who had Skyles and Johnston in charge set forward to the interior. Flynn his white friends never saw again.

The Indians killed bears upon their journey, and had plenty of meat. Johnston was treated as a slave by his master, and put in charge of an unruly cow, whose persistent vagaries on the march caused much amusement to the Indians. At the end of the second day's journey, Chickatomo, attended by a party belonging to his tribe, and by the Cherokees with Peggy Fleming, quitted the main body, taking with them all the horses.

The Shawnees, with Skyles and Johnston, showed no disposition to hurry forward. They travelled through a trackless wilderness abounding in game, and the object of the party seemed to be to procure dried meat for the subsistence of their families.

Messhawa, the Indian who had charge of Johnston, proved far more humane than the generality of his companions, though both prisoners each night were closely bound. Some packs of cards had been found among the plunder, and with these the savages amused themselves daily, by playing a game which they called "Nosey." "Only two hands were dealt out, and the mode of each player was to get all the court cards of his adversary into his own hand. When this was done the winner had a right to give the loser a number of fillips on the nose, corresponding to the number of cards remaining in his hand. When this operation was about to begin, the loser would place himself firmly in his seat, assuming a solemn gravity of countenance, and not permitting the slightest change in any muscle of his face. At every fillip the by-standers would burst into a peal of laughter, while the subject of the process was required to abstain even from a smile; the penalty was doubled on him if he violated this rule. It was astonishing to what an excess they were delighted by this childish diversion."

On an old copy of the Debates in the Convention of Virginia on the adoption or rejection of the Federal Constitution, Johnston endeavored to keep a kind of journal, which excited great curiosity among his captors, and seemed to increase the value they set on him.

At last they arrived at the Scioto, or Salt Creek, which was waded with some difficulty, an old squaw, with a staff, leading the way. A day or two after this they came up with Chickatomo and his Shawnees, but the Cherokees with Peggy Fleming had gone forward. "The deportment of this girl," says Johnston, "was a subject of no little astonishment to me. I had expected that the distressing occurrences which had befallen us, and the gloomy prospect before us, the destruction of nearly all our party, and the death of her sister, would have plunged her into grief and despair. On the contrary, from the day of our capture till the day when she was borne off by the Cherokees, she seemed in high spirits, and perfectly indifferent to the horrors of her situation."

About this time they came upon some trees marked by surveyors, persons against whom the savages cherished the most malignant hate, looking on them as harbingers of occupancy and settlement by the whites. Skyles and Johnston, closely bound and with an Indian sleeping on the ropes on each side of them, could not stir during the night, however painful their position. They suffered severely, too, from cold, being allowed no covering, and their limbs were painfully swollen.

Skyles had secreted a knife and five gold pieces in his breeches,

but the Indians, having discovered the knife, stripped him and his companion of their nether garments: after this all hope of their escape seemed to be lost, since the Indians took even greater precautions than before, fastening each prisoner at night by a long rope round his neck, tied to a tree, to which a bell was attached.

Poor Skyles suffered horribly from the wound on his back, which was aggravated by the rope round his neck being bound up during the day into a sort of club, which hung down behind. The wounded part, in spite of his companion's care, had become a terrible and offensive sore.

Johnston remarks that although only two Indians of the party could speak English, there was not one who could not curse in that language. After a journey of ten or twelve days they found themselves again upon a river, which they crossed on a raft, swimming their horses. Soon after this they met a hunting-party of Indians, to whom the Shawnees recounted their success with Homeric boastfulness.

Poor Skyles and Johnston, it was soon evident, had fallen into very different hands. Messhawa, Johnston's keeper, "had qualities," said his captive, "which would have done honor in any station to human nature;" while the keeper of Skyles was a brutal savage. Even their personal appearance indicated the difference in their dispositions. Johnston was well fed, while Skyles would have sunk from weakness and starvation, had not Johnston been often able, out of his abundance, to supply him surreptitiously with food. The poor fellow had secreted a small New Testament; "one morning when he was sitting by the fire endeavoring to extract that consolation from its pages which was inaccessible from any other source, his keeper snatched it from him, reproved him for reading it, and flung it on the fire."

Soon after this the two captives were separated, seemingly as a punishment for having been observed to talk together. Skyles was marched off with a party of Indians to their villages at Miami on the Lake; Johnston, with two little white children, a boy and a girl captured from a frontier settlement in Kentucky, pushed on towards the towns on the river Sandusky. The separation was painful to both, but to Skyles it was despair.

At their camping-grounds the Indians frequently indulged in cards, dance, and song, making their prisoners sometimes join in these last, and amusing themselves at the expense of their awkward imitators. They also carried two or three tobacco-pipes, which they passed from one to another, sitting in a circle, until all were satisfied. Johnston remarks on their general taciturnity.

As they approached the Sandusky, the country became more and more wild. It was utterly uninhabited, and Johnston had to give up his last hopes of escaping from his captors: he still, however, trusted that on reaching the Indian towns he might be purchased or ransomed by some benevolent fur-trader. The lines from "The Hermit" were constantly in his mind during the journey,—

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With faltering steps and slow,
Where wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as I go.

Then, too, he was oppressed by fear of torture,—of being compelled to run the gauntlet or of being burned at the stake.

One day they came upon a negro in the woods, under cover of a tent, which contained a quantity of whiskey and peltry belonging to his master, a Wyandot Indian. The negro was a runaway slave from Kentucky, who had fled across the Ohio River to the country of the savages; with these it was a law that the first man who could seize a runaway should hold him as his property.

The negro treated Johnston with great kindness, giving him, among other things, bread and salt, neither of which he had tasted since he left the Ohio River. The Indians, in the absence of the Wyandot, began eagerly to bargain with his negro part of their booty for his whiskey, and soon a disgusting scene of revelry commenced, which lasted for three days; though they never neglected to set sober men as guards over their three prisoners, the children and Johnston. One night during a storm the negro made his way to Johnston's side and proposed to him to go with him to his tent and sleep under its shelter. Johnston replied that it was impossible for him to move, his guards lying on each side of him on the rope with which he was tied. These men, discovering that conversation was going on, sprang up, and seized both the negro and the white man, calling to their help all the other Indians, who had sunk into a drunken sleep. On finding, however, that the stories of both agreed, one told in English, the other in their own tongue, they seemed rather well pleased to permit Johnston to pass the night in the negro's tent, where he enjoyed a comfortable sleep for the first time since his capture.

In the morning the Indians prepared themselves for a war-dance, which was performed around a pole, painted black and red, from which hung the scalps of Johnston's late companions, together with some others taken in their raid. Each Indian painted his face,—some black, with red round the eyes, some red, with black round the eyes; all had feathers stuck in their heads, and all looked like so many demons. The dance was more or less a dramatic performance, recording the injuries they and their fathers had received from the whites. In the course of it they worked themselves up to a pitch of the greatest fury. As it ended, Chickatomo, with his eyes aflame, advanced to his white captive and struck at him; then, perceiving the two white children, he rushed at them. The humane Messhawa, seeing the danger to which they were exposed, bounded like a deer to their relief, and, reaching Chickatomo just as his tomahawk was raised to strike the girl, seized him by the arms and flung him back. "When the poor children found themselves in the hands of a friend, their little palpitating hearts were calmed into repose, and presently they returned to camp, each holding a hand of Messhawa."

The next day two Mingo Indians arrived, and the carouse was continued in their honor. One of these men had killed a Wyandot in the preceding summer, who was a husband, and the father of several children. Among all the savages of America the custom prevailed of adopting prisoners taken in war to supply the places of the dead; and if a man had killed another Indian belonging to his own or a friendly

tribe, he was bound to make reparation to the family of the deceased, either by the payment of a certain value in property, or by furnishing a substitute, who in all the relations of life would take the place of the dead man. If no such reparation was made within a certain time fixed by their usages, the murderer could be killed with impunity by any of the relations of the deceased. In this instance the Mingo, having no property wherewith to pay, implored his Shawnee friends to surrender to him their white prisoner, who should marry the dead man's wife, become the father of his children, dwell in his wigwam, and be adopted into his tribe.

The whiskey they had drunk together so promoted good fellowship that Johnston was made over to the Mingo, to be substituted for the Wyandot he had murdered. Nor was this arrangement wholly repugnant to Johnston. He had ascertained that his captors were on their way to their towns on the Miami, where he had reason to expect torture and the stake, "and the state of perturbation into which this had thrown me," says he, "enabled me to look with less horror and disgust on the prospect of becoming a husband and a father; while I exulted in the hope that such an event would surely bring within my reach chances of escape from the savages. I could procure no information concerning my intended bride, except that she was the mother of several children; the Mingo had never seen her. But the plan to be pursued by me was clear; after assuming the charge of the family which I was about to enter by compulsion, thoroughly to devote myself to it; to reconcile myself, as far as was in my power, to the necessity by which I was overwhelmed, but by no means to delay my escape when the moment should come in which there should appear a possibility of its being accomplished."

After the lapse of two or three days the Mingo with his newly acquired property began to move on to the town in which Johnston was to be delivered to his bride and her people. But by this time the Shawnees, who were in advance, had begun to repent of their liberality. They waited for the Mingo and his white man, when a furious quarrel ensued, in the midst of which Messhawa, seizing a loose horse, ordered Johnston to get upon another and set off full speed for the Indian town on the Upper Sandusky.

When they arrived there, Johnston's chances for escape seemed to brighten. There was a French Canadian trader in the place, who had lived for some years among the Indians, and who at once entered into negotiations with Johnston's captors for his ransom. All offers were, however, peremptorily refused. Shortly afterwards the Mingo came into camp, and with a smile presented to the white man the copy of the Debates in the Virginia Convention, which contained the notes made by him in the earlier part of his journey. The Mingo seemed to be in good spirits, and well satisfied; though what arrangement he had come to with the Shawnees Johnston never knew.

A party of Wyandots having come in from Muskingum with a fresh supply of whiskey, the demand for it was so great, and the price asked so extravagant, that when the party of Shawnees were roused from their drunkenness they discovered that they had stripped them-

selves of all the booty they had amassed upon their raid ; and, ashamed to return to their villages in poverty, they reopened negotiations with Mr. Duchouquet, the Indian trader, and finally agreed to deliver to him Johnston for six hundred silver brooches, which seem to have been the circulating medium with Indians in that day. This purchase took place on the 28th of April, 1790, the day on which Johnston was twenty-one years old.

After enduring many fears of recapture by the Shawnees or the Mingos, it was decided that he should remain till June in the Indian village, and then accompany his Canadian protector to the British station at Detroit, where the peltry collected from the Indians would be shipped down the Lakes and the St. Lawrence to supply the wants of civilization.

While still in the Sandusky village, Johnston learned from a Shawnee Indian the fate of his late fellow-prisoner William Flynn, who had been burned at the stake near one of the villages on the Miami. Peggy Fleming, no longer a gay, careless girl, but emaciated, melancholy, and wretched, was brought by the Cherokees to Upper Sandusky while Johnston remained there. She would answer no questions he put to her, nor could he extract a word beyond yes and no.

Though he seldom wandered from the Indian town, for fear of being recaptured, Johnston one day ventured to walk about three miles' distance from it, to see the spot where some years before Colonel Crawford had been tortured and burned to death. The sapling to which it was said he had been bound was still alive, and was pointed out to Johnston by his companion, a white captive naturalized among the Indians.

Early in June, 1790, Mr. Duchouquet, according to his annual usage, set out for Detroit. The peltry was to be carried on pack-horses to Lower Sandusky at the river's mouth, where the traders and their goods were to embark in heavy open boats for Detroit.

When the party reached Lower Sandusky, they found the place in a state of ferment, owing to a transaction that had taken place there a few hours before. The Cherokees, with Peggy Fleming, had arrived in the vicinity, and encamped within a quarter of a mile from the town. It was immediately rumored that they were there with a white female captive. The traders in the place at once determined to go out to the camp and see what they could do for her. Among them was a white man named Whitaker, who had been captured and adopted by the Indians in early life. He was a man of great influence among the Wyandots, and a chief. His business had led him frequently before this period to Pittsburg, where the father of Peggy Fleming then kept a tavern. He recognized the girl at once, and she earnestly implored his succor and protection.

He returned to the town, and informed the principal Wyandot chief there, called King Crane, that the white female captive was his sister,—“a misrepresentation,” adds the truth-loving Johnston, “greatly palliated by the benevolent motive which dictated it.”

King Crane at once promised to procure her release. The traders

raised a sum of money for her ransom. But the Cherokees declined negotiation, with insulting words, and King Crane became exasperated. Early next morning, with ten young warriors, he marched out to the camp of the Cherokees. He found them all asleep, but their unhappy captive was bound naked to a stake, her body being smeared with black paint. King Crane cut her cords with his scalping-knife, and restored her her clothes, which lay near by. After she was dressed, he roused the Cherokees, and told them in peremptory language that the captive was his, at the same time throwing silver to the value of her ransom on the ground. Then he bore her off to his town, and committed her to two trusty Wyandots to be carried back to her father at Pittsburg. She travelled disguised by paint and dress as a squaw, "and doubtless," thinks Johnston, "was faithfully conducted to her destination." The Cherokees were naturally much incensed, and for a few hours threatened vengeance on the town.

The English, Scotch, and French fur-traders showed the greatest kindness to Mr. Johnston. Their boats were soon laden with their furs and hides, and on the second day of their voyage they entered the strait which runs into Lake Erie.

In little more than twenty years from 1790, Commodore Perry, in September, 1813, fought a naval battle on those lonely waters, and at Sandusky a land victory was gained over British and Indians by the young and gallant Major Croghan.

The traders landed on an island in Sandusky Bay, and witnessed an Indian dance, in which the women joined.

The navigation of the Lakes was made difficult by the fact that the bateaux dared not find themselves out of sight of land; but in two or three more days they reached the Detroit River, and thence Detroit, which was occupied by an English garrison. There Johnston, to his great joy, was informed that Mr. Skyles, his fellow-captive, had just left the place. The two men did not meet till several years after, when Skyles related the story of his escape from the Miami, where the Indians had made every arrangement for subjecting him to torture and to death.

Johnston heard at the same time of poor Flynn's death, and thus he tells his story: "It has been already stated that the Indians cautiously conceal from a prisoner their intention when they have determined he shall be brought to the stake. The miserable Flynn had no intimation of his fate, and was perhaps indulging the fond hope that he was yet to recover his liberty. He had been conducted to one of those Miami towns which were at that period fatal to white captives. He was not rigorously confined, though closely watched. Suddenly he was seized by several Indians, and immediate preparations were made for his sacrifice. Incisions were made through the muscular parts of his arms, between the elbows and shoulders, and, by thongs of buffalo hide passed through them, he was tied to a strong stake. A fire was kindled round him.

"He contrived, through a white man present, to send word of what was taking place to some traders in the village. They at once raised money for his ransom, but the Indians were now keen for their sport.

The money was refused. In vain the traders added to the ransom a keg of rum. The Indians burst open the keg, and spilt the liquor on the ground. Flynn's messenger then told him that his case was hopeless. His answer was, 'Then all I have to say is, may God have mercy on my soul;' and never, while he retained his senses, did he utter another word, nor even a groan.

"All the ingenuity of the savages was employed in aggravating his torments. At length the fire around him began to burn low, and an old squaw advanced to rekindle it. When she came within his reach, he kicked her so violently that she fell apparently lifeless. His tormentors were then exasperated to the highest point, and, making incisions in his legs, as they had done in his arms, they closely fastened them to the stake. The old squaw, who soon recovered, was foremost in wreaking vengeance on him. She burned the most sensitive parts of his flesh with lighted splinters of pine, while the men pierced him with sharpened splinters of the same wood. He bore all without a word, till he sank into a state of insensibility, when his agonies were terminated by the tomahawk."

Mr. Skyles, after his separation from Mr. Johnston, had been taken by his captors to one of the towns on the Miami River, not far from the place where poor Flynn had met his fate. Upon his arrival he was compelled to run the gauntlet, which on that occasion was conducted with peculiar cruelty for the amusement of the lads of the tribe. But Skyles had already experienced kindness from the wife of the ruffian who had him in charge. At last she informed him that his destiny was fixed, that he was on the following day to be tied to a stake and burned to death. That night he feigned sleep, so as to deceive the women who sat by the fire, while five men lay asleep around him. Stealthily he rose from his place when the women dropped into unconsciousness, took up a small bag of parched corn, which he had noticed in a corner of the cabin, and cautiously crept out to the open air. He made all possible haste to the Miami of the Lake, which flowed not far from the town. He swam the river, and soon after heard a bell, which he supposed to be worn by a horse. He secured the animal, and, turning the leather strap which bore the bell into a bridle, proceeded on horseback. But the night was dark, and he believed he could make his way through the forest more speedily on foot. He therefore turned the horse loose. He was endeavoring to find his way to the settlements in Kentucky, but, being an inexperienced woodsman, he travelled north instead of south; he journeyed only by night, and often found himself near encampments of Indians. While beset with perplexities, his little bag of corn gave out, and he was near dying of starvation.

In this extremity there was no alternative; he must risk an entrance into one of the Indian villages. After lying close behind a fallen log till dusk, he made his way to the remains of a fire which had lately burned out near his log. By mixing charcoal from the charred wood with water, he made a mixture which enabled him to blacken his face and hands. His disguise was so complete that he was satisfied that he could not be recognized as a white man. The Indians

in such settlements live in wigwams, traders in log cabins. The first habitation that he approached he found occupied by Indians, but going a little farther he came upon the house of a trader. He entered it and asked for rum. The man told him he had not any, but would get him some. When Skyles perceived what way he went, he followed him, and, joining him, told him that he wanted no rum, but food and safety. The trader told him that he dared not afford him shelter, but that a boat-load of white traders and their wares had gone down the river the previous day, and that if he took a light canoe then lying on the river-bank he could hardly fail to overtake them.

Between dawn and sunrise the next morning Skyles found himself on the waters of Lake Erie, and soon after saw the traders' boat ahead of him. He rowed alongside, and was at first under too much apprehension of being restored to the Indians to acknowledge that he was a white man. Recovering courage, he at last told his story, and was most hospitably welcomed, and carried to Detroit. A day or two after this a party of Indians, who had followed on his track, arrived at Detroit to claim him, and, persuaded he was in the post, remained in the vicinity several days, while he lay in concealment.

Skyles after their departure made his way back to Virginia, recommenced business, and subsequently moved to Kentucky, where he acquired considerable property and left descendants.

Johnston, who reached Detroit a few days after Skyles had left it, remained there eight or ten days, waiting for a passage down Lake Erie. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown him in Detroit, where a purse was made up for him by the English officers to pay his expenses to Virginia, and letters of introduction to officers at the British posts on the American frontier were given him to facilitate his journey.

Although seven years had elapsed since the conclusion of the war of Independence by a treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, one of its important stipulations was yet unexecuted. The northwestern posts, of which Detroit was one, were still held by Great Britain, and her garrisons occupied them till after the victory obtained by General Wayne over the Indians in that country and the negotiations of Mr. Jay in 1794.

After a voyage of five or six days, always keeping in sight of land, and going ashore at night, they reached Fort Erie. Thence Mr. Johnston proceeded to Fort Schlosser, about a mile above the Falls of Niagara, which he visited in company with the British officer in command of the garrison.

Thence, travelling partly on foot and partly by water, he reached Oswego. Again in an open boat, and landing at night, he travelled with an English lady and her son down Lake Ontario. They saw but one habitation on the shore of the lake, the cabin of a refugee who had been implicated in what was called Shays's rebellion. By various waterways, often bearing their boat over portages, they reached Fort Stanwix, where Rome now stands. They were now on the Mohawk and in the midst of German settlers.

Four days brought them from Fort Stanwix to Schenectady, and thence Mr. Johnston, whose means were nearly exhausted, tramped on

foot to Albany. From Albany, on a sloop, he reached New York. There his adventures excited much attention. He was sent for by General Washington, and closely questioned, not only concerning his own experiences among the Indians, but with regard to the strength of the British garrisons in those northwestern posts. Happily he was able to answer that on those last points he could give the President no reply, since, being an American citizen, he had not been allowed to make any observations, nor under the circumstances had he deemed it proper to attempt to do so. "The President's enquiries were of such a nature," adds Johnston, "that I was led to infer that the government of the United States contemplated the chastisement of the Indians for the many depredations they had committed on the Ohio River, and to wrest from the British troops those posts still occupied by them within our territory. That I did not err in my conjecture concerning the Indians, the disastrous expedition of General St. Clair, which soon followed, afforded sufficient proof." *

The journey between New York and Richmond was easy, in stage-coaches plying on the mail route. At Richmond Mr. Johnston hired a gig, and so reached his mother's plantation in Prince Edward County. He was received as one risen from the dead. "Tears of joy," he says, "flowed from every eye; even our sturdy slaves ran hastily from the field of labor. Some of them caught me in their arms and wept, while others fell on their knees and thanked Heaven for my deliverance."

As to the other persons mentioned in this narrative, Mr. Duchouquet died a prosperous man, though at one time he had been nearly ruined by the inability of his Indian debtors (owing to General Wayne's expedition) to pay him for goods advanced to them on credit, according to custom. About 1802 he visited Washington, where Mr. Johnston joined him and urged on the government repayment of the money Mr. Duchouquet had spent in ransoming American citizens, none of whom, except Mr. Johnston, had found means to repay him. Mr. Duchouquet was then an interpreter in the government service, and came to Washington in charge of a party of Shawnee chiefs who desired speech with the Great Father. Among these Indians was Tom Lewis, who had covered Mr. Johnston with his blanket on the first night of his capture, and whom Johnston was very glad to meet again. Lewis attached himself to the United States government, and fought on the American side at the battle of the Thames. He became a Shawnee chief, but lost the confidence of the main body of his countrymen, and emigrated with a band of them beyond the Mississippi.

Congress readily passed an act in Mr. Duchouquet's favor, the

* The writer of this article, when a young girl in Virginia, in 1842, saw much of Mrs. Lewis, *née* Nelly Custis, step-granddaughter of General Washington, who told her, apropos of the general, that on the day when he received news of St. Clair's defeat, she, a child of ten, came sliding down the banisters with a great noise. The general, ruffled and excited, came out of his study, and, seizing her, gave her a shake. "Oh! such a shake!" said the old lady. Up to the time I heard that story I had looked upon Washington much as if he were simply a representation of all the classical virtues, justice, honor, integrity, etc. From that moment he became human.

reimbursement of the money so humanely spent being considered a national duty.

Chickatomo was killed in a skirmish with the forces of General Wayne. Messhawawa became a follower of Tecumseh and his brother "the Prophet"; he either fell in battle with the Americans or went west beyond the Mississippi.

The narrative of Mr. Johnston was published by him in 1827. He was led to give it to the public by the circumstance of a very imperfect version having appeared in the Duke de Liancourt's travels in the United States. Mr. Johnston had gone to England two years after his Indian experiences, and on his return was passenger with the duke on a ship bound to Philadelphia. They liked each other's society, and, though the French of the one was as imperfect as the English of the other, they had much pleasant intercourse. Mr. Johnston told his French friend his adventures among the Indians, and, as he saw reason to think from notes taken by the duke that he might possibly intend to publish what he said, he exacted a promise that if he did so the narrative might be first sent to him for revision.

This promise, when, many years later, the duke's book appeared, had been overlooked or forgotten. Mr. Johnston, when he saw it in print, was shocked by many errors, especially by the extraordinary rendering of proper names, such as "Skuy!" for "Skyles," "Great Brayer Court-House" for "Greenbrier Court-House," etc. He therefore determined that the public should receive the narrative of his adventures, long known to a large circle of personal friends, in a correct form.

Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer.

A RONDEAU TO MARJORIE.

WHEN Marjorie sings, her throat of snow
 Swells with the music's ebb and flow
 Like throat of song-thrush, and her eyes
 Grow tender as the light that lies
 On hill-tops when the sun is low.

So fair the singer, scarce I know
 Allegro from adagio,
 Nor dream her art to criticise
 When Marjorie sings.

I look, and list, and hourly grow
 More hopelessly her slave; but, oh,
 Of whom dreams *she*? (Oh, dread surmise!)
 For whom do those soft blushes rise,
 To whom those maiden fancies go,
 When Marjorie sings?

Julia Schayer.

THE UNITED STATES AS A COLONIAL POWER.

TO the resolutions for the ejection of Spain from Cuba Congress attached a "self-denying ordinance," in spite of which manufacturers are now supplying a popular demand for a flag with forty-six stars. If it be the national instinct, instead of the fine-spun moral and legal theories of men who are said to be over-educated to the point of impairing their militant patriotism, that is directing the course of events, what is the significance of this demand for a flag with forty-six stars?

That "self-denying ordinance," by the way, is no more than England has been saying in regard to Egypt. Her occupation was temporary; she was only assisting the Khedive to suppress an insurrection; she had no purpose of appropriating the country. But the Pyramids marked the road to Golconda, and along the entire length of that road the Pax Britannica must prevail. We have promised to retain possession of Cuba no longer than is necessary to pacify it. Who can tell how long that may be? The insurgents have no civil government; recent events have raised some question whether they have armies. We know not what proportion of the people desire independence. We only know that prior to April 20 the Spanish population of Cuba would have preferred American to Cuban government; that the President of the Cuban Republic has warned all Spaniards and Cubans in the island that if they do not join the insurrection they will be expelled when the Cuban Republic is in power, and nothing that has occurred between the Sabine River and Patagonia warrants the inference that the expulsion of the Spanish troops will be equivalent to the pacification of the island and the establishment of that "stable government" insisted on by President McKinley. During all these years of our national existence our policy towards Cuba has been dictated by our own interests. We have defeated the aspirations of the Cubans to secure their independence. We have vetoed the transfer of the island to nations that would have given it a reasonable government, and we have refused to complicate our own political system by absorbing it. Is it likely that we are going to neglect our own interests now for the sake of other people? Besides, we have assumed obligations to the world. We cannot drive out the Spaniards and leave Cuba to be another Hayti, or Mexico prior to Porfirio Diaz, or Venezuela, or Paraguay. No; we shall stay there till the island is thoroughly pacified.

We have not promised that we would not annex Porto Rico. Will our humanitarian purpose of ridding the Western Hemisphere of a decadent and antiquated despotism be accomplished while Spain rules that island? With all our altruism, we must remember that we have interests of our own. We are going to have a larger navy than ever before, and it is not going to consist of coast-defence vessels; we now understand the value of naval stations.

Before many years there will be a new reason for a naval station in

the West Indies. The commercial arguments for the Nicaragua Canal have been lamentably weak. The advocates of the canal have absurdly padded their estimates of the commerce that would use it. A steamer of three thousand tons would have to save thirty or thirty-eight days to make it an even question whether to pay the tolls or not. How much Chilian nitrates, California wheat, and Puget Sound lumber will pay the tolls? The distance-tables put out by the canal advocates usually compare Nicaragua with Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope; they are reticent regarding the Suez Canal. But if we are going to dominate the Pacific Ocean we need that canal, so that the voyage of the Oregon need never be repeated.

Isolation has made us provincial, and we talk about a canal under American control, an extension of our coast-line. We have sent a military expert to look over the situation, and he reports that unless we are in constant military possession of the canal it will be an element of weakness to us in war: an enemy might seize it before we did. He tells us what kind of forts we must build on the soil of Nicaragua, and how many guns we must put in them, and he has selected sites for barracks and hospitals, and pointed out the necessity of keeping armed boats in the canal to suppress insurrections that might endanger it.

As Nicaragua is very small, most of us see nothing but the expense to deter us from fortifying its soil for our benefit. But those pernicious professors whose over-education has impaired their patriotism have told the rest of us two things that we shall in due time feel the force of. One is that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is still in force, and by that the United States and Great Britain undertake a joint protectorate of any isthmian canal. The other is that the Suez Canal has been neutralized by the act of the great maritime nations, and we may rest assured that any canal between the oceans will be a highway and not a private road; we shall not be allowed to fortify it, and it will be open to the war-ships of our enemy as well as to our own. Then we must guard the canal. We must always have a squadron within striking distance of each end. If we do not retain a Cuban port, Porto Rico would do for a naval base in the West Indies. We shall need another in the Pacific not too far off. Ecuador might sell us the Galapagos Islands, or we might secure something on the mainland.

In regard to the Philippines there is observable a certain faint-heartedness on the part of persons who were impetuous in demanding the present war. They will find out in time that a child or a sentimentalist or a hoodlum in Congress may pull open a throttle-valve, but, that being done, the machine will go its own gait. The persons who were opposed to an imperial policy, who held to the traditions of the elders, who insisted that we should stop when we had secured the release of the reconcentrados, the right of the Cubans to govern themselves, and even the suspension of hostilities, are determined that the country shall not be deprived of the fruits of victory by the timidity of men who wished this war, but dare not face all its consequences. No nation may toss the lives of its citizens into a hat passed around for the relief of some suffering people; any nation that sends its sons into battle must secure some permanent advantage for their orphans.

Was it a mere accident that the first blow struck for Cuba was struck at the antipodes?

Humanitarianism is a broad principle. We cannot plead it for people whom we intend to succor, and repudiate it in the case of those who are already at our mercy. Some of us were stung, and some of us, who remembered the British interests in all British military and naval operations, and who also remembered British support of the Sultan, were only amused, when the *Spectator*, more friendly to us than many English papers, said, some years ago, "No nation in bonds looks upward to the Great Republic for aid; no struggling people turns to her fleet with longing; no perishing race so much as hopes that the Western rifle will drive away the oppressor." We have accepted the challenge; we have gone to the relief of the Cubans; and now that the prowess of our fleet has put the population of the Philippines in our power, shall we drive them back to their Spanish taskmasters? We cannot execute another fugitive slave law.

We cannot give them away without arousing European jealousies and endangering the peace of the world. And then, too, we need the islands. There has been a great change, almost a revolution, in the character of our commerce in five years. We are making armor for Russia, exporting ship-building materials to the United Kingdom, equipping railroads in Japan, and sending cotton goods and machinery to China. Our opinion of foreign markets has changed wonderfully since Mr. Reed, ten years ago, convulsed the House of Representatives by comparing those who desired to secure foreign markets for our manufacturers to *Æsop's dog*, which emerged from the stream into which he had plunged after a reflection, though inconsiderately, "the wettest and most muttonless dog in the world." The greatest market not yet exploited is afforded by China, and there Russia, Germany, and France are pushing their policy of securing commerce by arms. We have got to meet sword with sword, or throw away the yardstick and the steel-yards. Our consciousness of a need of foreign markets, the advent of Russia at Port Arthur, and Admiral Dewey's destruction of the Spanish fleet coincide. They do not mark an era; they create it. If we imported nothing the domestic demand would not keep our wheels turning; we must enter upon a commercial contest with Europe in China and Africa.

When Speaker Reed recently stated that "The empire can wait," he was referring to Hawaiian annexation, which he was blocking, greatly to the satisfaction of men who see distinctly now that the empire does not wait; so long as war with Spain could not be blocked it was idle to block the other. The war with Spain, coinciding with, and perhaps resulting from, our own commercial development, carries with it Porto Rico, if not Cuba, the Nicaragua Canal, the Philippines, and Hawaii. The international ethics of accepting the latter at the hands of a small minority of the population need disturb no one. Fifty-six years ago the government of the islands was put by the native dynasty into the hands of the Americans, and there it has been ever since, with no evidence that the Kanakas care who governs them. For fifty-one years the Americans governed through the forms of a native monarchy; for five

years they have governed in their own name. It is too late for the Kanakas to protest, and they have not protested. The late queen could not make a cabinet of her own people, and the alleged native party was the construction of, and was always led by, foreigners. The eminent journalistic casuist who has been most solicitous lest we should accept stolen goods at the hands of the Dole government has for twenty-five years been teaching us that in our own Southern States civilization must rule irrespective of numbers.

The advocates of annexation have argued that we needed the islands to defend the isthmian canal. The canal advocates have insisted that the canal was essential if we would protect our interests in the islands. The acquisition of the Philippines demands the canal and the islands.

These various islands cannot govern themselves, except that the Hawaiian Islands might still be governed by the American element if we did not insist on universal suffrage; and we must consider what machinery we have for governing them. We may as well be frank with ourselves. We have habitually maltreated the black man and the red man, and we have closed our doors in the face of the yellow man. We are not worse in this respect than other white men, but we are no better. We have not kept our word with the Indians much better than the Spaniards have kept their word with their colonial subjects. We have an abundant supply of excellent administrators, but they are not in the public service, and they will not be found there unless we change our system. They are in the employ of business concerns, where merit counts and a career may be found; they are not in the public service, where demerit is no bar if there is a "pull," and where merit affords no security without political influence. We have many admirable consuls, and our consular reports have often excited the envy of German and English merchants, but on the whole the testimony of naval officers and travellers is not favorable to our consuls, and it would not be difficult to mention a good many men of notorious unfitness who have been appointed to important consular positions because Senators demanded it, although in probably every one of these cases the President who made the appointment knew the character of the man he appointed to represent the government of the United States abroad. Our Indian agents have, on the whole, been a national scandal, and a large proportion of the politicians from the States appointed to hold office in the Territories have been of a quality to make us tremble when we think of sending men to administer a West Indian, a Hawaiian, or especially a Philippine island, ten thousand miles distant from the national capital.

If we are fighting Spain from motives of humanity, our humanity must survive the war and reach the subject population permanently. To displace Spaniards and appoint the sort of creatures who too often get into our offices at home and abroad as the result of the detestable spoils system would be too small a gain to mankind to justify its cost. Patriotism does not consist solely in fighting for the country; it requires a higher degree of patriotism to insist that our country shall always be right than simply to shout for it whether right or wrong. The spoils system has been execrable as a domestic institution; it would be a dis-

grace for a nation whose private life is as good as ours to export it and impose it upon West Indians, Hawaiians, and Asiatics.

We have done much good work in the world. We have gone far to demonstrate the practicability of self-government. But it is only by the most strenuous efforts that we can keep ourselves from offending grossly against honesty, policy, common sense, and our own not very distant experience in the matter of the national currency. The character of our municipal governments keeps it an open question whether good popular government is permanently possible. Superior in its *personnel*, our civil service as a system is not superior to that of Spain or Turkey, and our government of inferiors is a thing that no man who truly loves his country likes to talk about.

The trouble with us is our carelessness, indifference, slovenliness. When we are roused to a sense that a thing is really worth doing we do it well. In all crises we have produced men of high character and commanding ability. In an emergency we can defend the nation's commercial honor as well as its military honor. When we take a little pains about it we secure public men inferior to those of no other country. But we are slipshod; we quickly grow weary in public well-doing; we soothe ourselves with the idea that things are not so bad, after all; we evade the contemplation of our deficiencies, complain of people who "kick," and laugh at the men who are struggling for a higher standard of national morals; we turn to the more congenial subject of our area and population, our wealth and rapid growth; we trust to luck; somehow or other we get out of every scrape—why take pains not to get into one?

This is not the temper in which a nation of seventy-five million people, the most intelligent and, on the whole, the best in the world, should assume the responsibility of governing outlying dependencies.

The future belongs to the Teutonic races; largely, to the two Anglo-Saxon nations. Red, black, brown, and yellow men recede before the white. The so-called Latin nations are decaying. The field of Slavonic activity is in its own domain and in Asia. There are three great powers. We have come to recognize the fact that our commercial interests reach entirely around the globe; that there is a great market for us in Asia, and that Africa must not be closed to us. We are joint trustees with Great Britain and Germany of the world's prosperity. We must put aside the carelessness of youth, order our internal affairs as becomes an adult nation carrying a third of the world upon its shoulders; and we must administer the estates of our wards, not as our political bosses will endeavor to have us do, for their gain and the benefit of their henchmen, but in a manner to command the gratitude of our wards, the esteem of the world, and, most important of all, our own national self-respect.

The fact that the constitution of the United States does not provide for something that could not have been anticipated is no obstacle to our meeting situations as they arise. Older than the constitution is the Ordinance for the Government of the Northwest Territory. The constitution was young and the administration in the hands of the strictest constructionists when Louisiana was acquired and the President was

made for a year the unlimited monarch of it. The conquest of California was promptly met by a military government which survived the war and lasted till statehood. The problem of the Philippines is different from these, but not more different from them than they were from the union of self-governing States effected by the constitution. The Philippines can never become a State, and it is not likely that we shall ever have a Hawaiian or a West Indian State. But if we can administer a dependency for one year or three years we can do so permanently. Our legal system is flexible enough, and we have no lack of ability; it is a simple problem in good administration, of selecting officials who shall perform their duties for the good of their subjects and the honor of their government.

If offices in these dependencies are to be given to men who do not know Spanish and whose probable tenure is not long enough to justify the labor of learning it, who know and care nothing for local laws and customs, who get their places because of their votes in a convention or their relations with a Senator or other "boss" who is in a position to extort the appointment from the President, and who is quite indifferent to the character of the men he recommends imperatively, but wishes to pay his political debts by checks drawn upon the bank of Presidential patronage; if the most competent and painstaking official is certain to be removed at the end of four years, and the least respectable one can expect his political "influence" to keep him in the office as long as that; if men are to be appointed to these distant offices to get them out of the way of rivals, or because their reputation would make it hazardous to give them offices at home; if this disreputable system is to prevail, the condition of our dependencies will be better than it has been under the Spaniards, but the gain will not be so great as Americans who care about the honor and usefulness of their country desire.

This imperial policy upon which we appear to be launched involves much to swell the national pride, and something to deplete the national coffers. It means a larger navy, to which few will object. It means a larger army, to which there will be bitter opposition in Congress. The army has been used to defend life and property and law and civilization when they were attacked by mobs, and officials, fearful of losing votes, have been timid about using the police, the posse, and the State troops. Therefore a certain class of labor agitators hate the army, and there are demagogues in Congress who fear to vote for it. There are other men in Congress who have not outgrown the childish idea of beginning to prepare for war after war has begun. These, it happens, are the men most eager for war, and most likely to get the country into a war. Our country need not be afraid of an army large enough to begin war when Congress decrees war. If we are to live in close contact with the rest of the world, and to have commercial interests, that may be affected by other people's wars, in all quarters of the globe, we must have an army as well as a navy that can execute the mandate of the nation instantly. These distant islands involve a government subvention for a telegraph cable from San Francisco, by way of Honolulu, to Manila, and subsidized steamship lines, for communication

must be maintained between all parts of our domain, whether dividends can be had or not. Our postal service shows our policy in regard to this. Our new possessions cannot directly pay very much of this increased expenditure, but they may minister to a great expansion of our commerce and add to our national wealth.

This extension of our area and influence, this display of our armed strength, appeals strongly to our national pride. But that which warms our national love, and deepens our sense of high privilege as citizens of the United States, is not the enormous expansion of our territories, but the admirable use which, on the whole, we have made of them. The looseness of our political system has knit many nationalities, races, and religions into a homogeneous people, while the restraints of despotism and the blows of tyranny would have kept these apparently discordant elements distinct. We have made more people comfortable and happy than any other nation on earth. We have made religion a principle of individual action instead of a part of the social machine. We have given humanity, collectively and individually, a better chance than it ever had before, and humanity has made a good use of its chance. We have emancipated more white men than black men, and for this we love our country.

But we are now going to rule over others. We have assumed responsibilities to the world at large. We may be excused for being rather extravagant with our own patrimony, but we must be scrupulously careful when we assume fiduciary relations to others. Our one great national defect is our carelessness regarding our public service; the indifference with which we see it used for personal instead of public advantage; the small rewards we offer to good public service; the protection we extend to bad public service; the low tone in public life inseparable from the treatment of the public service as largess, as "bread and circuses" to be distributed by the victorious consul among his legionaries. We ought to remedy this for ourselves; we must remedy it as to the millions whose destinies we are seizing. Our departure from our long established policy will not be justified by the moral sense of the world, the United States included, in the future if we make our dependencies penal settlements for politicians whom we have no longer use for, or to whom we are not, or ought not to be, willing to give offices at home.

Our representatives in these islands will be carpet-baggers; we must take care that they shall be men who will remove the reproach from that term.

Fred. Perry Powers.

DESIRE OF FAME.

O UNAPPROACHABLE glories of the night!
 You type not my desire: enough for me
 The vanished meteor's immortality,
 Brief memory of a moment touched with light.

Helen Gray Cone.

A FORTUNE-HUNTER.

I.

MY DEAR JACK,—I must have a hundred dollars at once. Don't hem and haw about it, but send it immediately, if not sooner. This, with what I borrowed from you for the Annie Minton campaign, will make me indebted to you to the amount of two hundred and thirty-seven dollars; but never fear, I shall soon be in condition amply to repay you, and likewise to stake you in turn in case you want to engage in similar enterprises. For, my boy, I've struck it at last. And when I say "it" of course I mean "her." The reason why I am so insistent about getting the money in a hurry is that I promised to call Thursday evening and bring the engagement-ring, and she will be utterly incapable of understanding why I could fail to bring it; for the idea of impecuniosity, or debt, or the other stern realities of life, has never entered her dear little cerebellum, which is situated, I believe, in the back part of the head. Hindinsohn has a beautiful stone for five hundred which he agrees to let me have on instalments; I am to pay a hundred down, and he will not trouble me for the balance until after the ceremony (when he may go to the devil). And he further agrees to take the stone back in case my cursed luck should still pursue me and the marriage should fall through; but it *can't* fall through this time. Fate must have grown tired baiting me at last.

What a narrow escape of it I had in the Annie Minton affair! They say the girl was badly cut up over it, and of course everybody said that I was a mercenary, dissipated, extravagant wretch. I don't look at the matter in that way at all. In the first place, I don't recognize matrimony as a moral obligation. It seems to me braver and manlier under such circumstances to say, by one's actions at least, "My dear girl, I know what poverty means, while you have not the remotest conception of it. Being very, very brave and very much in love is a poor recompense for living in two rooms on the third floor of a down-town house, cooking on a gas-stove, and doing your own washing. No, no! I will not be such a coward as to take advantage of a transient sentimental feeling which you entertain towards me to drag you down to this. Besides, I should have to eat what you cooked on that gas-stove!"

As to my being dissipated and extravagant, why, I admit that I drink sometimes, but always in good company; and I have no objection to a quiet game of poker with a gentlemanly limit; and I feel no compunction about putting up a little money on a horse when I can get a straight tip. If this be dissipation, may Heaven help the young men of America! There are only three out of all my acquaintance who don't do the same.

Well, no doubt you are weary of this moralizing—or immoralizing—strain, and are ready to exclaim, "*Revenons à nos moutons*," I

can't promise you anything very entertaining, for there is nothing more commonplace and monotonous than love-affairs. The first time a man goes through the mill, he is apt to believe that his experience is unique and to get very much worked up over it; but each succeeding time he finds it more difficult to "come up smiling," as the pugilists say, and his features get an uncomfortable tendency to relax into a sardonic grin.

But to come to the story.

Last summer I was the guest of the Blue Sulphur Springs Hotel: I mean literally, not metaphorically. There is no necessity for any young man who can dance and flirt passably—"make himself agreeable to the ladies," as it is called—to pay board at a summer resort. As I possess both these accomplishments in perfection, I had a dozen good offers for the season; but Fate (with a large F) led me to Blue Sulphur. After I had abluted, supped, and donned my dress suit, I was strolling over towards the ball-room, when whom should I meet but my old friend Colonel Staggers? I smote his broad, comfortable back and cried out, "Colonel, how are you? You are the very man I am looking for. Come with me. 'I know a bank where the wild thyme grows.'" So we went in and irrigated two or three times, at my expense, of course,—which means, of course, at the hotel's expense, for I had taken care to stipulate for board *and drinks* before I came. Then we lit our cigars and sat down on the piazza. The colonel is one of those delightfully sensible men of the world to whom one can talk with perfect candor and without any mawkish affectation of sentiment; so I made a clean breast of it to him,—told him that I had recently celebrated the fifth melancholy anniversary of my thirty-third birthday, that my creditors were growing deucedly insolent, that I could not reasonably expect to remain on the turf more than a season or two longer, etc., and that, in short, I wanted his assistance.

He listened to me very attentively, and, when I had finished, laid his hand upon my knee and said,—

"My boy, I have watched your career with a great deal of interest. If you had only come to me, I could have saved you from that Minton entanglement; but I did not like to volunteer advice. If I understand you rightly, what you want now is a straight tip, a dead sure thing. You are too old to run any chances, and too much embarrassed pecuniarily to play for large stakes."

"You have caught me exactly," I said.

"My dear boy," the good old man continued, "there are several things which ought to be considered in selecting a wife. In the first place, you don't want 'em too pretty; they are difficult game, to begin with, and a man wants a woman whom he can leave to herself after marriage. And you don't want 'em too smart, for obvious reasons. But what you do want is a sentimental woman; they're easier to get and to get along with. Damme, look at me! If my wife was not the most sentimental woman in the world—— By Gad!" he cried, with sudden inspiration, "I know just the little girl for you. Say, how would a hundred thousand in her own name, and fifty more by and by, do?"

"I guess that would do," I said.

"Come on, then," he added, taking me by the arm.

We went up to the ball-room, and presently he pointed her out to me. Well, she certainly did not look too pretty nor too smart. I made rather a wry face, and the colonel, who was watching me, grinned. "Damn sentiment," he said. "Be a man."

At this I braced up and allowed myself to be presented. The little girl was evidently excited: there was not a man within fifty feet of her.

The colonel gallantly engaged with the mother: I could tell that he was giving a good account of me. I heard him repeat "swell, exclusive," and "elegant," which are an open sesame to the female heart. I lost no time in getting the daughter out into the moonlight. "Come into the garden, Maud." Her name is Maud, but I call her Maudie. The moon was shining brightly, and the grounds were well arranged for business,—shady walks, seats under the hawthorn, and that sort of thing. I began at once on the poetical dodge; I quoted enough poetry to that girl to swamp a ship. But I soon saw that this wouldn't do. As some people are color-blind and some are tune-deaf, so Maudie had no more idea of poetry than—nothin'. Presently I took her back to her mother, who was evidently flattered by my attentions to her daughter. She was the usual type of stupid old society woman, with barely enough sense to avoid the inclemencies of the weather, trying to be so young and gay, don't you know. After making myself agreeable to her for a few minutes, I dismissed them, holding the girl's hand just two seconds longer than was necessary, you know.

The next day I changed my tactics completely and started in on the flattery dodge. There is nothing like versatility in dealing with the fair sex. As soon as a woman sees your game, change your dodge. Maud and I went on a tour of investigation of the grounds, while I went on a private tour of investigating her charms. I pretended to have a great knowledge of phrenology, palmistry, and physiognomy, and ascribed to her all sorts of hidden and undeveloped talents whose presence she had never even suspected, for the simple reason that they did not exist. This took very well: it usually does.

After a while, however, this began to cloy a trifle, and I found it necessary to make another change. I began the attentions dodge. This is the broad, beaten highway to a woman's affections, but there are several objections to it: it is very slow, overdone, and very expensive. Livery and candy and flowers are beastly high at watering-places. Amusing, isn't it, that the most certain method yet discovered for winning a woman's eternal confidence and tender love should consist in taking her to the theatre and out driving, and giving her a few paltry flowers, bonbons, and trinkets?

I can recall how certain ancient beldames of my acquaintance croak forth, "He was extremely attentive to my daughter," "He was perfectly wild about her," etc. The manner in which these besotted youths manifested their consuming passion was by frequently resorting with the objects of their affection to the soda-fount (perhaps this cooled the sacred flame), playing very vilely and incessantly upon banjos and French harps, and talking enough nonsense to run Congress a year.

I had some opposition by this time—some of her friends had arrived on the scene; but I soon saw that I had nothing to fear from them. One poor devil had been madly in love with her for years. I won't stop now to inquire why it is so, but you have doubtless noticed that nothing so incapacitates a man for winning a girl as for him to be "dead gone on her," as we say in elegant society, and to show it.

The manager of the hotel took occasion very pleasantly to hint to me that he thought I was hardly fulfilling my part of the contract in devoting myself so exclusively to Maud. If I had been in a position to do so, I would have raised a devil of a row, packed my trunk, had all the women importuning me to stay, importuning the manager to make me stay, and after making him eat any quantity of humble pie, I would have changed my mind and stayed, or gone off and started the exodus, just as I chose.

As it was, I concluded that it was about time for me to ring in the indifferent and jealousy dodge. After that, I was worth my weight in gold to that manager. I led the german, I engineered straw rides, that invention of the Evil One (I wonder how many I've been on!), I took part in all the absurd attempts at amusement that jaded ennui could devise. If any young lady thought that she was not occupying a sufficiently prominent position and talked of going home, the manager had only to tip me the wink and I made her have a "glorious time" and take rooms for the rest of the season. If all the inner workings of a summer resort could be written out, what an amusing book it would make!

Maud pretended not to notice anything and to be having a hilarious time with her friends, but the hilarity was a trifle overdone.

By this time the crowd at the hotel had begun to thin out, so I returned to Maud. I tried the absence and sudden return dodge on her, and came very near succeeding, for the girl was all in a tremble at my unexpected appearance, and I was just about to gather her in, when the door opened and in walked Old Persistency, as I call him.

Last of all I played my trump card, the melancholy and wounded spirit dodge, and took the trick. Of course you are to be best man.

Don't forget that hundred dollars.

Yours,
IKE.

II.

MY DEAR OLD JEN,—Mamma and I have just returned from Blue Sulphur Springs, where we spent the season, as you know. Papa met us at the train, and was awfully glad to see us. We had a lovely time. I wish so much you could have been with us. Will Hazlitt and some of my other gentlemen friends were there, and we met some such lovely people. I want you to come and visit me next month for a very particular reason. Don't ask me why, but be sure to come. Mamma sends best love.

Ever yours lovingly,

MAUD.

P.S. Oh, Jen, Jen, I thought I'd wait until you came to tell you, but I just *can't* keep it any longer. I'm engaged. Isn't it awful? And to whom, do you suppose? You'd never guess in a hundred guesses. To Isaac Pennybunk! Who would ever have thought it? I am going to write you an old-fashioned, school-girl letter and just tell you all about it.

We had only been in the ball-room a few minutes the first night when two gentlemen came in. Mamma caught me by the arm and whispered,—

"Maud, that young man over there with Colonel Stagers is Isaac Pennybunk."

I looked at him with a great deal of curiosity, for I had always heard that he was an awfully swell, awfully fascinating fellow, who had broken several girls' hearts. Imagine my consternation when I saw Colonel Stagers coming straight towards us with him. I hardly knew what I was saying when the colonel presented him. I was never more agreeably disappointed in any one, for I expected that such a swell society man would have a large diamond ring and a fine moustache, and would quite overpower one with the elegance of his manners, the floridity of his compliments, and the strength of his perfume. But Mr. Pennybunk has the quietest manners I ever saw, and dresses very simply and with exquisite taste. He makes all the other men appear boorish beside him. I suppose that, in very exclusive society, the sweller a man is the quieter he is.

After a few minutes he asked me if I wouldn't like to get a breath of fresh air. It was hot in the bath-room, so we went out for a stroll, all the other girls staring at us as we passed. The moon was shining brightly out-doors. As soon as we entered the shady walk to the spring, Mr. Pennybunk began to murmur a lot of poetry, half to himself. Such dreadfully sentimental stuff as it was! You know that if there is anything I *loathe*, it is sentimentality. But it was so lovely out there in the moonlight that I let him ramble on without interruption. After a little, he took me back to mamma. When he parted from us, he held my hand for a moment, looked deep into my eyes, and murmured, in a low, almost caressing voice, "*Bon nuit.*" Of course he could never know what tender associations cluster around that simple expression for me. All at once I seemed again to behold my little white cot in the quiet old convent in far-away France, and my dear, sweet Sister Angélique coming to take away the candle. I could hardly keep the tears out of my eyes.

We went to our rooms then and retired, but it was such a lovely night that I could not sleep. I arose and sat in the window for a long time, and the refrain of an old French song kept running through my head, "*Bon nuit, ma chérie. Bon nuit, ma chérie.*" At last I fell asleep, and had such a strange dream. I dreamed that Mr. Pennybunk's face came and looked in through the window and whispered, "*Bon nuit, ma chérie.*" I awoke and found the moon shining full in my face.

Next morning at the breakfast-table he came over and asked me how I should like to take a walk through the grounds before it got too

warm. I assented, and presently we sallied forth. We found a secluded seat under a tree, commanding a lovely view.

"Will you forgive me if I do something very unconventional?" he said; and, to my surprise, he stretched himself out on the grass at my feet. He lay perfectly still a long time, gazing at the landscape, and a strange, dreamy look came over his face. Several people came by and stared at us, but he paid no attention to them. It was a lovely morning. Far off we could see the shadows of the clouds drifting lazily over the mountains. The birds were singing in the trees. High above us in mid-air a hawk wheeled. The freshness of morning was still over all. He turned his dark, eloquent eyes upon me; there is something half appealing about them. I am sure that he must have suffered some great sorrow. How it came about, I can never tell you, but I found myself telling him all about my life in the convent in France, and Sister Angélique and Sister Séraphine, and the father confessor and his donkey. He listened with grave, delicate sympathy.

After this we saw each other daily, almost hourly. Everybody at the Springs was talking about us. I felt the strangest, most delicious feeling creeping over me, as if I were being hypnotized; yet all this time he never by word or look indicated that he really cared for me.

Will had arrived meanwhile, and he actually had the impudence to inform me that Mr. Pennybunk was not a proper person for me to associate with, that he was frightfully wild and dissipated,—as if a man with such exquisite manners could be guilty of anything so horrid and unrefined. Mamma asked Colonel Stagers about these reports, and he said, "Why, madam, I admit that at one time Ike was one of the boys; but then a young man of spirit will see the world for himself, in spite of what we old folks say. It's much better that a young man should sow his wild oats before marriage than afterwards. I think it is deucedly ungentlemanly and ungenerous of his rival to prefer such charges against him."

His rival! My heart gave a curious little twist in my breast when I heard that expression.

What influenced him to act as he did I can never imagine, but suddenly, without a word of warning or explanation, he completely deserted me. Mamma was furious. Oh, Jen, you can't think how wretchedly unhappy I was. I lay awake at night trying to think what I had done. I wrote several notes asking if I had unwittingly offended him; but pride prevented my sending them. I wished a thousand times that I were back again at the dear old convent and could just lay my head on Sister Angélique's shoulder and cry my eyes out.

He plunged into the whirl of gayeties and rapidly assumed command; he led the german with Miss Moreau, of Baltimore, the most beautiful girl at the Springs, while I sat out on the piazza and looked on.

This lasted three weeks and one day; then one night he came and sat down by me, just as if nothing had happened. Mamma was frightfully cold to him. My heart was beating like mad.

"We have not seen much of you lately," I said. Mamma gave me such a look; I could have bitten my tongue out.

"I have not been missed," he said, bitterly. He seemed to be in a bitter mood that evening, for presently he launched forth upon a terrible tirade against the vanity, the selfishness, the insincerity of society people.

"So, *mon ami*," I thought, "you have at last discovered the value of a true friend." I went to bed light-hearted that night, and the moon peeped in through the window again and said, "*Bon nuit, ma chérie*."

The next evening he came to us and said that he was called back to the city on business. He thanked us for all our kindness,—said that he felt he had not deserved it at all,—hoped he would meet us again some time,—good-by!

That was Thursday. Friday about dusk the bell-boy came up and said that a gentleman wanted to see me in the parlor. There were no lights in the room when I entered, and at first I could see no one; then a familiar figure arose in the corner, and a familiar voice cried out, "My darling!" I trembled in every limb and fell on the sofa, and—the door opened, and in walked Will Hazlitt.

After this I felt like a man struggling for life, while far down in the innermost chamber of my heart a voice kept pleading, pleading with me night and day.

He seemed utterly disheartened, sat by himself all the time, smoked cigars, and looked dreadfully pale.

A night or two before we left I met him accidentally on the piazza. He asked me to take a stroll with him. We walked ever so far in silence; then he began to say that he didn't believe there was anybody in the world who really cared for him—he had hoped that I did, but had been cruelly deceived—that he felt like letting go every hold and just going to the bad as fast as ever he could. I couldn't stand it any longer. I don't know how it happened. All I remember is that several hours afterwards he whispered, "*Bon nuit, ma chérie*," to me as we parted. I don't know how he learned it.

Oh, Jen, I wish all the world were as happy as I am!

Edwin A. Pratt,
John Ford Barbour.

SUMMER LOGGING.

JUST as the demands of the market and the consequent developments of modern ingenuity have brought about important changes in the industries nearer our doors, so have they wrought great improvements in the methods employed by the lumberman in his work in the pineries. Those who know little of the secrets of the lumber woods are wont, perhaps, to think logging no more than a primitive occupation of the wilderness, such as is trapping, and to deem it one in which the decades of labor devoted to its pursuit have resulted only in exhausting the lumber supplies nearest the more settled portions of the country. It may not be known to many that in the chief lumbering districts the manner of cutting the logs and conveying them to the saw-mill

has undergone changes other and greater than that of situation, even though the field of operations has receded farther with each year of work. In logging, as in almost every other industry, inventive ingenuity has found methods more speedy and more sure than those of old, and with the changes in method there has come as well a lengthening of the period of operation. Time was when the logging crews were busy only in the winter and hauled the logs over the snow to the banking-grounds; but of late years there have been introduced new modes of transportation that make the lumberman independent of the seasons, and now he looks upon the summer also as a time of harvest.

Of all the factors that have played a part in changing the manner of lumbering perhaps the railway has been the greatest; beyond all question it has been the means of the most rapid and wide-spread denudation of the lumber regions. Twenty years ago rivers and streams were the only means of carriage used by the logger to transport his merchandise to the saw-mill. While that method had much more of individuality and special interest,—neither of which qualities gave it weight with the cool-headed lumber-operator,—it lacked the speed and certainty of the latter-day railway. In that method, which yet is employed very extensively in many districts, the spring freshets, or a system of dams and reservoirs, were utilized to carry the logs down the streams to the mills, and the winter was the time when the logs were cut and hauled on sleds to the rivers.

Spring freshets, however, are in some years known to fail; rivers now and then fall below their expected stages of water; log "drives" at times "jam" most provokingly; occasionally, too, there are winters of high temperature and slight snow-fall, when the logging sleds cannot be used continuously; moreover, the occupancy of one stream by several operators often leads to serious disputes over the mixing of logs from rival camps; but, more than all else, rivers do not always flow close to the fine timber land. Hence it was that man's resources were called upon to supplement the deficiencies of nature, and the result was the building of logging railroads. These railroads, being in operation during all the year, harvest the logs as fast as cut, carrying them direct to the mills or to some large stream down which they can be rafted at any season.

Although the watercourses have lost their essential importance to the logger, he still finds work to do upon them in "rafting" and "booming," with pike-pole and peavey, for rivers and lakes will always be used in the logging industry despite the invasion of the railway. There is good reason for this, inasmuch as it is far easier and cheaper to handle and store logs in the water than on land, and in the former case the danger of loss by fire—the logger's greatest enemy—is much less. So it is that the great "booms," those floating pens made of single logs fastened end to end by strong chains, will continue to hold their captive logs until the day when the lumberman finds his occupation wholly gone.

The railway was first employed by loggers shortly after the Centennial year, perhaps in 1878 or 1879, but it was at that time considered

too expensive a means of transportation for general lumbering use. The old method of floating the logs down the watercourses to the mills was a much less costly one where streams were available, and the former abundance of timber permitted the lumberman to leave for future cutting districts where they were not found. The decreasing timber supply now demands that no territory be overlooked, and the *fin de siècle* requirements for speed and quantity necessitate a method faster and more effective than that of twenty years ago. The destruction of forest land, rapid as it was with the old method, has increased almost beyond belief under the spur of present conditions. It is a more thorough annihilation, too, for the railway renders all regions accessible, and moreover trees that ten years ago the lumberman would pass by as too small are to-day carefully cut and marketed.

It may be that the logging industry has done little toward the direct promotion of trunk line railway construction, for the reason that its produce can be gathered but once in a man's lifetime; certainly it alone did not bring through lines to its fields of operation, but rather availed itself of the use of locomotives after they had come whistling to its home. When, however, this came to pass, it then in its own behalf extended lines of rail into its territory, tapping the richest districts and feeding its forerunner railways with constant streams of loaded logging cars. These lesser lines, radii from the railways blessed with mail contracts and the transportation of passengers and express matter, are seldom of common carrier ownership. They are located, built, and operated by the lumbermen themselves, and are roads for the day only, torn up to be relaid elsewhere when the land about them has been cleared. In length they are usually short, varying from half a mile to ten miles, though here and there particularly heavy timber will tempt the logger much farther. The rails are light, of from thirty to forty pounds' weight per yard, and a road is ready for use the moment the spikes are driven in and the fish-plates screwed fast. Slight effort is spent in grading or cutting, less in aligning and ditching, and none at all in ballasting, but the track answers the purpose of the moment as well as if constructed with greater care.

The builders of logging railways are not engineers upon whom recognized institutions of technology have conferred degrees; they are rather men who have learned their work in the school of experience among the big pines. Sharp curves and heavy grades do not daunt them, for no through trains will travel their roads, and when necessary the cars can be lightly loaded. America is a country of sharp railway curves, but the curves of logging railways are the sharpest known to engineering. In speed of construction, too, logging roads are easily first. The tracks are laid to points to which the greatest quantities of timber are tributary, and if from such points down-grades can be found to the main lines of railway over which the logs are to be shipped, so much the better, for all the traffic over logging roads is in one direction.

The introduction of the railway into the lumber country, and its application to the logger's use, led to the development of railway equipment especially adapted to the lumberman's needs. In the larger

camps logging locomotives are now often used to move the cars, but in camps of less size horses and pinch-bars are the motive forces relied upon. These logging engines are of a type designed to meet a particular want, and are built for heavy work on a rough track. They are enabled by their flexibility—which gives them great track-adhesion by equal pressure of the wheels upon all the inequalities of the rails—to draw large loads, while their short wheel-base allows them to follow abrupt curves. They are, in consequence, of slow speed, but of great tractive power and climbing capacity. The logging cars—for here too a special want has been supplied—are low and short, with bunks or cross-beams above the trucks, upon which the logs are rolled and then made fast with chains. To the eye accustomed only to the usual freight-car of railway service they look like dummy cars, but they are examples of evolution, and are admirably suited to their purpose.

Great as has been the influence of the railway upon the work of the lumberman in the north woods, it is not the only factor that has brought about changes in the method and the season of logging; or perhaps it should be said that its use by the logger demanded the adoption of further new devices in his work in order to develop its full efficiency. Of such devices the "logging wheels" are the most essential, and it is they that have made summer logging fully possible. In their present form they are a comparatively new contrivance, but logging wheels of some sort have been in use for eighteen or twenty years. Those most frequently seen to-day in the Michigan woods are single pairs of wheels of a diameter of from nine to eleven feet, and are capable of carrying enormous loads; the tires have a broad tread, six inches or more; the hubs are of white oak, massive and strong; the tongues are of iron-wood; and the axle-trees are heavy sticks of hard maple. When loaded, a log hangs between the two wheels on a well-tested chain that is wound around the axle. By means of these wheels, such logs as formerly could be hauled to the banking-grounds only when heavy snow made the use of logging sleds possible, may now readily be carried in summer from the place where cut, over the log roads laid out by the road-makers of the camp, to the skidways by the railroad track. These skidways are each formed of two logs laid parallel about eight or ten feet apart at a right angle to the track and near it. The wheels drop their loads at the ends of the skidways, whence loggers with cant-hooks roll them onto the skids; here the loaders receive them, and by the aid of a team of horses and a long chain they are again rolled, one at a time, up a loading-skid made of two light but tough sticks of timber onto the logging cars, guided and steadied and now and then assisted by the cant-hooks in the strong hands of the loaders.

But an observer new to the scene finds the operation of the logging wheels much the most interesting single feature of the logger's summer work. These Brobdingnag wheels are so thoroughly foreign to their environment as to suggest an effort to joke at the expense of nature, and yet they accomplish a purpose that could scarcely be effected by any other simple device. One who has not watched them passing slowly along the log roads through the dense northern woods cannot realize what an odd sight they are in such a setting. Fantastic as they

would appear in a city street, they gain vastly in grotesqueness when seen in the work for which they are built.

It may be said that since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on that shore where "the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed," the axe has been the insignia of the American pioneer. Until within the past fifteen years it was to an even greater degree the chief tool of the lumberman. When logging first became a great industry, and for many years thereafter, the axe was the only means used for felling the trees; but time, which is ever bringing forward a means better than the old, has substituted the saw, chiefly for economy of the timber, but partly for speed, and although the sound of the axe's blows still rings through the woods where the "timber-jack" is operating, the implement has been relegated to the lesser of its former uses. To-day the tree is notched with the axe upon the side to which it is desired it should fall, the saw cuts in above the notch upon the other side, and an iron saw-wedge, driven by hand into the cut the saw has made, starts the tree upon its journey to the mill. When it is down, the saw is again used to divide the tree into logs of standard length for shipment. The axe is still employed by the road-makers and swampers of a logging camp in clearing away the undergrowth and trimming off the limbs and branches of the trees felled for timber, but it has lost the sovereignty it once possessed in the chief logging districts.

Over the merits and defects of several of the minor tools in constant use by loggers there is endless debate in every logging crew. The "peavey" and the "cant-hook" are alike in that they each consist of a hard maple, hickory, or white ash handle from four and a half to six feet in length, upon the side of which, near the heavier end, a steel hook called a "bill-hook" is so bolted as to have vertical play when the handle is upright. The purpose of each is to move logs by lifting, rolling, or prying. This is done by placing the tool against the log in such a way that the point of the bill-hook will be driven into it when force is applied on the handle; it then becomes a lever, the heavy end being the fulcrum, the bill-hook the resistance, and the handle the power. The cant-hook is a land tool, and the peavey is used only in work in the water. The chief difference between the two implements is that the peavey has a "pick" or steel point in the end near which the bill-hook is bolted, while the cant-hook has a square end capped by a toe-ring with a nib upon the same side of the tool as the bill-hook. The general form of each of the two implements is the same throughout the timber-woods. Their utility depends chiefly upon the shape of the bill-hook. Of these hooks there are three well-known styles, the "round bill," the "duck bill," and the "chisel bill." Of the virtues and faults of these styles there is wide difference of opinion, some logging districts using one style only, some another, others employing all three indiscriminately, while yet others adhere to variations of either. In every style the shape must be such that the hook can be used on logs of any size, catching readily and firmly through thick or thin bark, and yet not so firmly that it cannot be easily and quickly withdrawn. Long and heated discussion often arises over this matter of construction, for there are occasions when a logger's safety depends

almost wholly upon the efficiency of this tool, and many a shanty-boy has been crushed because, either through faulty construction or through his own lack of skill, his hook has failed to catch a rolling log.

Of the other implements associated with logging in the mind of the layman, chiefly perhaps through pictures seen of work in the timber country, the pike-pole is the most conspicuous. It is used only in work in the water, and is a white ash pole from twelve to twenty feet in length, with a steel "pick," or point, in the end. Its chief purpose is to guide and push floating logs, and for the purpose of pulling them it is often provided with a metal hook springing from the side of the pick. The saws used by loggers are two-man cross-cut saws of a style similar to those in use in other industries. These various implements are tools of the trade that have been its aids for many years, yet, simple as they are, they too have known improvements, and if their forms are much the same as when they were introduced, the details of construction are to-day so altered that the life of the appliances and the ease of their operation are greatly changed for the better.

As in a winter camp, so in a summer logging camp the men are divided into several gangs, according to the work they perform. There are the "road-makers," or "road-monkeys," who are the first on the ground and whose duty is to prepare with axe, grub-hoe, and shovel the roads over which the logs are to be hauled to the logging railway; the "swampers," under the direction of the "buck-swamper," who clear away the brush and undergrowth about the trees to be felled, and who later trim the logs into condition for transportation; the "sawyers," who saw down the trees and cut them into logs; the "teamsters," who haul them to the railway; and the "loaders," who roll them up the skids onto the cars and there bind them fast. These form the crew who do the actual labor of logging; but there are yet other indispensable men in the camp. There is the "scaler," who "scales" or measures the logs as they are loaded, and to that end stands at the loading-skid with his "scale" or rule in hand, noting the sizes of the logs as they are rolled up, and marking them upon the end by a blow with the individual marking hammer of the owner, so that they may be identified when they have reached the saw-mill. The camp blacksmith is always busy in his smoke-stained shanty, for there is much repairing of chains, cant-hooks, skidding-tongs, loading-blocks, peavies, swamp-hooks, and other metal implements to be done, and half a dozen or more horses must be shod. There is also a "handy-man," or "tinker," who makes and keeps in repair all the wooden appliances of the camp, such as "jumpers," or "drays," ox-bows, and "eveners." In this time of well-fed camps, where life might seem almost luxurious to the logger of early days, the cooks, too, are individuals of no slight consequence, and their wages are commensurate with their importance. Beside all these, there is usually a "chore-boy," whose duties are manifold but trivial, and in large camps the cooks have one or more helpers known as "cookees," or "devils." The work of the men who cut and handle the logs begins and ends within the daily life of the sun, but the cook, the blacksmith, the handy-man, and the foreman—the busiest and the most important

man of the crew—must not forego their labor until all the duties that fall within their several provinces are done and everything is ready for the work of the day to come.

Of this little army, numbering from fifty to eighty-five, the loaders receive the highest wages paid the men in the out-door crew, for in their work judgment, skill, quickness, and great strength are needed, and only the best men are qualified. Next in the order of their pay are ranked the teamsters, sawyers, swampers, and road-makers. Board and lodging are furnished by the employer to all, and this is no small item of his expenses. With the development of the lumbering business there has come a greatly increased comfort to the shanty-boys who do the work. In the matter of food, for instance, the logger of the present is much better off than his predecessor of the period of the once puissant axe. To-day, when wholesome and toothsome supplies are more readily obtained and the transportation problem is vastly easier of solution, the tables in the "cook's shanty" of a well-ordered logging camp are laden at meal-time with bowls of soup and tin dishes of beef, pork, beans, sauerkraut, potatoes, and usually several other vegetables. Tea and coffee, with sugar and condensed milk, are served in generous quantities, and bread and butter, pies of two or three kinds, cookies, preserves, pudding, and cake are furnished in great abundance. The long tables and benches are of rough boards, and the men are waited upon by the "cookees" and the "chore-boy."

Great though the appetites may be that are born in the timber-woods, there is little time lost in eating, and when the day's work is over and the evening meal is done, then out come the pipes and the shanty-boys blow clouds that show by their all-pervading volume how great is the pleasure of tobacco after food. And with the pipes come jokes and stories, for they are a jovial lot, these shanty-boys of the timber country, and jesting and rough humor are a part of their life. Devil-may-care they are, too, with all the improvidence of men who are wont to spend months of toil and trial in remote regions. Their worst traits appear in the excesses to which they are addicted when they "strike" a lumber-town after a season in the woods; they are seen at their best when at work in camp. But, whatever else they may be, they are generous and good-natured to a large degree, and are always ready to aid a fellow-logger in distress.

The summer logging camp ordinarily is not a picturesque place. It is built beside the railroad, in order that supplies need not be carried far by hand or by "dray," and whatever beauty it has is gained from its environment of heavy forest. The various buildings, or "shanties," as they are always called, are clustered in a compact little village. Nearest the railroad, it may be, is the "cook's shanty;" next it, perhaps, is the "men's shanty," or sleeping-quarters of the crew; near them, again, is the office, where the camp accounts are kept and where the foreman and the scaler sleep. The barn, or "hovel," is at the end of the camp, with the granary beside it. The blacksmith's shop, and the work-bench of the "handy-man," are near by. The "root-cellar," which is both pantry and cold storage room, is built where the cook and his assistants have ready access to it. The cook's

shanty is the dining-room as well as kitchen, while the office is also a storehouse from which the timber-jacks can obtain tobacco and such principal articles of clothing as they may need. All the chief buildings are long and low, made of rough boards or logs, and roofed with sheeting and tar-paper. The sleeping-bunks in the men's shanty are built along the sides of the cabin in a tier two deep; this shanty is the logger's rendezvous on cold evenings, and in it the smell of strong tobacco-smoke lingers constantly. Such is a summer logging camp, and, rough as it may seem, it is no bad home for men toughened by hard out-door labor.

The life of the logger in the woods at best is not an easy one, for now and then he encounters hardships and dangers other and far greater than those of storm, sickness, exertion, and absence from civilization. A falling tree swings from the course chosen for it, a loading-chain breaks under the strain of a heavy log, the hook of a cant-hook slips at a critical time, or an axe swerves from sappy timber, and some poor shanty-man is carried groaning to the camp. This is but an occasional incident of the work, however, and only for a day does such a mishap dampen the spirits of the crew. Pleasures of the kind the logger fancies are not wholly lacking. There are gay hours in the evening, when the fiddle and the accordion furnish music of the loudest; there are rough sports when the men are not too tired; and even now, though the logger is growing—perhaps perforce—more moral, there are riotous times when the shanty-men return to town with their pay in their pockets. The life has a charm for its workers, or rather it has many charms. Those who have not experienced it cannot know the fascination of the dense, dark timber-woods—much quieter woodland it is than that of lighter growth. There nature seldom breaks the silence save by the cry of the wild-cat or possibly the lynx; but through it, when the logging is on, the jolly shouts and challenges of the loggers at times mingle with the sharp blows of the axe and the low, insistent sound of the saw as it eats its way into a tree's heart, ceasing at last, to be followed by the whistling crash of the falling tree. This spell of the deep woods may be felt by any one, but only he who has worked hard and long in a remote locality can fully tell the keen enjoyments that attend a return to civilization, even though it be of the crudest. Of such pleasures, the worse as well as the better, the logger learns much when his work is done and his crew laid off.

Our most picturesque American types are fast departing. The cowboy is well-nigh a creature of the past; he is about to throw off his sombrero and his "chaps" and dismount forever from his wiry little cow-pony. The shanty-boy soon will follow him to oblivion; already his gaudy blanket-clothing is losing—even in winter—the attraction it once had for him, and the improvements in method have robbed his work of much of the striking individuality it formerly possessed. As the vast cattle ranges are being broken up, so the timber country is being stripped of its wooden wealth, and with the trees the logger is going, never to return; but before his cant-hook and his pike-pole are finally laid aside, he will be reft of his most marked characteristics.

Even now the logging railways preclude much of the hazardous and distinctive work formerly done upon the rivers, the work wherein the log-driver showed his highest skill and daring. It was during these drives upon the rivers, and in the work at the roll-ways which preceded them, that the logger, times without number, fled for his life across a roaring, grinding "jam" when it was broken, while the water spurted up as the mass swung on with the current, and here and there logs raised their ends high in the air; or, again, that he raced with a speed born of necessity from plunging, rolling tiers of logs when the key-log was loosed. Agility and experience then saved men's lives when death seemed sure, and many a hairbreadth escape was laughed over when the drive was done. To-day the danger is far less and the work more commonplace. It will not be many years before the timber areas are fully cleared; and as the timber is vanishing, so is the shanty-boy losing, for want of exercise, the daring individuality that once made him notable.

Allan Hendricks.

FAIR SUMMER, LINGER.

FAIR Summer, linger at my door,
And let me learn your magic lore,—
Haste not away.
Your breath is sweet upon the hills,
Your music all the woodland fills,
And clear and gay

The bobolink his light song flings
Across the meadow, as he swings
With airy ease
In swaying tree-top, every pause
Filled with the rustle of applause
Of leaf and breeze.

In love for you, the oriole
At morn pours out his glowing soul
In wild, sweet trill;
But with night's tranquil music blent,
I hear the tender, sad lament
Of whippoorwill.

O Summer, surely he must feel
That into your warm heart will steal
A chill of fear,
Into your song a minor note,
As slow your perfumed garments float,
And disappear,
Adown the year.

Celia A. Hayward.

SIGNALLING IN WAR-TIME.

IN cruising about the Caribbean Sea in pursuit of the Spanish fleet the vessels of the American fleet had to be widely scattered to discover the elusive foe. It was necessary, however, that every member of the fleet should be in frequent communication with the flag-ship, directly or indirectly, in order that courses might be directed and no vessel go astray, and that the commander, also, might receive intelligence from all. In immediate conflict with fleet or fort especially, promptitude and clearness in signals would be imperative.

How wide a sweep could be made over the sea by a dozen vessels is a matter that would depend on the distance at which signals could be read in the various kinds of weather, and how far the outermost members of the fleet might spread apart to allow of timely concentration in case of an attack by the enemy's ships on either extreme.

Until the invention of the electric telegraph the best means of conveying intelligence over long distances of land or sea were flag and semaphore in the daytime, and torches or ships' lanterns by night.

The semaphore is a very old instrument of intelligence, having been in use more or less in Europe since the French Revolution. It was invented by Claude Chappé at Angers. He completed the first line, connecting Paris and Lille, in August, 1794; and on September 1, following, it bore to the Parisians the welcome news of the recapture of the town of Condé from the Austrians. The system, with modifications, was soon adopted by France, England, Germany, Denmark, and probably other nations.

As constructed by Chappé the apparatus was mounted on towers, and consisted of a long beam pivoted at the middle in a vertical position to an upright post, and having short wings at each extremity. By combination of angles of the beam and wings, one hundred and ninety-six figures could be formed, the meanings of which were found in the inventor's code. In England one form of the semaphore consisted of movable boards of different widths, supported horizontally at each end; the relative position of these conveying the signals, indicating a very limited number of conventional terms. Another form consisted of a single tall post with two long boards pivoted in parallel to the post near the top, so that they were capable of many combinations by means of variation of angle to the support and each other,—each different combination representing either a phrase, a word, or a letter, according to the special code.

During the French Directory, the Empire, and the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., numerous lines of this kind were constructed in France; and Napoleon made much use of the system in his German campaigns. The electric telegraph was introduced in France by Louis Philippe, and both systems were used in Europe until the time of the Crimean war; but the semaphore still serves usefully for short distances in some localities. The system does not appear to have been used to a notable extent on the sea until 1893, when a new form of

apparatus, to be used on masts, was adopted by the British Admiralty for the navy,—only to be supplanted in 1896 by a superior form devised by Admiral Wilson.

Sir Hans Popham was the first to promulgate a system of flag signals which became generally adopted. This was superseded by that of Admiral Kempen, devised about 1780, which formed a basis for the present system. In the Kempen system each message was represented by an arrangement of numerals, which were communicated by means of some twenty flags and pennants of different forms and colors, each indicating a certain number. The system was introduced in Nelson's fleet just before the battle of Trafalgar, and was the medium by which the great commander transmitted to the several ships the celebrated proclamation, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

The Kempen flag code proved so much superior to any other then known that it was soon adopted by all civilized nations; and a French and English commission composed an international code that was generally adopted by the larger merchantmen,—the numerals serving as well in one language as another. The system has since been several times improved and simplified, so that signalling by flags at the present day is performed much more easily and quickly.

The effective range of flag signals is from five to fifteen miles in ordinary weather. The form used in our military service was devised by the late General (then Colonel) Myers, just previous to the Mexican war. The flags—of some light, close-textured fabric—are made in three sizes, those for land use being six, four, and two feet square, for different distances. The smallest flag that can be read is preferred, because less likely to be detected by the enemy. The body of color is either black or red, with a square of white in the centre; or white, with a central square of red,—the breadth of this being one-third that of the flag. These designs are for the purpose merely of rendering the flag more distinctly visible. At long distances telescopic glasses are used for reading the signals. In the night either torches or flash-lights are substituted for the flags, the movements of the first and the signification of both being the same.

Two torches are required, the flying torch, affixed to the signal staff, and the foot-torch, placed on the ground. The latter is necessary to make a fixed point in the darkness by which the eye may note with certainty the direction of the movement of the flying torch. In construction, the torch generally used consists of a copper cylinder filled with turpentine or other inflammable fluid, brought to the air by a wick of cotton ravellings. This burns with a very bright flame as it is swung.

When signalling begins, the flagman raises the flag directly above his head. The motions "one," "two" are performed by waving the flag directly to the right and to the left side, respectively, until it touches the ground, then bringing it back above to the first position. The "one" and "two" represent respectively the dot and dash of the Morse telegraphic alphabet, so that a telegraph operator might become a signalman without any special training.

Communication is said to have been made between two stations at a distance of twenty-five miles, and detached words read, in one instance, over a distance of forty miles. The system was of much service to our forces during the Mexican war and in the Indian campaigns in the far West; but during the war of the Rebellion one of Myers's subalterns, who knew the system, joined the Confederates, and imparted the knowledge of it to them. It was much used by both sides in that conflict, though sometimes read also by the foes of the signalling parties.

Of course, in the presence of an enemy, or at any time when secrecy is necessary, the message can be sent in a cipher code, of which there are many; that in use by a government at any time being undecipherable except by those who have been furnished with its key.

Many instances of the utility of signalling might be cited, but two or three brief illustrations will suffice.

In Admiral Porter's attack on Fort Fisher, in 1864, the army investing the place observed, from their high position, the effect on the fortifications of the guns of the fleet, and were able by means of their signalling to give Porter such information that his aim was made with so much precision that the fire of most of the guns in the fort was soon silenced, resulting in an easy success.

General Sherman, having marched through Georgia and reached Savannah, found himself far from a base and support, but by means of the usual signals he succeeded in opening communication with the fleet, and by its aid was able to establish himself firmly in his position on the seaboard.

During the siege of Charleston, had not General Gillmore established communication with the different army corps and the fleet, he would certainly have suffered a reverse, with a final result which cannot be predicated; but he did so by means of fifty-five miles of signal line. The country about being woody and difficult to overlook, it was necessary to erect very high scaffoldings for many of the stations; several of these were constructed above one hundred and thirty-eight feet and one not less than one hundred and sixty feet in height, with a base thirty feet square. A telegraph would have been exceedingly difficult to construct, and, being in an enemy's country, impossible to maintain. At the present day the necessary elevation for signal flags and lights would probably be obtained by kites and balloons.

The field telegraph was principally used in the French and German wars of 1866-1870; but visual signals were largely employed in the sieges of Belfort and Metz, where there was not sufficient field telegraph material available. It is said that in the Russo-Turkish war (1877-1878) the means of visual signalling were greatly deficient, and that the contending armies suffered many times in consequence.

Besides the torch for night service, the best equipped signal corps are provided with flash-lights,—which are especially adapted to naval use. These were used long ago, and then neglected or forgotten for ages. The Roman tactician Armas invented an apparatus for signalling, in which a light was used, known as the *clepsydra*. It consisted of a tall vessel of water, which was let out at the bottom slowly by means of a tap. The vessel was gauged; and at each division a different sentence was

inscribed. The two or more signalling points had each an exact duplicate of the vessel; all were set in operation at the same moment by display of a light at the sending point. When the water had fallen to the gauge bearing the phrase which it was desired to communicate, the light was again shown, at which the receiver noted the sentence inscribed at the level of the water.

Another system of nearly the same period consisted in the display of a red tunic, signifying "Prepare for battle, and take a meal." Another signal of this system was a bloody or blood-red spear, the display of which gave permission to sack and devastate. These signals could have been of use only within the limits of a single camp or body of soldiers.

Colored lights have been used in modern times, especially on naval vessels, the lamps or lanterns being placed in line in alternation on a spar, which was then hoisted to a proper height for observation. Since the electric incandescent lamp came into use, this system could be operated very readily.

The *British Nautical Magazine* (vol. lxx., 1896) commended an American apparatus for night-signalling by means of the electric light, which it considered capable of very wide application, both on sea and shore. It consisted of a number of incandescent lamps arranged in the form of a monogram in such manner that it contained the forms of all the letters in the alphabet, each of which might be shown by itself by completing the special electric circuit in which it was placed. The frame bearing the lamps was designed to be hoisted to the mast-head, where they could be shown ahead or abeam, or in any other direction, as desired. The operator, by touching a key, sets aglow the lamps which form the letter; so that any message may be spelled out as far as the form of the letter is visible. This kind of device has now become familiar in most of the large cities of Europe and America.

In some elaborate experiments in Germany it was found that on a clear moonless night a white light of one-candle power was visible one and four-tenths miles, and one mile on a rainy night. An American test showed that in very clear weather a light of one-candle power could be plainly seen at the distance of a nautical mile; one of three-candle power, at two miles; one of ten-candle power, at four miles; one of twenty-nine-candle power, faintly at five miles; while one of thirty-three-candle power was plainly visible at that distance. With green light, a one-hundred-and-six-candle power was visible for four miles only. White light was found to be far more penetrating than any tinted light, especially in a fog.

Flash-light apparatus varies in different signal corps, whether on land or sea. The main principle is in hiding the light entirely, and giving flashes by long or short removals of the screen, or by a quick increase of the flame, so that it extends outside of the screen. The removal of the screen is now generally done by hand, with or without a crank apparatus; though in the early use of the system in the British navy the length of the exposures was controlled automatically, so that the continuance of flashes for dot or dash was uniform through any

one message,—the characters signified in this system being the Morse alphabet.

Any kind of light serves the purpose more or less efficiently: oil of the several kinds, oxy-hydrogen, or,—on ships having an electric plant—glow and search lights. In 1887 Denmark adopted Spakowsky's flashing lantern for the government's visual telegraph company. This consists of a small spirit-lamp which burns constantly when in use, but is invisible outside its encasement. By means of a pair of bellows and an apparatus similar to the flower-syringe, a stream of petroleum vapor is blown into the flame, causing it to extend upward perhaps a foot or eighteen inches in a brilliant blaze, until the current from the bellows ceases. The length of the blast is regulated by the mechanism of the apparatus, so that a dash is made to equal three dots, in time. The signals of this lamp have been read with the naked eye at a distance of fourteen miles, and the lantern has been employed successfully four miles in a heavy rain. On shore the lantern is supported on a tripod; on shipboard it is usually fastened to a pole held up by a man. In Danish practice, the ordinary rate of signalling between two stations is from two to three words a minute with flags, and from one to two words with the lantern.

In her last campaign Austria employed for daytime signalling the "clock-vane system," invented by Lieutenant-Colonel Yonge, of the British army, which has also been adopted by Italy. This consists of a pole six feet in height, having at the top a triangular wing five feet in height with a base of three feet, a small triangle being cut out of it at the middle. It can be shown in twelve different positions, which may be doubled in number by hoisting a "point," or omitting it, over the triangle. This "point" is a circular disk two feet in diameter,—a smaller circle being cut from its middle. These twenty-four signs represent a reduced alphabet. The apparatus is visible at a distance of eight or nine miles, by the aid of a telescope.

A system of great value, especially for geodetic use, is that of the heliograph, in which a ray of sunlight is flashed from a mirror to great distances. The size of the mirrors and the method of receiving vary according to conditions, being generally received directly by the naked eye, though field-glasses are often necessary; while in other cases a screen is erected to intercept and show the flash. In the warmer regions of the globe, where the atmosphere is generally clearer than in the remoter parts of the temperate zones, the system has been tried at night, with moon or planet, for short ranges,—twelve miles being the largest limit noted for the naked eye.

The heliographic apparatus, as used in the field, consists of a tripod bearing a pivoted bar, moving horizontally, which carries a mirror on one arm, and on the other a sighting-rod, with cross-hairs and micrometer-screw adjustment. In ordinary service the mirror used is four inches square, with an unsilvered spot in the centre, to sight through; this size being sufficient for the distances usual between stations, not exceeding fifty miles, in clear weather. It is stated that in England, where the atmosphere is moister than here, flashes from a four-and-a-half-inch mirror are visible, under favorable conditions, twenty-five

or thirty miles; and from eight-inch to twelve-inch mirrors, through a very clear atmosphere, fifty and even eighty miles, without the aid of a telescope.

The circle of illumination within which a sun-flash can be seen at a distance of one mile is between sixteen and seventeen yards in diameter; and the circle increases about this measure with each additional mile,—so that distance adjustment within ordinary limits is not difficult.

Probably no quicker work has been performed in signalling than that in Arizona, in 1886, under Lieutenant A. M. Fuller, when a message of twenty-seven words passed through six stations and over a distance of three hundred miles, and was replied to with twenty-five words, in two hours and twenty minutes.

The greatest distance I have seen mentioned over which a heliographic signal has been sent was between the peaks of Mount Uncompahgre, in Colorado, and Mount Ellen, in Utah,—the distance being one hundred and eighty-three miles. This was accomplished in the summer of 1894. The report which I saw did not state the size of the mirror, but it was probably the largest used by our signal corps, the twelve-inch, giving a reflecting surface—less the unsilvered spot—of one hundred and forty-four square inches. The heliograph flash in this instance, it is said, appeared like a bright star.

In an experiment in marine signalling by heliograph, made in 1883, between the islands of Mauritius and Réunion, off the east coast of Madagascar, a distance of 133.56 miles (the stations being at the heights of 3783 and 2503 feet, respectively, above the level of the sea), a mirror having the enormous surface of 10.76 square feet was used, in the expectation of overcoming the solar haze; but the results were unsatisfactory. It was stated that when the atmosphere was at the best the flashes at the receiving station were dazzling, "like another sun."

With all its superiority in distances, the heliograph is too uncertain for sole reliance. A passing cloud is sufficient to interrupt the clearest signals, perhaps in the critical moment of a battle; or a sun-haze may render invisible the rays from the largest mirror: so that, at any time, without a clear atmosphere the system is useless.

It is not known that the heliographic system has ever been in use on shipboard; and the sea-service has nothing for daylight signalling that approaches its accomplishment in dry atmospheres. For night service at sea the flash-light appears to be the best system of signalling in all weathers; though, on rare occasions, the long beam of the electric search-light thrown upon the sky has proved effective for communication when it was possible by no other means. An instance of such use was reported, a few years ago, by two British ships, which, while on opposite sides of a high promontory nine miles in width, opened communication with each other by means of dot and dash flashes on the sky from their search-lights.

George J. Varney.

THE POLICE REPORTER.

THAT first and sturdiest of newspaper men, Dr. Samuel Johnson, sat one night in the Mitre Inn in Fleet Street, and James Boswell of Auchinleck, who was a sort of tomtit Dr. Johnson, passed the bottle.

"Why do you not write your biography, sir?" asked the laird.

"Sir," answered Dr. Johnson, rolling in his chair, "there are few writers who have gained any reputation by recording their own actions."

Doubtless this is all very true, but the police reporter, who has spent a few years in recording the actions, wicked and ludicrous, of other people, has small reason to hesitate to "chronicle the small beer" of his own experiences. In the first place, he is an important person. From the view-point of the street-corner critic of the newspaper, he is the most important member of the staff, and it may be added that the wise managing editor holds virtually the same opinion. This is easy enough of explanation, for in these days of "new journalism" nine sensations out of ten have a criminal ramification. With all these, in one way or another, the police reporter has to do. His workaday life is made up of embezzling cashiers, peccant wives, husbands who break most of the commandments, thieves and murderers, magistrates and hangmen. He is hail-fellow-well-met with gamblers and policemen; he knows all the "primrose paths to the everlasting bonfire;" he rubs elbows with infamy and shakes hands with vice; he studies the seamy side of life,—the black, festering, nauseous side of life. His daily lesson is the "fall of man." It would be an excellent thing to send the optimists, who prate so cheerily, out with a night police reporter on his "beat:" it would be a better thing to send Messieurs the pessimists out with him. For it is a double word; the sword has two edges and cuts either way. One may learn lessons of purity and great faith and abiding love in the police court; one may reconsider his Schopenhauer in houses that city missionaries shun. And so, finding a soul of goodness in things evil, one comes to look upon life as it is,—neither black nor white. Charles Dickens and George Augustus Sala and many another excellent police reporter found this truth.

To put it in a nutshell, the police reporter sees all sorts and conditions of people, as God, the world, the flesh, and the devil have made them, not through the glass of convention, darkly.

Once upon a time there was a young man who came over-sea. He had smoked putative pipes and "boned" Kant and Haeckel in a musty German university, had mooned through Italy and fluttered in Paris, moreover had written verses and dramas,—unpublished up to date,—and had his Horace and his Richepin on the end of his tongue. In short, he would have frankly confessed himself an Amalek of a fellow.

He was young, and he went to Chicago. A perfectly useless eye-glass was screwed into one eye; he wore a long-caped top-coat, outrageously red and yellow; on his feet were patent-leather boots with yellow silk "spats;" he had terra-cotta gloves and a very fine walking-stick and a very tall silk hat.

He wanted to reform Western journalism. That was his object in life in those days, and he offered his services to the city editor of a Chicago newspaper.

"At seven o'clock," said the little man, standing up and tilting back his old straw hat, "trot over to the Central police station. I'll tell our man, when he comes in, to give you something to do."

There was a taunting, grim little smile among the city editor's whiskers as he sat down and went on making up the evening assignments, and the young man felt as though he could emulate Moses and break all the commandments at once—over the city editor's head. It took a year or two to understand that any man with that brutally cynical smirk could have a big warm heart under his waistcoat.

The reporters' room in the city hall was a long, narrow room, cluttered up with tables and chairs. The night police reporters sat about, smoking, swearing cheerfully at each other, writing copy, looking over the official police reports of the accidents and fires of the day, playing cribbage, or telling each other what they thought of their respective city editors. Some of these were youngsters fresh from college, who smelt horribly of cigarettes and were on intimate terms with all the unhanged murderers in town. One of these was a slim young fellow, over-tall and girlish-looking: he had only "been in the business" a year, but he had already won his spurs.

Thus: A trunk had been shipped from Chicago to New York. At Buffalo it was tossed to the platform by a baggage-man and broke open. Inside was the body of a strangled man. Of course this was "good newspaper stuff," and any number of reporters were sent out on it. One of these was the girlish-looking chap. He thought it all over, and for three days and three nights haunted the railway stations, hobnobbed with expressmen and porters, drank with them, chummed with them. At last he got trace of an expressman who remembered bringing a trunk of the given description to the station, and from him got the address from which the trunk had been taken. This house was over in a nest of Italian tenements and evil dens on the west side. The reporter went over there. Near the house he met a policeman and told him he was a reporter.

"Lend me your revolver," he said. "I want to go up here for a few minutes."

"Can't do it," said the policeman; "it's against orders; and, me boy, I wouldn't go up into that dago den to-night with two guns."

The reporter, after explaining the "case he was on," sent in a call for the patrol-wagon. Then he went up through the tangled blackness of the stairways. There was a light in a room on the top floor. He beat at the door. No one answered, so he pushed open the door and went in. Three Italians were sitting at a table, and they started up, nearly overthrowing the smoky lamp.

"I say," drawled the girlish reporter, "are you the fellows who killed that man and put him in the trunk?"

Doubtless they did not understand, for they chattered in Italian, watching him suspiciously.

"Caruso, Caruso," the reporter shouted: this was the name of the murdered man.

Then one of them ran at him with a knife, and a second fired a revolver at him. He did not wait; he tumbled down the long stairs and into the street just as the patrol-wagon rattled up. The three men were very properly hanged on one gallows, and this too was "good newspaper stuff." So this young Harvard man won his spurs.

But the idiot with the eye-glass—I can see him now—was welcomed by a grim-looking Irishman with a white moustache and goatee. He was the "star" reporter of the night staff. He was known as a poet and a dramatic critic in Ireland in the early days of Fenianism. He was one of the leaders in the abortive Fenian struggle, and saved his neck by escaping to Paris. There, too, he won reputation as a writer on the French papers; but he came to America, and at this time was "doing police" on the Chicago paper which the idiot with the patent-leather boots had decided to "reform."

"Your coat has an English accent," he remarked; "but sit down. The city editor told me to give you something to do to-night. It's very dull, by that same token, but there's a woman died out on West Dash Street, and you might as well be going out there and see why she died."

Then he laughed, and all the other reporters laughed, with cheerful disregard for the feelings of the new man, who felt there was something wrong. In fact, it was a delightful "guy." There was a dead woman out somewhere at the jumping-off place of Chicago, but the police report simply said that Mary Walsh had died at such and such a number, Dash Street; that the coroner said there was no necessity for an inquest. Of course there was nothing in the case, but it was just as well to get that eye-glass out of the room and let the "gang" get to work.

The idiot went out. What he did it is needless to chronicle here. But he fell upon an adventure, horrible and weird, which he set down upon paper, and which the city editor put into print, and next day the idiot read it all—that is, he spent all morning reading it over—on the front page of the paper. When he "showed up at the office" the city editor frowned at him over a long-stemmed cob-pipe, and said, with a fugitive grin of approbation, "You may cover night police."

The art of "doing night police," to use the journalistic phrase, is the art of hard work. It means that one must forget that there is such a saying as "wind and weather permitting;" it means that one must turn the twelve-hour glass upside down and make day of night, rising when other folk sleep and sleeping as best may be; it means fires and suicides, murders and street-brawls, raids on gambling-houses where men lose money, and raids on deadlier places where men lose reputation.

A young man was police reporter on a San Francisco morning paper. One night there was a fire: one of the big tawdry palaces on the hill

went tumbling into wet ashes. Now, at that time the fire department was ruled by a political boss, a man who is now a blind fugitive in Canada. The fire department was of the old "volunteer order," once dear to the Bowery boys of New York. It was made up of the street-loafers and "night-hawks," who were only too glad to collect twenty-five dollars a month and run the chance of pillaging any house where fire held sway. This night they sacked the big house on the hill, and then—for only one wing was ablaze—put out the fire. The police reporter went and saw the owner, and asked him what he thought of the fire department.

"It's an outrage," he exclaimed; "but don't quote me: you know I am running for State Treasurer."

But the two-thirds idiot was new to San Francisco. He went to his office and wrote a column of unkind things about the fire department,—in fact, very unkind things, for he accused the volunteer fireman of a lack of proper respect for that praiseworthy commandment that says, "Thou shalt not steal."

The next day he was summoned before the fire commissioners to give evidence in an inquiry into the good or evil doings of the "volunteer system."

"Have you any witnesses to call," asked the chief commissioner, who was a fat, red-faced man, "to prove your assertion that the firemen stole anything from the house?"

"The candidate for State Treasurer," the idiot answered.

"I have judiciary powers," said the red-faced man, after a consultation with the candidate, who sat near him, "and I commit you for ten days for contempt of court."

The reporter was led away to—no, not to a dungeon deep, for he gave bail and went on writing items for his paper. But the next day the paper published an apologetic editorial, saying that the volunteer system was the best fire system in the world; and all things went on as they were, until the blind "boss" fled to Canada and the fire department shared in the general regeneration.

Take that night in May when the anarchists were making speeches and throwing bombs over at the Haymarket in Chicago. It was a nasty gray night, with dribbles of rain. The short-hand men were over at the Haymarket taking the speeches: were there not such fire-brand rauters as Parsons and Spies and Fielding? About ten o'clock the bomb was thrown into the squad of police who were marching into the square to preserve order. Then the bell at head-quarters jangled and clamored; the patrol-wagon rattled out, the policemen scrambling into it or catching at the sides; the reporters rushed for the cabs that wait all night about the city hall in Chicago. They got within two blocks of the scene, and there the cabmen drew rein; the "night-men" jumped out and tried to elbow a way through the mob that ran screaming down the streets. The police were charging, crazed with rage and fear, and shooting and clubbing indiscriminately; the anarchists were popping away from alley-ways and hidden corners. But the "night-men" got through and wrote the story; that is, all save one of them did. He was buried the day after.

There is one other incident of the police reporter's work that might find a place here, but it is not easy to write out,—at all events, for one who knew well the reporter who figured in it.

He was a slight, lissome chap of six feet, with a soft brown beard and moustache. He had a gentle, slow smile that touched one like the bubbling laugh of a baby. And yet he was iron-muscled and steel-nerved, and withal one of the shrewdest reporters who ever set out to dog down crime or villany. The newspaper for which he was working ascertained that Hammond was in Seattle. Now, Hammond, be it understood, was the man who in the days of the Cleveland Street scandal in London was paid to "keep out of the way," for he had in his possession facts and letters incriminating all the soiled peerage of England. The letters he had in his possession he offered to sell to this reporter, who journeyed up into the Northwest to see him. It was a long and tedious negotiation. There was hobnobbing with this man and that; there were days of hard work and nights of harder dissipation. At last the reporter had secured all the letters,—enough of them, at all events, to furnish forth an article of international importance for his paper. Then he was killed.

How?

Not even we who loved him and worked side by side with him know.

But his dead body was tossed by the wind and wave, bandied from the shore to the shoals, bruised by the rocks and swollen by the sun. Well, that was the end of a police reporter.

In New York and London there is none of the loyalty to one paper that sends the police reporter far afield in dangerous ways. The "bureau system" runs rampant; that is, there is a system whereby the newspapers farm out the gathering of police news to different agencies. In New York there are two of these of importance; in London each police court is controlled by one man, who has the right that time gives to furnish stenographic reports. To be sure, there is plenty of "outside work"—one must be pardoned for using the slang, catch-penny phrases of journalism—for the night police reporter on any London paper, even as there is on any American journal. That is, "something big" comes up, and the editor of the paper pays no attention to the "flimsy-factories," the agencies that grind out the ordinary grist of petty police news, but calls upon one of his trusty reporters.

And here again I find it pleasant to look back upon an idiot who was reporting for one of the London papers in '88 and '89. The editor of the paper was an Irish member of Parliament.

There had been two or three murders,—ghastly murders, where women were done to death. One night, for instance,—and this was the first,—there was a woman slain in St. George's Square, East, and there were thirty-three stabs in her body; then another woman was killed off the Mile-End Road; and a third in Hanbury Square: all of these down in the wretched ruins of Whitechapel.

Then there began to be a deal of excitement in the newspaper offices. Another murder came; a poor degraded bit of femininity was slashed

to death in one of the black, blind courts off Mile-End Road; then another was cut to pieces in Mitre Square, near Aldgate, in the old city of London. So the newspapers were aroused—even the London editors; and be it said, with proper respect, that it takes an earthquake of news to arouse a London editor. Thereupon all the journalists in London who could "write a wee bit" were sent out to do the Whitechapel murders. And one of these reporters was an idiot with an eye-glass,—he had degenerated to the eye-glass again,—and the plump editor ordered him to go to Whitechapel and discover and describe "Jack the Ripper."

The young reporter led his eye-glass down the stairs and found himself in Fleet Street. He did not know how to set about the business, so he strolled into Mitre Court, which is off Fleet Street, and there he found a tavern that is known as The Mitre. In other days Burke and Garrick and Reynolds and Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, in a peach-blossom coat, and Boswell, in green velvet smalls, gathered there and drank Oporto.

And there, in The Mitre, the idiot met a man who wrote the opera of "Billee Taylor," once famous in these parts.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"The Whitechapel murders," said the reporter.

"Descriptive?"

"Yes, a general descriptive story."

"Why don't you read up De Quincey?"

"What—Leathern-Apron?"

"To be sure: it is excellent stuff," said Stephens.

Then the young man—who had read his De Quincey—sat down and wrote up a description of the wicked man who had done to death the wicked women of Whitechapel. He used as prototype the curious creature of De Quincey, the leathern-aproned Jew with the knife in his belt and the white face blurred with black eyebrows. There was something startlingly realistic about the picture. Then the idiot went down and interviewed the periwinkle-men and apple-women of Mile-End Road. Of course they had seen Leathern-Apron slinking about the streets, with his knife whisking in his hand.

So it was a good story, and the young man turned it in to the office. But there was one odd end to it: the day after the story was printed the police began to look for Leathern-Apron. By some whimsical mischance they found a poor innocent Hebrew who answered the description: he was a butcher down in Basis Court, and he lay in jail for two weeks, and—well, "Billee Taylor" was responsible for it.

Vance Thompson.

TEMPERANCE.

FIRE enthralled to man gives power and gold.
Fire man's tyrant is when uncontrolled.

Grace F. Pennypacker.

"MISERY."

THE mountains of western Pennsylvania give rude shelter to a peculiar people. The severe winters would kill off any but the strong, while the rocky, mountainous farms would not afford a living to any but the industrious. So, in the course of the long, cold winters and the short, unfruitful summers, the instinct of self-preservation has made the mountaineers a strong, sober, hard-working, economical people, who combine the energy of the Yankee with the stability and prudence of the German; a people who are too practical to waste any time on sentiment, and too industrious and self-satisfied to tolerate shiftlessness.

Among these people Misery was born and raised. She was a child of the soil, and grew as the crops grew, because she had to. Growth was one of the necessary evils that followed from her birth. No one took any particular interest in her, and she certainly took very little in herself or anybody else. Even her mother, a stern, overworked, dragged-out woman, paid little attention to her. She was kept too busy working to keep the roof over her head, and forcing a living out of the rocky little farm, to care for less important things, till suddenly, one summer, she gave out, and, after lingering a few days on a hard mattress of corn-husks, gave up the struggle for existence, leaving a three-months-old baby in Misery's arms.

Poor woman! She had tried to tell the girl what to do. "You will have to take my place, Missouri, an' be a mother to the baby, an' don't cross pap." Then, as she thought of how heavy was the burden of work and trouble that she was leaving to those young shoulders, the woman's voice was choked, and for the first time in her life Misery saw tears rolling over her mother's wasted, sunken cheeks. But this did not last long. A life of quiet endurance and repression had not fitted either the child or the mother for such an exhibition of feeling. The woman soon controlled herself, and tried again, as she had tried day and night since she had given out, to think of some way by which Misery could get along without her. But gradually the look of anxiety and suffering in the dark eyes deepened into positive despair as they rested on the slight form by the bedside. What could such a child do?

"God only knows what'll become of you," she exclaimed, with a strength that was born of her passionate despair; then, in a quieter tone, "Do the best you can, an' perhaps the Lord will help you. Ef you an' the baby could only get along without me, I'd be glad to die, for I'm clear done out." Then, later and fainter, "Be a good girl, Missouri; you're all the baby's got," and with the despair still in her eyes she turned away from the girl and looked through the open window up the mountain-side to the tall pine-trees that stood motionless against the bright blue of the sky. And very soon, quietly watching them, she died.

After the funeral was over and the half-dozen neighbors had gone, Misery's first feeling was sorrow and loneliness. Her mother and their

dog had made up her world. Then, as she remembered what her mother had said about the baby, she began, for the first time in her life, to feel that she counted for something. Something was expected of her, something depended on her. She began to be a reasonable human being; her old careless animal existence was over forever.

To be a mother to the baby! To take her mother's place in the house! That meant a great deal to Misery. She well knew that it was the mother who had toiled day and night to feed and clothe the family, while in the little village a few miles below them on the mountain the father loafed in the tavern. She could easily remember how often she had wakened in the night and listened to the whir of the spinning-wheel and the steady walk across the room as her mother paced back and forth through the long hours. Now the burden of her mother's life had fallen to her, and she trembled to think of her weakness.

Life had been anything but bright to her. It had been hunger and cold and hard work, as far back as she could remember. Her mother and her dog had been her two friends; for, instead of making any more at the school to which she was driven every winter, she had only increased the dislike and suspicion of which she had always been the object, by striking back whenever she was struck. She was "poor McVicker's girl" to teacher and scholar, who made the vague reproach felt by definite snubs whenever occasion offered. Her spirit was not of the kind to stand such treatment quietly. She was strong and brave, and did not hesitate to inflict punishment on those who deserved it. Bruised limbs and heads appealed to the sympathies of the shocked teacher and enraged parents, until Misery was pronounced a dangerous young savage.

It was the teacher, too, who had changed her name Missouri to the "Misery" that had clung to her ever since. It was nothing but "a joke," called forth by the expression of want and wretchedness on the girl's face; but it was a joke that caused its victim many a fit of rage and helpless fury.

But, dark as her childhood had been, it seemed to her, on the day after the burying, that it looked bright beside the darkness of the future. She had taken the baby in her arms and had gone out behind the house to a little hill, whence she was looking down the road for the first glimpse of her father. She had been working hard all day, and had just finished getting supper, and this was the first chance she had had to think since her mother had died. Her forehead was puckered in deep, anxious wrinkles, and the tears were standing in her eyes. She quickly brushed them off as they began to roll down her cheeks. She had no time for crying. Sorrow is relieved by tears, but not worry, and her worry was so great that the sorrow had to be kept under. She thought and thought over the great question of keeping soul and body together in the baby, her father, herself, and the dog, until the dog barked at her father coming up the road, and she hurried down to the house to put their scanty meal on the table.

In the time that followed, she showed herself made of the same stuff as her mother. Things went on a trifle worse than before, but

still they kept moving. The winter was long and cold, but Misery was kept so busy with her housework and knitting and spinning for the neighbors that she paid little attention to it; besides, the dog and the baby were company for her. In the spring she managed to get her father to do some ploughing, and she sowed and planted. In the fall they both worked in the field together, and McVicker seemed to have improved somewhat in his habits.

And so things were looking brighter to her that fall than they had since she could remember. The baby had learned to talk, and followed her about from morning till night with the dog. Together they were a tolerably happy company. But one day the baby was plainly not well. Towards supper-time Misery looked anxiously for her father to come from the village, that she might send him for some medicine. She waited at the house as long as she could, and then, taking the child in her arms, walked down the road to meet him, with Lion at her heels. She walked as far as she dared, for a cold wind had come up as soon as the sun had gone down, and she feared the child would be hurt by being out too long. Back to the house she went, fear for the child, and terror lest her father's long absence was owing to a relapse into his lately abandoned drunken habits, making her heart ache with anxiety.

At last he came, but he was no sooner in the room than she wished him away. He was drunk, and, shuffling from side to side, stumbled against Lion. Cursing furiously, he kicked the dog out of his way, then bent with maudlin tenderness over the baby's cradle, attempting to take it up.

The baby cried, and Misery saw that her father was getting into a rage. A louder scream from the baby, and McVicker's heavy hand was lifted to strike it; but, as it fell, Misery snatched the child up to her bosom, and Lion sprang at the hand and caught it in a tight grip. McVicker threw the dog off and seized a heavy iron poker. With a scream of horror, Misery saw her father take deadly aim at the brave dog's head. Involuntarily she started to go to him, but before she could cross the room the dog was lying on the floor gasping out his last breath.

For one instant she stood over him, her eyes stretched painfully wide open with horror; then, with the child in her arms, she turned and ran from the house. Down the mountain road, through the dark, with a cold wind blowing hard against her, she ran on till she was exhausted, and then walked as rapidly as she could till she saw the lights—very few were burning yet—in the village.

The awful desolateness of their situation struck her as she wondered who in the village would take them in. She knew the baby needed something from the doctor, so at the doctor's door she bravely knocked, although the darkened house told her that they were all in bed and would resent being disturbed to attend to Misery McVicker.

"Who's there, an' what do you want?" came from an upper window in a by no means encouraging voice.

"Please, sir, it's Misery McVicker an' the baby. The baby's sick, an' I've brought it down from the mountain to get something for it."

"Well, I reckon, at such a time o' night! Jus' like your shif'less ways, puttin' a thing off till the last minute an' then disturbin' people this way."

But the mountaineers were so healthy that a patient was something of a curiosity; so in a few minutes more he was down at the office door with a flickering tallow candle, ready to "take a look at the young un."

The look decided him to take them in for the night, much to the disgust of his wife, who did not hesitate to put in her loud remonstrances. They compromised at last by letting the girl stay in the office, where she was comfortable enough, in a rocking-chair, with the baby on her lap.

In the morning the baby was much worse, and so the doctor kept them longer. Seeing Misery subdued and quiet, nursing the baby with passionate tenderness, the doctor's wife grew less hostile, and unbent so far as to allow the girl to help her about the housework; but it was not for long. The baby was dead and buried before the week was out, and Misery had started back to her home.

The long walk up the mountain was hard on the girl. She felt "done out." She sat down often to rest. The nearer she came to her home, the slower she went. Her arms ached for their accustomed burden. She shrank from the farm and the work, that would now be easier, since there were fewer to care for. Before, there had been so much to live for and work for that it had buoyed her up on the hardest days.

At last she came to the house. She wondered if her father had buried Lion. She wished that the baby and she and Lion might have been buried together. It would not be so lonely for the baby. She had been at the doctor's long enough to know that such a wish would be looked on as blasphemous; but she felt that since people had not taken any care of them living, they had no right to interfere with them dead. She sat in the twilight thinking, in a dull uncertain way, of her mother and the baby and Lion, until her father came in. Then she got his supper, but while he was eating she went out and stood by the gate, still thinking, till the moon came up and threw such ghastly shadows about her that she shuddered nervously and walked back.

Nothing could have been more desolate and dreary than her life that winter. It was only when at rare intervals she came to the village to "trade" that she spoke to a soul. Her father was doing better now, and was at home most of the time, but they had nothing to talk about and seldom spoke. In the monotony of her life she sometimes grew almost frantic for something to happen. Anything seemed better than this endless working and thinking. For she had grown into a habit of thinking and longing for something better than the mere animal existence given her. If she had only had the baby to work for and worry over, she would have been contented and happy, but the dead stillness in her life grew intolerable.

At last the summer came, and with it came an epidemic in the little village and on the neighboring farms. So many were stricken down, and the work on the farms was so pressing, that the sick were mostly left to get along as well as they could. The doctor com-

plained loudly of the lack of nurses, and when Misery heard of it she came down at once and offered to help him. She had not responded to his call for the sake of the good she could do, or from any heroic impulse. It was something to do, something different, something that would take her away from the empty quiet house that had grown hateful to her. She was strong and quick, and worked well. She knew the very people she nursed had allowed her mother to sicken and die without coming near her. She knew, too, that if they were well they would not even allow her to do their work about their homes. Once she had hated them for it, but now she thought little about it. She was lonely and wanted something to do.

The doctor praised her and lost no opportunity of telling the neighbors about her work. They shook their heads in an awe-struck way and "'lowed nobody 'ud ever 'a' thought that McVicker's gal 'ud ever show sech sperrit as that 'ere," but no one offered to help her, and the doctor began to feel that nothing could tire her; so between them she was killed. Nobody ever called it just that. They "'lowed she'd worked pretty hard an' got run down, so the fever got a hard hold on her." When she was buried the people came from all around to the funeral, but none went near the body; they were afraid of contagion. They spoke of her regretfully, though, and agreed that if she had lived she might have amounted to something, although she was Misery McVicker. But their good or bad opinion was nothing to her now. She had gone to her mother and the baby, who had never asked whether she amounted to anything or not, but had loved her because she was Misery.

Elizabeth F. Tittle.

THE DEMOCRACY OF FICTION.

THE essence of snobbery lies in a superficial view of life which confounds a man with his external conditions. I humbly confess that it is snobbery which causes in me a slight feeling of amusement when I see in a certain church a stalwart policeman in his private capacity acting as usher, and with measured tread marching up the aisle with the worshippers in tow. It is snobbery, pure and simple, which has effected in me a sudden diminution of solemnity when I have seen a popular dispenser of soda-water leading the singing. For I see in each case the accidental, the irrelevant, rather than the real, the essential,—the stamp of occupation rather than the man. So, too, there was a dusky propeller of a hand-cart who used to pass under my windows calling, "Kebbage! Kebbage!" who became in my eyes invested with a shade of absurdity when I learned that he was the chief soloist of a prominent negro church. I have viewed the cemetery lot of a well-known butcher containing a row of five small graves, and felt a disposition to smile at the five small lambs surmounting them.

And yet there was nothing really incongruous in any of these cases, unless in that of the butcher's favorite emblem of innocence, and even

that only argued a freshness of feeling which is somewhat unusual. The fun of the episode of the water-rate collector in "Nicholas Nickleby" lies in no small measure in the fact that he is a water-rate collector. There is an incongruity in the very thought of a water-rate collector or a gas-meter inspector—or anybody else with whom our relations are strictly formal and official—in love, and Dickens has made the most of it.

In this case and a few others Dickens emphasizes to the uttermost adventitious circumstances in appealing to our sense of the ludicrous; and yet upon the whole he has made it his aim—an aim sometimes almost too ostentatiously insisted upon—to show us the independence of character and condition. I am conscious that it is to that undeniably rather dreary book "Hard Times" that I owe a respect for circus-people which makes it painful to me to hear their worth impugned. His Joe Gargery, with all his tendency to look like an extraordinary bird in his Sunday clothes, with the collar of his coat poking up his hair behind, and all his amiable eccentricities of English construction, is to me a brother; and I entertain for Pip, who is ashamed of him, a contempt not impossibly deeper than his creator intended his hero to excite. And yet I do not for a moment doubt that in real life I too should have hesitated to present the virtuous blacksmith as a kinsman and benefactor, or that the painfully futile elaboration of his company table manners and other well-meant enormities would have gone far to outweigh gratitude and affection.

In the book, however, all this is nothing. It is the happy prerogative of the novelist to show us, on a level with ourselves, every class and condition of men, and to defy us to despise them. I have known a few, a very few people who objected to the "low company" to which Dickens introduces us; but to the average person of only the average snobbishness I think I may venture to say that the social position of a hero or heroine is a matter of supreme indifference. How intimately have we concerned ourselves, the highest of us, with the affairs of utterly common people! How lightly have lain upon us the shackles of immemorial prejudice! What flagrant *mésalliances* we have condoned,—nay, eagerly applauded! How hot has burned within us the "love of love, the scorn of scorn," when the novelist has so willed it! Much of this fine glow and fervor, it is true, has been expended upon mere figments of the writer's brain, which stand for nothing,—as is the case so often with the idealized Poor of Dickens,—and establishes no real sympathy between us and the classes which they purport to represent. It is not by ascribing to the lower orders of society extraordinary nobility and elevation of character and a general tendency to blank verse in moments of emotion that the bond of human brotherhood is in reality materially strengthened. But the genuine poor man, when the author chooses to present him to us, meets us on the same plane of equality in the great democracy of fiction. And a little knowledge is a wonderful awakener of good will.

Any normal human experience whatsoever, vividly apprehended of another, levels for the time the barriers between us and him, in fiction and out. No better illustration of this fact, I may say in passing, can

be found than in the new sense of kinship and comradeship with the working-man which has come to many of us as a result of the "experiment in reality" of Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff. Old Mr. Willet, with his "he ain't got no imagination," as a general key to human misconduct, was perhaps after all not far wrong. That the want of imagination lies at the root of snobbishness one may almost venture to assert; for no man can despise another for the accidents of fortune who can see beyond them. To make us see beyond them is one especial function of the novelist; and he is in consequence, or may be, *par excellence* the apostle of democracy.

The weakness of Thackeray lies in the fact that with all his genius and with all his tenderness—and, alas, with all his denunciations of the snob—he could not see life except in the artificial perspective of society, nor make us see it otherwise. The vague feeling of futility which now and then, I suspect, comes over the greatest of Thackeray's lovers (to which worthy company I am proud to belong), is solely due, I believe, to this limitation of his mental vision and consequent failure in what we more or less consciously feel to be no small part of the novelist's mission.

Scott, with all his array of royalties and nobilities, did not so fail. There is, on the contrary, no novelist in the truest sense more democratic than Scott. Even Dickens, the especial advocate of the poor, betrayed a distrust of his clients in idealizing them out of all likeness when he would attract sympathy toward them. Scott was content to give us Jeanie Deans and Dandie Dinmont and the rest in the colors of life, without apology and without patronage. The humblest character in his books is human, real, with thoughts and emotions which we are not allowed to feel are beneath our notice.

There is perhaps a danger that our own novelists, in carrying into their creations so perfectly the atmosphere of the society which they represent, may keep before our minds the artificial standards which we can ignore in fiction of a type less true to nature, and in that of a type more deeply true. If I may venture to speak in this connection of the work of a writer whom I so greatly respect and admire, I may cite that of Mr. Howells as a case in point. It is significant, I think, of this effect from the extraordinary fidelity of his portrayal of the aspects of life, that the only heroine whom I recall as exciting in me a shade of snobbish reserve is that altogether admirable and sufficiently lovable young woman, Cynthia Whitwell. I esteem her highly, but I cannot be intimate with her. And, slight as is the social difference between the artist and herself, the *dénouement* of their marriage arouses in me but a perfunctory approval, not unaccompanied by mental reservations. And this, while the sentimental delight with which I follow Miss Wilkins's bestowal of the daintily reared little beauty Lucina upon the shoemaker Jerome arises in no small degree from the very inequality of their stations in life.

I cannot but think that the aristocratic spirit of the South has been a distinct hindrance to the growth of a broad and serious literature. And I do not forget that perhaps the greatest literature of the world belongs to monarchical England. For the subtler, the more intangible,

the barriers of society, the more jealously they are guarded. And I am not at all sure that America is in any true sense more democratic than England. If one might judge alone from the novels of the two countries, one might almost affirm that here the barrier between man and man arising from differences of station is greater than there. I know of no English author who carries into his books the same spirit of caste as, for instance, either of those two charming writers, Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Dr. Thomas Nelson Page; none with whom the inequality of mankind is to the same extent a principle rather than an objective condition, to be recognized solely for its bearing upon the lives of those whose fortunes are portrayed.

Among our short-story writers, it is true, the lower orders of society have been abundantly exploited,—almost too abundantly, we are half tempted to feel sometimes when a little surfeited with strictly realistic English. But the very insistence of many of our short-story writers upon the bad English and other unbeautiful accessories of ignorance and poverty may sometimes at least be itself an indication of class spirit. As perhaps not without significance in this connection, I may mention the slight shock, the vague feeling of some subtle violation of the social canon, which came to me as a child when in a certain Sunday-school book (presumably by a Northern author) I came across a negro character who instead of talking dialect was admitted to the equality of good English. I do not think that any truly Southern writer would be quite willing under any circumstances to omit the badge of inferiority to be found in dialect. And yet, as a matter of fact, many negroes do not talk dialect, but very passably good English,—not a few even among those who are left of the old-time slaves. And there are notable instances among those I know best. The suggested parallel holds good, however, at most to a limited extent only, and our short-story literature as a whole is full of a “veined humanity” which is worthy of all honor and all praise.

Most of us are more or less snobs in our every-day lives, though we do not in the least mean to be; and we would not be if we only knew better. The writer of fiction possesses the key by which we may be inducted (who knows whether but passingly or not?) into our heritage of universal brotherhood. Alas for him and for us if he will not use it!

Annie Steger Winston.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



The Nation's Navy.
By Charles Morris.
Illustrated.

The newspapers give us broad facts, sensational details, and photographs of action, but how much the wiser is any newspaper-reader about the great agencies at work beneath the surface, the historic perspective, or the reserve forces

of any series of events? To come at this more intellectual sort of information one must read at leisure, and read either from the sources of history or from some capable author who has himself found the sources and from them drawn the rounded story, complete in detail as in unity and comprehensiveness.

This has been the aim of Mr. Charles Morris in providing at the opportune moment his valuable record of historic events by sea called *The Nation's Navy*, which the Lippincotts issue with lavish illustration and a fitting equipment of type and design. Here are all the successive events of importance from the inception of the nation's navy at Machias, Maine, in December, 1775, to the thrilling achievement of Admiral Dewey in the present year of grace. The survey is a rapid one which will appeal even to the skimmer of the daily journals as giving facts briefly yet fully, so that the eye cannot outstrip the mind. And surely it is a comfort and a benefit to have narrated anew the intrepid deeds of Paul Jones, Bainbridge, Truxton, Decatur, Perry, Farragut, and twenty other of our own undying heroes.

The great panorama of American naval warfare unwinds before us with all its successive victories and rare defeats in their historic order, so that the daring heroism of the navies of the colonies and of the infant nation blends in natural evolution with the intrepid deeds of the veteran commanders of the civil war. Between these are the wars with France, Tripoli, and Algiers, and the second war with Great Britain, followed by the lesser episodes of the quelling of the West Indian pirates and the Mexican war. Throughout all these minor events, so often forgotten but so vital to our existence, the tireless bravery and intelligence of the American navy never faltered, while half a dozen momentous episodes are written down forever in the world's book of noble deeds.

It is both as a repository of these and as a manual of our naval history that *The Nation's Navy* makes its appeal. Its object is to equip the reader with ready information, old and new, such as daily intercourse imperatively calls for.

Comparisons are offered us every hour which we lack the knowledge to appreciate. To be told that Hobson's act was equal in bravery to Cushing's affords little enough light if we are ignorant, as most of us of this generation are, what Cushing's act was. To *The Nation's Navy* one may turn with serene confidence that his memory will be refreshed or his ignorance enlightened.

But besides the historic divisions of the volume there is also a lucid technical one, entitled *Armor and Armament*, in which is given a clear and

ready explanation of the mechanism of sea power as developed under conditions existing since the civil war. We need no longer remain unresponsive to such names as conning-tower, barbette, rapid-fire gun, submarine boat, and all the difficult terminology of modern naval warfare which is so often encountered and so seldom resolved. Here, in agreeable sentences having the character of narrative backed by unerring information, is an unfailing resource.

Descriptions of each of our floating batteries, with builder, date, cost, and history, are also a part of Mr. Morris's plan; and, indeed, a more compact, useful, and readable book has rarely been made upon a subject so wide-reaching in its nature. The striking illustrations consist of reproductions from photographs of many of the chief fighting craft in the navy, and care has been taken to give typical examples of each class of ship in use. Ample maps and diagrams accompany the text at intervals; and, should the enduring fame of our native heroes fail in thrilling any phlegmatic reader, he will surely hurrah for the dear old flag waving in her matchless colors across the title-page.

The Mutineer. By
Louis Becke and
Walter Jeffery.

The romance of reality has rarely in this world's history had fuller exemplification than in the story of the Pitcairn Islands, and when such a subject falls into the hands of an author like Louis Becke it is not hard to realize how he

handles it. Mr. Becke has brought the South Sea Islands into new fealty to the realm of fiction, and his previous books are familiar to readers wherever English is spoken. In his present and latest volume he has joined pens with Walter Jeffery, and together they have taken the old, and always new, tale of Pitcairn and based upon it a novel of adventure, descriptive power, and love,—as love develops in the passionate tropic seas.

All of us have heard of the new race of men reared up on the far-away Pacific island called after its discoverer, Pitcairn; but few are aware of the details. The *Bounty*, a British ship cruising to the Society Islands, was captured by part of her crew who mutinied, and her brutal commander, with a number of his ship's company, was set adrift. The cruelty of the captain was the ostensible cause of the trouble, but in reality the love of certain of the officers and men for the seductive women of Tahiti lay at its root. The officer who suffered most at the hands of the captain was Fletcher Christian, master's mate, and it is his love for Mahina, a dark beauty of the tropics, which is made the chief motive of the present tale.

Space is too brief to reveal the plot further, nor would we anticipate the reader's pleasure. It must suffice to say that Christian and his companions sailed back to Tahiti, sought their betrothed and wedded them, and sailed away for unknown seas where the long arm of English justice could not reach them. Such seas were those which beat upon the Pitcairn ledges, and here the little colony of mixed race bred its offspring unto the second and third generations.

The Mutineer published by the Lippincotts in a comely dress of dark green with readable type, is a tale which lends itself to serious reading for the actual history mingled with its romance, and to the idlest kind of summer reading for the romance plentifully mingled with its history.

**Through Unknown
Tibet. By Captain
M. S. Wellby. Il-
lustrated.**

The unknown is ever the alluring, but the busy adventurers of this *fin de siècle* have left little enough of the globe in its original solitude. Tibet—spelled in our school-days Thibet—was an outlying land untrodden in some parts by the curious Caucasian, and hence it seemed fair game to Captain M. S. Wellby and his companion Lieutenant Malcolm, of the British army in India. They planned an extensive trip, for which they had little preliminary data, and carried it through with courage, energy, and many useful and scientific results.

The start was made from Umballa, India, in March, 1896, and through Srinagar, in the Indian hill country, they passed to Leh on the Indus, and thence out into the frozen plains of Chinese Turkistan at the base of the Kuen-Lun range. They struck the Hoang-Ho midway of their journey and followed it to Peking, and so made the port of Tien-Tsin and came home by sea. The travellers were absent more than eight months and traversed about two thousand miles.

This is but a bare skeleton of the expedition, which has been filled in with engaging anecdotes, perilous adventures, and novel scenes by Captain Wellby, whose style of narrative shows the plucky adventurer able to tell with direct force and picturesqueness his unvarnished tale. The region explored has yielded a rich harvest of native characteristics and customs; and besides the episodes of sentiment and the excellent sport, with game great and small, the meteorological observations and the botanical information gathered with systematic perseverance are of real value to science.

The illustrations are numerous, clear, and abundantly successful. They aggregate nearly one hundred, including portraits of the travellers themselves and their many native servants and porters. Several good portable maps are folded into the cover,—a device worthy of general adoption.

All in all, a more complete book of travel in a far-away land has rarely left the Lippincott press, from which *Through Unknown Tibet* issues.

**The Metallurgy of
Gold. By T Kirke
Rose, D.Sc. Illus-
trated.**

To go to the Klondike equipped with health and energy, even with means, is one thing; to go equipped with knowledge—special, scientific knowledge, without which no ambitions and no chance successes can have entire fulfilment—is quite another. Too many adventurers plunge in with only the former, while here at hand is the latter in a form as condensed almost as the tinned meats on which they must subsist.

In *The Metallurgy of Gold*, by T. Kirke Rose, D.Sc., Associate of the Royal British School of Mines, Fellow of the Chemical Society, and Assistant Assayer of the Royal British Mint, the gold miner or prospector may have a full knowledge of the processes dealing with the precious metal as that knowledge is stored by the most expert specialists of the world. The volume deals with the properties of gold and its alloys, its chemistry and compounds, its mode of occurrence and distribution; with placer-mining of shallow or deep deposits; with quartz crushing in the stamp battery and amalgamation in the battery;

with other forms of crushing; with chlorination or the preparation of the ore for treatment; with the cyanide process in use in South Africa and New Zealand, of which an admirable cut is given as frontispiece. There are exhaustive chapters on the refining and parting of gold bullion, on the assay of gold ores and bullion, on economic considerations,—as management of mills, costs, annual production and consumption; and the volume of over five hundred pages closes with a bibliography which will enable the prospector to carry with him a library in extension of the condensed information here contained.

We can afford but a bare summary of a book whose timeliness is striking and whose notable authorship renders it a standard, even if its three editions had not already done so. The entire work is edited by Professor W. C. Roberts-Austen, C.B., F.R.S., and is published in this country by the Lippincotts.

**The Heat Efficiency
of Steam Boilers.
By Bryan Donkin.
Illustrated.**

To secure in a handy and usable form the experience of a scientific engineer such as Bryan Donkin, member of many learned bodies in various lands, and author of *A Text-Book of Gas, Oil, and Air Engines*, is a distinct gain, which will be valued by every alert fellow-craftsman. In *The Heat Efficiency of Steam Boilers. Land. Marine. and Locomotive*, published by the Lippincotts, Mr. Donkin gives numberless tests and experiments on different types of boilers, investigates the heating value of fuels and the analysis of gases, demonstrates his views on evaporation, and closes with some invaluable suggestions for testing boilers. In his opinion, boiler tests are useless and even misleading unless the heating value of the fuel, analysis of gases, evaporation of water, and boiler efficiency are given, and hence this volume of nearly three hundred pages is a model in its class. It is abundantly and suggestively illustrated, and carries with it the weight of many authorities associated with the author in its compilation.



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34th Annual Statement

...OF THE...

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate, - - - - -	\$1,994,465.31
Cash on hand and in bank, - - - - -	1,355,412.83
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, - - - - -	5,906,610.72
Interest accrued but not due, - - - - -	227,730.38
Loans on collateral security, - - - - -	945,400.94
Loans on this Company's Policies, - - - - -	1,106,580.51
Deferred Life Premiums, - - - - -	299,990.19
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies, - - - - -	228,448.75
United States Bonds, - - - - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds, - - - - -	3,612,646.78
Railroad stocks and bonds, - - - - -	4,664,205.75
Bank stocks, - - - - -	1,064,047.00
Other stocks and bonds, - - - - -	1,449,455.00
Total Assets, - - - - -	\$22,868,994.16

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, - - - - -	\$16,650,062.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department, - - - - -	1,365,817.22
Present value, Instalment Life Policies, - - - - -	426,288.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers, - - - - -	299,066.30
Losses unadjusted, - - - - -	269,794.94
Life Premiums paid in advance, - - - - -	25,330.58
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc., - - - - -	110,000.00
Total Liabilities, - - - - -	\$19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders - - - - -	\$3,722,635.12
Surplus to Stockholders, - - - - -	\$2,722,635.12

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force, - - - - -	\$91,882,210.00
New Life Insurance written in 1897, - - - - -	14,507,249.00
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof, as required by law.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897, - - - - -	1,235,585.39
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	13,150,350.57

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1897, - - - - -	15,611
Whole number Accident Claims paid, - - - - -	307,990
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897, - - - - -	\$1,381,906.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	21,210,095.96
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897, - - - - -	\$2,617,492.20
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	34,360,446.53

GEORGE ELLIS, Secretary.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Assistant Secretary.

J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.—A man may have an intense love for children, but it all departs for a time when he clutches the aftermath of molasses candy on the door-knob.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

QUICK WITS.—A long list might be given of men who have owed their advancement in life to a clever answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, without noticing that he was a private, said, carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly inquired the quick-witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered, with a smile, "In my guards; for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvaroff, who, when receiving a despatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvaroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I would tell them that there was plenty of whiskey behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now," answered Suvaroff, "and a right good officer you will be."—*Modern Society*.

HOW HE GOT THERE.—"So our friend Bushler went to the top of Mont Blanc?" said one man to another.

"Not at all."

"But he said so."

"True. Two months ago, when he returned from Switzerland, he said he had been at the foot of Mont Blanc. Since then he has gradually lied himself to the top."—*Pick Me Up*.

NATURE'S MAKE OF "BEESWAX."—At the mouth of the Nehalem River, on the coast of Oregon, a very queer substance is found. It has the appearance of a mineral at first sight, but on close inspection and under practical test it appears to be pure beeswax. It has all the useful properties of beeswax, and it is sold in Astoria at the regular market price of beeswax. It is washed ashore at high tide in quantities ranging from a lump the size of a walnut to a chunk weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. It is also found on shore, in black soil where trees are growing, at considerable elevations above the water.

A piece of this strange substance submitted to expert examination in New York is declared to be what is known as mineral wax. This substance has for years been known to exist in the lignite-beds of the Northwest. The quantities found on the coast of Oregon would seem to indicate the existence of a tertiary lignite-bed in the neighborhood. It belongs to the hydrocarbon series allied to the retinites and ambers,—fossil remains of resinous trees of the tertiary age.—*Detroit Free Press*.

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE, the FAMOUS TONIC for BODY, NERVES and BRAIN.

GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD Says:

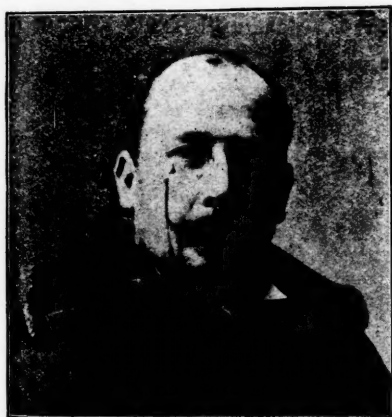


"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manoeuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."

From "The London Sketch."

MAX O'RELL,

The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:



Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me.

Yours gratefully, **MAX O'RELL.**

ALL DRUGGISTS.

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MARIANI WINE is invaluable at this season of the year, when, owing to trying climatic conditions, the system is especially susceptible to attacks of debility and prostration.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE) has stood the test of thirty-five years' trial. It has written endorsements from more than 8000 American physicians, in addition to having received cordial recommendations from royalty, princes of the Church and of the State, and many notable personages.

MARIANI WINE is a tonic prepared upon careful scientific principles. It contains absolutely no injurious properties. It gives power to the brain, strength to the entire nervous system, firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It has been aptly described as a promoter of good health and longevity.

MARIANI WINE is specially indicated for General Debility, Weakness from whatever causes, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption, Malaria and La Grippe.

MARIANI WINE is an adjuvant in convalescence and a powerful rejuvenator. For Overworked Men, Delicate Women, Sickly Children it Works Wonders. Taken with cracked ice, it relieves Summer Prostration quickly and effectually. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system.

To those who will kindly write to MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th Street, New York City, will be sent, free, book containing portraits with endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other interesting matter.

AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.—"It's three-quarters of an hour since I ordered that turtle soup," snapped the angry guest at the restaurant.

"Yas, sah," said the waiter, with an obsequious bow, "but de turtle done make his 'scape, sah, an' dey had to chase him 'bout a mile, sah."—*Detroit Free Press*.

CLEANING A LAMP WITH ALCOHOL.—We have a student-lamp which my father particularly enjoys as a reading-lamp, but which for years has had the inconvenient habit of giving off such an intolerable odor at intervals that we would be obliged to banish it from the rooms. It had been in disgrace several weeks (menders never curing its evil ways), and I was about to cleanse and put it away until somebody should have a fresh idea for treating it. After the oil had been poured out and all parts carefully washed with soap and hot water, I stood meditatively peering into it and wondering what I could do more.

Suddenly I thought of alcohol, and, seizing the bottle which was near by, I poured about a half-cupful into the reservoir socket (I do not know what that part is properly named), and after shaking it back and forth let it run through the curving tube and out of the burner. It brought with it a brownish, oily scum, which encouraged me to believe it was thoroughly clean. I therefore decided to give it another trial, and am well rewarded. To our delight, it burns clearly, and has done so for nearly two weeks. At its next failure I shall repeat the experiment. I do not know why it might not be used with equal advantage upon less intricate but sometimes refractory burners.—*New York Tribune*.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE COURT-ROOM.—When Chase was elected Senator from Ohio Joshua R. Giddings was the caucus nominee of the anti-slavery people; but he lacked two votes. Chase got those votes and the entire opposition, and was elected. In the memorable speech of Stephen A. Douglas on the Kansas-Nebraska bill there was interpolated a fierce quarrel between Chase and Weller, of California, over the way Chase got to be a Senator. Two years after Chase beat Giddings old Ben Wade beat Giddings under the same circumstances. When they were quite young men Wade and Giddings practised law in the same town. One day they were on the opposite sides of a case, and Giddings, while addressing the jury, attempted to quote the well-known lines of Iago:

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash: 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which—

Here Giddings stammered and halted, repeating the words, of which he had forgotten the connection, and utterly broke down. Wade slipped up behind him and whispered, "I never had," and Giddings, glad of help from any quarter, blurted out, "I never had." Afterwards they became partners in the practice of law, and firm friends.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.—Young Softleigh.—"Do you know, Miss Cutting, that I actually believe I am losing my mind?"

Miss Cutting.—"Indeed! Why, how can you tell?"—*Chicago News*.

All over the house



you need Pearl-
ine. And more
than ever in house-
cleaning. Just
look over the list
of things that you
might use—soaps

and powders and fluids and what not. Some of them don't pretend to help you as much as Pearl-ine; some will injure paint, or surfaces, or fabrics; some are only meant to wash or clean certain things.

With Pearl-ine, you'll save time and labor in cleaning anything that water won't hurt. It can do no harm—saves useless and harmful rubbing. ⁴⁶³

Millions ^{NOW} USE Pearl-ine

POISONED BY ALUM.—"Dr. Vaughn received news from Sydney, Indiana, that his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, and another person in the family, were poisoned by eating bread made up with a cheap brand of baking powder. Moral: Use only a pure and wholesome powder, like the Royal, for instance."—*Winamac (Ind.) Dent-Journal*.

"Dr. Souder was summoned by telegraph last Sunday night to attend the family of Braden Harper, living southwest of Logansport. Four of the family were poisoned from eating dumplings made from alum baking powder. This should be a warning in using cheap baking powders which flood the country."—*Logansport (Ind.) Times*.

"In a female seminary in Georgia there recently occurred an epidemic which affected the students in a peculiar and most serious manner. An investigation by the physician showed that the trouble arose from alum baking powder which was being used in the baking. A pure cream of tartar powder was substituted, and the affliction disappeared."—*Washington Post*.

The cases of alum baking powder poisoning reported in the newspapers, of which these are but specimens, are sufficiently numerous to warn consumers against the use of the over and over again condemned cheap powders. Burnt alum or phosphatic acid, we are assured, will be found in nearly every one of the low-priced brands. Some of the powders that are peddled from house to house at thirty and forty cents per pound are said to be made of alum, although misleading notices are printed on their labels affecting the public to believe that they are made of cream of tartar or some harmless ingredient.

The highest grade and most healthful cream of tartar powder, the Royal, costs but about forty-five cents per pound. But it is noted that the United States government investigation shows this baking powder to be greatly superior in leavening strength to any of these cheap alum powders. It cannot, therefore, be economy to purchase the latter. Good health, however, is of more importance than a few cents, and it is criminal to use alum baking powders, which, it is an understood fact, will seriously injure the stomach.

THE FACE ON THE MEDAL.

"And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
 "My face is my fortune, sir," she said."

While the faces of forty-four of the most beautiful women in the West may not be their only fortune, they may materially assist in the fortunes of others; for a composite picture of their beauty adorns one side of the medal which commemorates the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition. The assertion has been made that if a number of women from a certain section of the country were to be photographed, and the result converted into a composite picture, a representative type of that section of the country would be the result. This is in many respects both a novel and a true idea.

When the plans for the Exposition were yet in their infancy, the question of a souvenir medal was raised, and it was decided to employ some unique idea in its conception, which, when completed, would show also an artistic sense in the selection of design. Thus it was suggested that the services of the composite photographer be put into requisition. The idea had its birth in the incident connected with the removal of the Cleopatra Needle from Egypt to America. It will be remembered that the profile of Cleopatra was sought for, to be used for one side of the medal that was to be struck off in commemoration of that event. The great difficulty arose in securing a perfect profile. Commander Goringe, the engineer, gathered a large number of Egyptian coins, more or less mutilated, and, by the aid of photography,

secured the desired result. This was used from which to make the die.

The same idea has been used to make the Exposition's souvenir medal. Word was sent to the respective vice-presidents of the trans-Mississippi States to forward photos of the two handsomest women within their borders.

Forty-two photos, *en profile*, were received, and the composite picture made. The result is an ideal American head, full of the combined force, intellectuality, vivacity, and beauty of the typical American girl. The work reflects much credit upon the photographer, George G. Rockwood, of New York.

On the obverse side of the medal is an artistic reproduction of the American Indian in the act of spearing a buffalo. The medal as a whole is indicative of and fittingly illustrates the strides that civilization and culture have made in the West during the past fifty years, and will prove a beautiful memento, commemorating what promises to be one of the great events of the closing nineteenth century.

BIG EGGS.—In the British Museum, London, the Museum of the Academy of Science at Paris, the National Museum at Vienna, and several institutions for the advancement of science, there may be seen specimens of birds' eggs which are almost as large as a two-gallon jug. These eggs were laid by the *epiornis*, an extinct gigantic bird of Madagascar.



"WANTED :—Situation as housekeeper, by a widow with four little children. Husband was kind and indulgent, but neglecting to insure his life left his family almost destitute at his death." Full particulars of this sad case, sure to enlist the sympathy and aid of philanthropists, as well as a sure method of avoiding similar calamities, may be had without cost by applying to the

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PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO.

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Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.

INFANT HEALTH.—Inquiries prompted the publication of "Infant Health" in pamphlet form by the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York, and the appreciation of its value led to an elaborate edition, sent on application.

ST. GALL'S DAY AND THE WEATHER.—The peasant folk in Central and Eastern Switzerland date their weather presages for the coming winter in a large degree from the character of "Gallus-Tag,"—the festival of their Scottish (or shall we say Irish?) apostle, St. Gall. His festival occurs on September 16. "If it rains on Gallus-Tag," say the folk of modern St. Gallen, "it will rain until Christmas." "As it is on St. Gall's day, so it will be through the winter." "It is St. Gall who makes the snow to fall." "Before St. Gall comes take your garden plants in-doors."—*Westminster Gazette*.

THE LAST SUMMONS.

I would not die in springtime,
When nature first awakes,
When men get out their wheelbarrows,
And spades, and hoes, and rakes,
And twist their backs, and plant their seeds,
And wait to see them sprout,
While yet they stone their neighbors' hens
That come to scratch them out.

I would not die in summer,
When everything is ripe,
And fallen man is writhing
In raw cucumber's gripe;
When baseball cranks are talking,
And all the landscape o'er
Is sprinkled thick with flowers
And "garden sass" galore.

I would not die in autumn,
When foot-ball has the call,
And long-haired youths are training
Some other youths to maul;
When politics are booming,
Thanksgiving close at hand,
And cider-mills are running
Throughout the happy land.

I would not die in winter,
E'en though it be so drear,
For then, you see, there's Christmas,
With all its goodly cheer.
No, I'd not die in winter,
Nor summer, spring, nor fall;
And, come to think it over,
I would not die at all.

Boston Post.

DR. MARPILLERO, an eminent Italian scientist, has for a number of years been making experiments and observations relating to children's ideas of life and death, and has published his experiences. He found that in answering questions about life the children of the poor almost invariably took a brighter view than those of the rich.

5 CENTS. 5 CENTS.

PPRICE has been reduced on the original, old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, so that it can now be bought at five cents for a full-sized bar. Quality same as for last thirty-three years,—“BEST OF ALL.” Ask your grocer for it. No one has *ever* found fault with its quality, no one can *now* find fault with its price. It stands, as it has for thirty-three years, in a class by itself, as to quality, purity, and economy, but is now in class with common brown soaps as to price. Who would be so foolish as to buy any other soap hereafter?

It is the original Electric, and is guaranteed to be worth four times as much as any other soap ever made. For washing anything, from the finest lace to the heaviest blanket, it is without a peer.

DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

PILLOW FAD.—In this comfort-loving age there is scarcely a home without its cozy corner, with its divan and accompanying nest of pillows.

The variety of coverings for these cushions is never-ending; yet so many of the designs require such an expenditure of time and money in embroidering that it is a great relief to find some new and handsome covers that are all ready to put together.

One of the most unique of these which I have seen recently is the “Poker Pillow;” and since the destruction of our battle-ship another cover, entitled “Remember the Maine,” has appeared, which, besides being especially dainty and artistic, is a fitting memento.

Other designs are “Columbia and Cuba,” “The Cavalier,” “The Ribbon-Weaver,” and “Dawning of Love.” All of these are manufactured by the Textile Novelty Company, 76 Elm Street, New York, who have already won for themselves an enviable reputation by their etchings on satin, tapestry-work, etc. They issue a very handsome catalogue, which they are sending out on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

WHAT THEY GET.—Rudyard Kipling commands the highest price of any living author, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which says that it paid \$750 for each of his "Barrack-Room Ballads" and that "The Seven Seas" brought him \$11,000. He has received fifty cents a word for a ten-thousand-word story. Anthony Hope charges \$450 for a magazine story, reserving the copyright. Mr. Gladstone's price for a review was \$1000. Conan Doyle received \$35,000 for "Rodney Stone." Mrs. Humphry Ward was paid \$40,000 for "Robert Elsmere," \$80,000 each for "David Grieve" and "Marcella," \$75,000 for "Sir George Tressady," and \$15,000 for "Bessie Costrell." Ian Maclaren has made \$35,000 out of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne." Rider Haggard still asks from \$75 to \$100 a column of fifteen hundred words, and will not write for less than \$10,000.

The highest price ever paid for a novel is \$200,000, which, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, was handed over to Alphonse Daudet for his "Sapho." Zola's first fourteen books netted him \$220,000, and in twenty years he has made at least \$375,000. Ruskin's sixty-four books bring him \$20,000 a year. Swinburne, who writes very little, makes \$5000 a year by his poems. Browning in his later years drew \$10,000 a year from the sale of his works, and Tennyson is said to have received \$60,000 a year from the Macmillans during the last years of his life. Mr. Moody is believed to have beaten all others, as more than \$1,250,000 has been paid in royalties for his hymns.

THE GREEK SYMPOSIUM.—The Greek symposium was literally "drinking together," but before the drinking fully began there was a banquet, more or less elaborate, as the wealth and taste of the host might dictate. The guests came in their best. Even old Socrates, Plato tells us in his Dialogue on the subject, was not above taking a little extra pains when he was invited out. Some one met him one day in the market-place, "fresh from the bath and sandalled," and, as the sight of the sandals was unusual, he asked him whither he was going, that he was so fine. "To a banquet at Agathon's," he replied, "and I have put on my finery because he is a fine creature. What say you to going with me unbidden?"

TOOK THEM BACK.—"Schwartz's battery," said a veteran at Buffalo, "which was entirely composed of Germans, was one of the bravest bodies of troops in the whole army. At the battle of Shiloh one of Schwartz's officers rode up to General Grant and said,—

"Cheneral, I wants to make ein report once."

"Well, what is it?" said Grant.

"Schwartz's battery was took," replied the officer.

"How did it happen?" asked General Grant.

"Vell, you see, cheneral, dose rebels was behind us und in front of us und both sides of us, und Schwartz's battery was took."

"Of course you spiked the guns, so that they would be of no use to the rebels?" said General Grant.

"Vat, schpikie dem new guns?" said the Dutchman. "Dot vould schpoil dem."

"Well, what did you do?" asked General Grant, sharply.

"Do?" said the Dutchman. "Vy, we took dem back already."—*Buffalo Express.*


THE
TOUGH OF A VANISHED HAND.

BY

M. G. McCLELLAND,

AUTHOR OF "OBLIVION," "A SELF-MADE MAN," "THE WONDER-WITCH,"
"TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE," "WHITE HERON," ETC.

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